THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

My dear Reader,—It is a year and nine months—although it seems to me but as yesterday—since I first undertook the management of this Journal. I am now about to bid you farewell: with this Number I close my duties as Editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." The pressure of public business has, of late, so greatly increased as to oblige me to confine more closely than heretofore the circle of my avocations. During the intervals of rest from the labours of Parliament, I find, too, that somewhat of recreation, and the culture of the *dolce far niente*, is necessary for that slave the body, whose services the soul may otherwise see a probability of losing. The bow cannot be bent for ever. Schoolboy and master must have alike their holyday; and the continuous exhaustion of literary toil can scarcely be long added with impunity to unflagging attention in a House of Commons which stifles its present Members out of respect to the memory of those who have gone before them!

I quit the office of Editor to this Magazine; but let me hope that I have rendered to *it*, and, through its medium, to opinion generally, some trifling service; that I have fulfilled a few of the objects for which I undertook the task; and that, during the time I have directed its management, I have not abused to a selfish purpose the power it might give me, either in criticism or in politics. In consigning to others the charge of amusing your leisure or representing your opinions—dare I think that you, my dear reader, will sympathize with me in a kindly remembrance of the connexion that has been between us? For a work of this description has the natural power of bequeathing many endearing recollec-

tions. What if it bring upon us, more openly, the anger of enemies—does it not unite with us, under the banner of a common cause, the friends whom otherwise we might never have tried, nor even known? And what if it be associated with the thought of how much we might have done more ably—is it not associated also with the memory of what we *have* done honestly? In the balance of good and evil, one friend can atone for a hundred foes, and one useful object fulfilled consoles us for a hundred unaccomplished.

With all pleasant recollections, then, fresh upon me, do I part from those who have read my occasional lucubrations in this Journal, and those who have so ably assisted me with their own. As to the last, I confidently trust that they will continue the exertions which, if in aid of this Journal, are also in furtherance of literature itself. And few things will afford me greater pleasure than to see a Periodical (which, from its circulation and repute, may be so efficient an engine in promoting the intellectual enjoyment of my countrymen) increase still further in popularity as the reading circle of the community extends;—ripening in the favour of the public by progressive efforts to merit their esteem.

Farewell, my dear Reader, and accept, as they are meant, the parting wishes of your sincere friend,

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

London, August 1, 1833.

THE POLITICIAN, NO. XVIII.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION—THE PROSPECTS, POLICY, AND MERITS OF THE GOVERNMENT—CONCLUSION OF THIS SERIES OF THE POLITICIAN.

THE session and the season are drawing to a close—those who have not carried through bills in the first, and those who have not paid their bills in the last, are little to be envied.

The novelty of a Reformed Parliament is over; and if it has quarrelled with the public during the honeymoon, how many couples, afterwards the best pleased with each other, have done the same! The pair that marry for love are, perhaps, too jealous and exacting at the onset—they have not learned the wisdom of tolerating faults—nothing satisfies them but

perfection. Custom, which destroys illusion as to merits, is a great reconciler as to faults. So be it with the Reformed Parliament and the People.

We may perceive that, on the whole, liberal measures predominate in the Representative Assembly, but that there is little danger of their being pushed to a dangerous extreme. If the House of Lords, by a show of wisdom rather than of weakness, avoid a collision with the Commons, there is not much chance of great constitutional changes for many years. Nothing can expedite the march of the more violent Radicalism, save the rashness of the more violent Toryism.

But during the long vacation, what thoughts will occupy the minds of the People? Whenever Parliament is not sitting, the popular voice is more loudly heard—public meetings, and the harangues of demagogues, fill the place in the journals occupied by the slow proceedings of Parliament, and the modified liberality of its members. On what subjects will these meetings be convened, and these orators declaim? It will, for the most part, be on one subject—"Economy and Retrenchment." Here it is that the new Parliament has disappointed the people—here it is that the people will insist on being heard. Emanating from the inquiry into our burthens, will come necessarily some inquiry into the modes of relief; and the Property Tax and the Paper Currency question will be the two speculative matters most largely canvassed and discussed. The first of these questions will probably make great ground and many converts during the recess—the last is little likely to gain new disciples. Changes may or may not happen in the Administration during *the present* interval of rest; but some changes, at no distant period, are *inevitable*. As the great object of desire in the public mind is retrenchment, so retrenchment must be that point upon which the Ministers must be agreed: those who diverge from that consolidating centre of attraction will, in fact, fly off from the Cabinet itself; and for a time the principles of economy and the possession of power will go hand in hand.

But when we speak of retrenchment, it is not the miserable paring off of diminutive items that will satisfy the public, nor is it the reduction of *useful* expenses that they demand. What the public want is, that a simple and classified statement of the different branches of expenditure should be placed before them,—a statement similar to Mr. Pusey's, but more complete; and a justification and explanation given of the various expenses under their different heads. A minister ought to be prepared to commence the next session with this statement. In doing so he

would have to state, that a great part of the public revenue (about six millions) goes in payments to those by whom no services are actually performed; and he should be prepared with some large and statesman-like plan for the considerable reduction of this sum within no distant period. The non-effective service of France, burthened as that is with military rewards, does not amount to more than three millions, and why should ours exceed three millions? We think that a careful examination of our expenditure would show the possibility of an immediate saving of two millions more. To this sum (amounting to five millions altogether), we would for the present bound the expectations of the people; and this reduction we do sincerely think, after some examination of the subject, that they may reasonably demand. For ourselves, we wish to see the question of economy fairly met and fairly disposed of. We detest as much as any one can do the perpetual appeals that are for ever being made to the meanest passion of the people—their avarice: we detest as much as any one can do the poor and paltry spirit, cramping the genius of a commonwealth, as much as it narrows the mind of an individual, which in later times has crept over the heart of the English nation. But the meanness which, with us, has been the consequence of extravagance, can only be dispelled by economy, and by that which is more valuable than economy itself—the public conviction that economy will be pursued.

As the duty of a government is difficult in these times, so is the duty of its honest critic. He has to praise and he has to censure—and by a *mixture* of both praise and censure he displeases at once the ministers and their opponents. "The Whigs are men the most profligate and incompetent," say some. "They are the most exemplary set of gentlemen who ever sat on the Treasury Benches," say others. "As to the Tories, they are fools; and as to the Radicals, they are rogues." Good sirs, the Tories and Radicals are much obliged to you, and return the compliment. But, talking seriously, we assure our readers we were very much struck the other day by an exhibition of Punch, and were at first almost inclined to believe that the pantomime was political. A very honest, dark-complexioned-looking gentleman is brought on to the middle of the diminutive theatre; and the amusement afforded to the public consisted in seeing this dark-complexioned gentleman's head buffeted first on one side and then on the other. He dances to one end of the box; a little gentleman darts forward from behind the curtain;—thump, thump—the head resounds—and back

our poor honest-looking devil hops to the other side: there is no hope for him—where he got two thumps before, he gets four now. His head is a pretty hard one, but no head could stand such reiterated knocks. At last comes the critical blow—down goes the devil—but there the curtain drops; and the people, who laughed heartily at the knocks and thought them the best fun in the world, now begin to shrug up their shoulders at the consequence, and almost wish that the dark gentleman had not been thumped quite so hard nor quite so often. What do you think of this, readers? Can you see no similitude to a fact in our illustration?

The Whigs come forward with a plan—thump, thump. You are annihilating the monarchy; you are destroying the constitution; you are Jacobins, you are "sans culottes;" Lord Althorp is St. Just, Lord John Russell Couthon; and the only doubt is whether Lord Grey or Lord Brougham be more worthy of the title of Robespierre. So say the folks up in yon little corner to the right of the Speaker's chair. The discomfited statesmen thus assailed by one part of those benches turn their heads imploringly to the other. "*You* Liberals!" cry the Liberals; "*you* pretend to be Liberals;—you are aristocrats—tyrants; all your plans are concocted to please those infamous wretches who have been abusing you." The Minister, however, has yet in the House of Commons his own party; they applaud, and he perseveres. But this is not the case in the country, nor can it ever be. There the opinions are distinct and declared—reform or no reform, movement or no movement; and whenever the people is appealed to, the party who, wishing to conciliate both opinions, has gained the affections of neither,—that party is sure to disappear, trampled down in the struggle between the other two. The *juste milieu* is in the situation of Punch's devil, whom the people delight in the killing of, and only commiserate when he is no more, upon the after consideration, that for so inoffensive a devil he was treated a little too roughly, and killed a little too soon. The ministerial policy is an *impossible* policy; it is perhaps honest, and, *on paper*, it is wise; for, *on paper*, a *juste milieu* is always wise. Posterity does such a party more than justice, for posterity is guided by abstract reasonings,—by that which is generally wise and reasonable if it could be, and not by that which is politic and expedient because it *must* be. This is never the mode of judgment with the present generation. Lafayette, obliged to quit France as a monarchist, is imprisoned by Austria as the destroyer of the monarchy. The most honest men, per-

haps, that ever took the helm of public affairs, were the men of the Gironde, who perished amidst the universal contempt and execrations of their countrymen. This, we dread and divine, may be the fate of the present Goverment, unless—what?—they boldly lead or artfully direct the movement, not reluctantly obey it.

When Danton, on the approach of the Prussians, shouted, with a wave of his mighty arm, "*Il faut de la popularité et de terreur*," he uttered, with the instinct that genius derives from moments of necessity, a great political maxim. To govern with force—to wield the strength of a great state—you must possess yourself of all the spirit and energy and vigour that one party can give to your decisions. You march then with a steady step, and you have no doubt or hesitation as to the course you pursue. Concession to all parties is but a confession of feebleness. You are at first praised for your goodness, in order to be afterwards despised for your weakness. A government universally lauded, much more a government universally condemned, must be of brief duration.

We see the destruction of the present Government—unless winnowed of some men, and pursuing a skilful course through the medium of those that remain—as a matter of certainty; but we do not see it without considerable pain and a lingering regret, nor are we disposed, because we foresee its fate, to be the severer in our censure. Whatever may be their future destiny as a party, annihilated, dispersed, and condemned as they may be, and as in some things they deserve to be, posterity will owe much to the Whigs.

The Catholics owe them the Bill which they compelled the Tories to carry; the people owe them the Bill which they carried in despite of all the power, and influence, and exertions of the Tories. Even in the present session, their measures—vacillating, unskilful, and insufficient as we deem them to be—are still measures which no other administration ever dreamed of proposing, and which have in some degree been rendered poor and paltry by *their own* previous concessions. The great fault of this year—the fault which took all grace from subsequent measures—was the fault of the Irish Coercive Bill, the fault of Mr. Stanley, who seems to delight in contrasting his singular and splendid abilities in debate with his equally singular and startling errors in government and legislation. It is well to repeat and to force men to remember this; for the time must come, and will come quickly, in which the country and the House of Commons will have to decide *between Mr. Stanley and a fraction of the present Administration on the one side, and public opinion and a frac-*

tion of the same Administration on the other. On this division the two parties opposed will be distinct and separate; and on the triumph of either will depend the future fate and destiny of the country. But it must be a triumph that admits of no truce or concession with the enemy: for the country to enjoy tranquillity and peace, the one party must be met, combated, and crushed by the other. If the Liberal party vanquish, we must have no Tory or *quasi* Tory Commanders-in-Chief, Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, and Ambassadors. Every engine, from the largest to the smallest, which the Government employs, must be of its own pure and unadulterated metal. "You are born of the revolution," said Lucien Buonaparte to Napoleon; "govern by the revolution, or you are undone." Had Napoleon obeyed the advice, it would not have been "for Banquo's lineage that he filed his mind." So say we to the Administration,—"You are born of the Reform; it is by the Reform that you must govern." The power of a particular party only lasts so long as they fulfil those wants of the age which *called* them into power.

But, whatever be the destinies over which Time is now darkly brooding, few can be watching for them with greater anxiety than ourself. Impressed with a full sense of the magnitude of changes which are to reach from this northern spot of Europe to the shores of America and the extremities of Asia,—which are to affect the prosperity and civilization of so many millions, over whom England exercises an almost unconscious rule,—we shall ever be ready, through applause or peril, to act the part of a faithful citizen of this great empire. And in one of the most important capacities that such an empire, in its present condition, can furnish,—that of a public writer,—we hope we have done our duty.

Our opinions may be wrong or right,—they may have been feebly or forcibly put forth. But, at all events, we challenge even the malice of political enmity to say that we have ever crouched to the powerful, insulted the oppressed, or advanced one selfish object by the means that we took to further the public good. The character of periodical writers has, we trust, not suffered in our hands: for that class, as for all classes of men of letters, we shall ever retain the affection which springs from fellowship of pursuit, and has been enforced, however casually, by personal intercourse. As years advance and bring with them the yet distant cares and occupations of age, with our increased regrets after youth, will be mingled an increasing love for the various labours in which our youth has been engaged.

Reader, we quit you now then, as the German lover told his mistress, "in order that we may be more near to you." We quit you now in order that remembrance may represent to us more forcibly the pleasures of a correspondence which will no longer be embittered by casual differences and necessary *ennuis*. The object which we had in view has been answered; the example which we were anxious in all humility to give has been given. We have sanctioned by practice what we have set forth in theory,—the belief and the conviction that no employment can be more honourable, if honourably fulfilled, than that of a writer, who, in any form or in any species of publication, attempts to advance the happiness and wisdom of his fellow-countrymen.

"LA VERITE EST TOUTE A TOUS."

Yes! TRUTH is all things unto all men—to him who sows it and to those who reap. Let it be our motive, and it becomes of itself our meed!

End of the Politician.

STANZAS.

I gave my heart to thee for thine,
And now *my* heart's untrue,
I see with grief the fault is mine,
And mine the misery too.

Give back my heart, and take thine own,
For falsehood hath such blame,
That while the sin is mine alone,
Thou shalt not wear the shame!

W.

ON THE STATE OF ELOQUENCE IN ENGLAND.

Longinus says, that only freemen are eloquent. Longinus was very much mistaken. The slaves of the East are eloquent;—the Irish are eloquent;—the Americans seem to furnish no very brilliant specimens of pure oratory; and the English possess very few fragments, in a very few speeches, which can be transmitted, as specimens of real eloquence, to the admiration of posterity.

With us, eloquence is not considered as an art,—it is not studied, save by a very few (who *over*-study the material qualities of mere delivery, but who forget that the soul is everything in eloquence, as in poetry.) A man in England generally becomes a public speaker by the mere practice of stringing sentences together, and without any formal or elaborate attention either to the infinite modulations of voice, the graces of manner, or the rhetorical methods of terrifying or subduing an audience: men think it enough to speak plain sentences in loud tones; and the consequence is, that there are many good speakers, and very few orators. So much the better, perhaps, for the country: we do not discuss that point; we are merely inquiring into the *state*, and not into the *advantages*, of the art.

Perhaps, in no representative assembly, were there ever as many good speakers as there are now in the House of Commons. An officer of the House, who has attended it for thirty years, told us, that nothing could be more surprising, in point of contrast, than the number of excellent speakers now, as compared with the number of even tolerable speakers formerly. Yet of these excellent speakers, no one can be said to have manifested the very highest order of eloquence. The great characteristic of the oratory of the senate is commonplace. The fine speakers decorate it; the sensible speakers deliver it oracularly; the fiery speakers pour it forth as if it were the inspiration of genius; but it is still commonplace. Nothing new or refining in thought—nothing heart-stirring or sublime in sentiment—ever passes the lips either of Mr. Stanley or Sir Robert Peel, the two leaders of the nightly skirmish or the pitched battle. Mr. Stanley, indeed, never professes to pass a certain limit in eloquence. Bold and clear, correct and ready, he never aspires to the command of the passions, or the mastery of the heart. His mind is peculiarly formed to grapple with the necessities of debate; he fears nothing, and he omits nothing. He meets the foe on what point soever, no matter how critical. He observes every advantage to be gained, and never fails to make the utmost of it. Far less imposing than Sir Robert Peel, he is far more natural. No artificiality ever mingles itself with his stern simplicity of action and of air. In the remarkable plainness of his energetic and vigorous delivery, and in the lucid purity of his diction, he differs essentially from all his

contemporaries,—from the elaborate and overstudied Brougham—from the swelling solemnity of Peel—from the graceful floridity of Canning—from the artful effects of Shiel—from the infinite combinations of tone and gesture which the experience of a life has *taught* to O'Connell. The genius of a clever, bold, shrewd, but material and unenthusiastic people, cannot be better incorporated than in the oratory of Mr. Stanley. He is completely English. He is an admirable speaker, yet he is scarcely an eloquent one. It may be that he wants not the *genius*, but the *heart*, for eloquence. The fieriness of his temper is a less disadvantage to him than the coldness of his dispositions. His soul seems to expand when he throws himself upon a fallacy, but to move slow and mechanically when he advances upon any generous truth. Your admiration is often chilled by his very talents. There is something small in a prudence of affections which does not communicate to the temper. What so attractive as the large-mindedness of amiability? If Mr. Stanley is English in the one phase of the character, Lord Grey is thoroughly English in the other. It is impossible to see, to hear, a man on whom is more vividly impressed the stamp of "noble." The lofty brow—the delicate features—the commanding person—the frank dignity of air—all are noble: the sentiments, the eloquence, correspond with the person and the mien. A high and haughty, yet magnanimous and unrepulsive, spirit breathes throughout them. *Homme de sang et de feu* may be said of him, as of *Bussy d'Ambois*. But to him, though the finest and most dignified speaker of his day, may, as to Mr. Stanley, be denied the attribute of eloquence in its loftiest sense. And that we may not be mistaken in our definition of that word, we will state what we conceive *eloquent* speaking to mean; viz., that kind of speaking which addresses the *understanding* through the medium of the *passions*;—in short, an art similar to that of the dramatist, or of the poet, or even of the painter, who, in their highest sphere, always address themselves, not to the fancy, but to the soul;—in whom truth is the goal of fiction; and who persuade, soften, command, or terrify, by charming the judgment while appealing to the senses. These are the most eloquent men. Those who, in their various arts, have exercised the greatest mastery over the passions, have been invariably those who have most satisfied the reason. It is so with Demosthenes,—it is so with Homer,—it is so with Sophocles,—it is so with Michael Angelo. Mirabeau was eloquent when he exclaimed, "There is but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock." The grandeur of the thought is in its startling justice. Martin is eloquent when, in the picture of his 'Deluge,' he places the conjunction of the Moon, the Sun, and a Comet, in the heavens. You are awed by the novel yet probable solution of the terrible phenomenon. Voltaire is eloquent when he says, "If there were no God, we should invent one." Here he arrests the soul by addressing the reason. Demosthenes was eloquent when he burst forth, "What matters it, O Athenians, whether Philip be alive or dead? When Heaven shall have delivered you from *him*,

you yourselves will be another Philip." These are instances of the highest order of eloquence; their sublimity is in their startling condensation of truth. An eloquence of this order rarely occurs in any of our greatest orators. It may be doubted whether the audience would be prepared to receive it. The eloquence of Chatham lies, for the most part, in bold and vigorous declamation,—of Sheridan, in a gaudy pageantry of words,—of Burke, (and of Brougham no less,) in the stately diction of an elaborate essay. One of the few instances of this class of oratory (though in a much lower degree) that occur to us amongst our contemporaries, is to be found in a speech of Mr. Croker's, in the debates on the Reform Bill. Speaking of the danger that might await the House of Commons by any successful attempt to destroy the House of Lords, he slowly approached the table, and fixing his eyes upon the leader of the ministerial majority, said, "Count the number of days that elapsed after the House of Commons had voted away the existence of the hereditary Chamber, before Cromwell ordered this bauble (*touching the mace*) to be removed from your table!" The look, the tone, the air of the speaker, all aided the effect. Nothing could be more eloquent; yet it was only an appeal to a simple historical fact!

What, then, we mean to say, when we express a doubt whether two of the ablest speakers of our age can be called eloquent in the true sense of the word, is, that they touch not on the passions. We are not led away—we are not electrified—we are not breathless—we do not feel our heart, our soul, and our judgment, united at once in their favour. We say, "This is an excellent speech;" but we do not say, "Let us march against Philip!"

We are now speaking of English eloquence, and shall not, therefore, illustrate our subject by any long examples from the Irish, a people among whom, vivid and imaginative, that art may hereafter thrive in its highest glory,—that is to say, so soon as political excitement, being somewhat sobered in that unfortunate country, will leave the judgment to cool, and the taste to refine,—when extravagant metaphors and tumid language will give way to a more truthful, yet not less powerful energy of diction and logic of thought. We may see, indeed, that in Mr. O'Connell, the great master of the fierce popular mind, there is little of the floridity or inflation that usually characterizes the oratory of his countrymen. His great art is in "stating a question." He places it on the most invincible ground he can select; and the iron vigour of his intellect is seldom concealed beneath any holyday wreaths. Unlike Mr. Stanley, he owes the effect of his oratory to his apparent sympathy with all generous emotions. When he indulges in them, his eye glistens, and the deep music of his unrivalled voice seems to halt and falter. This may be the result of his art,—for he is a most experienced artist,—but it has the semblance of nature. Never, perhaps, has he produced a more triumphant effect over his audience than

once when, replying to Mr. Stanley on the Irish Coercion Bill, he arrested himself suddenly from the course of fiery invective in which he had prepared you to suppose he was about to enter:—"But the Right Honourable Gentleman," said he, with a changed and softened tone, "has declared that Ireland *is dear to him*. I thank him for that assurance. I retract whatever I have said harsh,—I forbear whatever of more angry emotion was about to rise to my lips. The man who tells me that Ireland is dear to him, ceases to be my enemy!" Through the whole hostile majority was a painful movement: there was scarcely a man amongst them who did not seem touched.

This eloquence, which seemed but the voice of generous and kind emotions, is rare indeed among *English* speakers; and, for our part, we cannot cite an instance of it from our own recollections.

Of a totally different mind from Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Shiel yet differs in *one* respect from Irish orators in general, and assimilates to O'Connell in particular,—he *is logical*. With all the glow and dazzle of a diction which is, however, beginning to refine itself from the antithetical point and redundant ornament which first rather militated against his success in a cold English assembly, he unites a remarkable clearness of reasoning; and his very love for antithesis in words leads to that antithesis of argument which in itself is a syllogism.

It is true, perhaps, that this power of reasoning would be more apparent if his action were less vehement and his gestures more free from those quick and restless alternations which suggest to his audience the semblance of study, as well as the desire of declamation. If he thought of effect less, he would be more effective; and if less warm, he would seem to Englishmen (who think coldness is sincerity) to be more sincere. But no speaker, perhaps, is more popular in the House, less from his genius, which is remarkable—his logic, which is severe—his knowledge, which is searching and close, embracing a thousand details in its grasp of a principle, than from his power of sarcasm—his biting, yet pleasant irony—his matchless art of proving the inconsistency, the weakness, or the dishonesty, while seemingly flattering the virtues, of his antagonist. And this lets us at once into the great secret of the dispositions and tendency of the English House of Commons; namely, its love for personal attack: its least redeemable fault is, that the appeals to the worst passions charm it most, and give it the highest notion of the powers of the orator.

To be sure, however, there are two very honourable exceptions to this, the general, rule of securing its favour, viz., the exceptions of Lord Althorp and of Mr. Macaulay: the one never attacks wantonly—and the other, charging with all his mighty force the principles of the opposite army, seldom stops to notice, and yet more rarely to assault any individual warrior—on rolls the rapid and glittering array of his passionate words, of his large, but somewhat unsolid, theories, overwhelming

the *cause* of his opponents—but seeming to disdain the opponents themselves. It is this which makes him in orations triumphant beyond all his cotemporaries—but unfits him for the short-sword grapple and hand-in-hand contention of debate. He cannot move without an army of words at the heels of his argument. He will not parry and thrust with a single individual—he is wonderful in the general battle, but comparatively unartful in a duel. It is probable, however, that long practice will bring him skill in this last and more frequent method of engagement—and as he rises into power, the practice will become necessary and constant. Perhaps, take him altogether, this remarkable man possesses greater oratorical powers than any *Englishman* of his day. He approaches to that eloquence which *does* address the passions—he incites—he stirs—he kindles—while he speaks. But the fault is, that the impression is transitory. He does not contemn sufficiently the use of such sophistries as will not bear the reflection of the next day. He thinks, perhaps, that it is necessary for an orator to be somewhat of a sophist. He convinces you of the passion of his genius, rather than of the strength of his principles—you cannot help doubting if he has any distinct chart of principles at all—you are inclined to believe him too much one of the "priesthood of expediency!"—Happy phrase! which was stuttered forth by the Duke of Newcastle—though not happily applied to the wisest and most enlightened prelate of the age.

Hence there as yet lacks to Mr. Macaulay's eloquence that grave, and permanent, and majestic power which is inherent in the highest flights the art—the *soul* does not sufficiently appear—it is rather the imagination and knowledge that speak than the man himself. The ineffable *something* is wanting.

This is just the reverse of Sir Robert Peel, in whom, while speaking, you admire the man himself yet more than his qualities. It is the accomplished senator expressing his sentiments, often erroneous, often shallow, often commonplace, but still *his own*—however adorned by his felicities of phrase—however enforced by a solemnity of delivery (which, if somewhat overwrought in itself, accords well with his station and the peculiar character of his mind)—you cannot but feel that all the opinions he utters are not borrowed for the occasion, but are part and parcel of the man. Mr. Macaulay speaks as an orator—Sir Robert Peel as a senator. But it may yet be reserved to Mr. Macaulay to furnish out all the deficiencies of his great genius—to fulfil a destiny for which as yet his talents, rather than his character, adapt him;—he clings too closely to a party—his fault is timidity—he nurses both his reputation and his fortunes too tenderly—Nature meant him to be a leader, and he prefers being a successful gladiator.

In turning from the eloquence of the senate to that of the bar, we feel at once that we are descending. About the courts of law all at this moment is poor, tame, and low,—the mantle of Erskine has fallen on

the shoulders of no meaner man—the deep voice of Brougham has produced no echo. The familiar cajoleries of Sir James Scarlett, and the mincing pedantries of Sir Edward Sugden, constitute at this hour the most celebrated oratory of the Forum. Mr. Follet, indeed, promises nobler things than his cotemporaries. Clear and forcible in his statements—addressing not so much the more passionate emotions as the more generous and the more general feelings—graceful in his manner—melodious in his voice, and of a far larger mind than is possessed by legal Wranglers in general—we look upon Mr. Follet as one who may well restore the fading honours of the bar, and who, whenever he enters the House of Commons, will ably support the reputation he has so rapidly acquired.

The eloquence of the pulpit is, with us, characterized by a measured frigidity of demeanour—it for the most part consists merely in elegant language, uttered in modulated tones. "Have you heard Mr. So-and-so—*such* a preacher—*so quiet*—no thumping the cushion—what a sweet voice—and then his periods are so beautifully turned." Such is the usual eulogium on a fashionable orator of the Cloth! Many are the *favourite*, but where are the *great*, preachers? Where are the discourses worthy the theology of that nation which produced a Taylor? Where that wonderful philosophy—that copious luxuriance of words—each word a thought—that power over the passions which the *classical* preachers of our, and of every, country possessed? Let us take one of the celebrated passages in Jeremy Taylor—it is florid we allow—but what deep pathos in every line:—"It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightliness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood—from the vigorousness and strong flexures of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness—to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fresh as the morning, and full of the dews of heaven as a lamb's fleece—but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age—it bowed the head and broke the stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces."

This passage carries to perfection the true religious and moralizing eloquence. Who now ever aspires to such flights? All modern preaching is trite, and feeble, and soulless, in comparison to such Shakspearian beauty of mind and language. We have renounced the God who gave us passions, for one who gave us good taste—

We've set up in His stead
A Deity—that's perfectly well bred.

Eloquence abandons the orthodox preacher, and seeks a perturbed refuge in the ranting insanities of the Caledonian Chapel.

Perhaps, however, the oratory of the pulpit belongs only, of right, to two periods—that of a persecuted church, or that of a despotic and ceremonial court.

Finally, then, the art of public speaking is generally diffused among the English, and it rises to a certain, nor inconsiderable, height among a greater number of speakers in this country than, perhaps, in any other country in the world, but it mostly lacks the enthusiasm and the glow—

"The vision and the faculty divine—"

which belong to such men as fix the affairs of the hour in eternal colours, and who are at once the masters of the multitude, and the idols of posterity.

We cannot, perhaps, better close this essay than by a quotation from a speech but little known, in itself a specimen of very lofty and daring eloquence, and uttered by a great man now amongst us, viz., Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino. We know nothing finer than the following personification of two great divisions of time. It may be applicable to the present day, if instead of a *century* we read an *era*. On the anniversary of the Republic, Sept. 22, 1800, Lucien Buonaparte thus spoke, in the course of his harangue:—"I think I see the century that is about to close pausing by the broken statues and mouldering sepulchres of the ancient kings of France. I fancy it thus addressing that century about to come—'I bequeath to you a glorious inheritance. I have been called the Age of Philosophy—thou, my successor, be the Age of Action! May the tempests that have gathered round me sink with myself amidst the Night of Time!'" A.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF H. W.,

BURIED AT PERE LA CHAISE.

THERE bend no mourners o'er thee; for the wave
Divides Affection from thy lonely grave;
And the green mound that shrouds thee, drinks its dye
Beneath the twilights of a foreign sky;
And o'er the simple tombs of those who sleep
Beside *thy* couch, fond hearts may come to weep.
And thither Love steals, duly to repair
The flowers that fade (*remembrance fades not*) there!
But far from tears that cease not, wears away,
Undecked—unwatched—the stone that wraps thy clay!
And yet, what boots it where thine ashes rest?—
Where are they *not*—whose graves are in the breast?

All space itself *their* monument is made,
Filled by one thought, and darkened by one shade.
In the lone chamber, or the city's crowd,
A vision flits, and voices speak aloud;
The cheerless dawn,—the midnight's weary moon,—
The rich life rushing down the streams of noon,—
Green earth,—wide air,—the never silent sea,
Breathe on our souls *one* sound—"REMEMBER ME!"
Remember! ah, through all our future years,
Thy shape shines out, undimm'd but by our tears;
All that were joy if thou wert by to share,
But since thou art not—sickens to despair;
All that our thought conceived, our fancy fed,
Blend into one—one memory of the dead!

Yet wherefore mourn for *thee?*—thy day is past,—
But Life, (with night,) poor labourer, sleeps at last.
Why mourn for thee?—Mourn we alone for those
Who tracked thy course of beauty to its close,
Who fondly marked, from childhood's earliest hour,
Leaf, bud, and blossom ripening into flower;
Who sowed the seed and watched the growth—to find
How earth's whole sweets can wither in the wind.

Oh! through the night's slow hours how oft shall turn
One lonely mourner to thy distant urn,
To muse—to start—to dream thou *yet* must *be!*
And ask the heart,—which answers not,—for *thee!*

Round Life's wide space Hope's restless wings may range,
The shadow Friendship dogs the heels of Change,
And Custom steals all magic from the brow
Which won from Love the everlasting vow;
But ne'er hath time consoled, or hope beguiled,
A mother's heart that yearneth for her child!—

And thou, the desolate!—whose wealth was cast
All in one bark, unwitting of the blast,—
I may not bid thee—*to forget!*—whate'er
Of Hope be left to wean thee from Despair,—
Whate'er the joys thou yet might'st round thee call,—
I know that Memory is more dear than all!
The weak, the vain, may languish to forget,
But loftier souls find rapture in regret!

E. L. B.

[The reader may perhaps recollect that it was stated in the preface to the novel of "Eugene Aram" to have been the original intention of its author to have composed, upon the facts of that gloomy history, a tragedy instead of a romance. In taking leave of my friends, (so far as this Periodical is concerned,) it may now be not altogether without interest for them if I submit to their indulgence the rough outline of the first act, and half of the second act, of a fragment of a drama, which, in all probability, will never be finished. So far as I have gone, the construction of the tragedy differs, in some respects, materially from that of the tale. I should add, that the scene and story being wholly of a rustic nature, I have purposely left the diction in many places somewhat rude and familiar, although the whole of what is now presented to the reader must be considered merely as a copy from the first rough and hasty sketch of an uncompleted design.—E. L. B.]

EUGENE ARAM, A TRAGEDY.

Act I. Scene I.

Aram's Apartment—Books, Maps, and scientific Instruments scattered around. In everything else the appearance of the greatest poverty.

1st Creditor (behind the scenes).—I must be paid. Three moons have flitted since
You pledged your word to me.
2d Cred. And me!
3d Cred. And me!
Aram (entering). Away, I tell ye. Will ye rend my garb?
Away! to-morrow.——*Gentle* Sirs, to-morrow.
1st Cred. This is your constant word.
2d Cred. We'll wait no more.
Aram. Ye'll wait no more! Enough! be seated, Sirs.
Pray ye, be seated. Well! with searching eyes
Ye do survey these walls! Contain they aught—
Nay, take your leisure—to annul your claims?
(*Turning to 1st Cred.*) See, Sir, yon books—they're yours, if you but tear
That fragment of spoiled paper—be not backward,
I give them with good will. This one is Greek;
A golden work—sweet Sir—a golden work;
It teaches us to bear—what I have borne!—
And to forbear men's ills, as you have done.
1st Cred. You mock me. Well——
Aram. Mock! mock! Alas! my friend,
Do rags indulge in jesting? Fie, Sir, fie!

(*Turning to 2d Cred.*) You will not wrong me so? on your receipt
Take this round orb; it miniatures the world,—
And in its study I forgot the world!
Take this, yon table;—a poor scholar's fare
Needs no such proud support;—yon bed, too! Sleep
Is a sweet luxury—it laps lean care
Within the arms of the dream-mirror'd Past;
But Sleep and I have quarrelled;—take it, Sir!

2d Cred. (*muttering to the others.*) Come, we must leave him to the law, or famine.
You see his goods were costly at a groat!

1st Cred. Well, henceforth I will grow more wise! 'Tis said
Learning is better than a house or lands.
Let me be modest! Learning shall go free;
Give me security in house and lands.

3d Cred. (*lingering after the other two depart, offers a piece of money to Aram*). There, man; I came to menace you with law
And jails. You're poorer than I thought you!—there——

Aram (*looking at the money*). What! and a beggar, too! 'Tis mighty well.
Good Sir, I'm grateful—I will *not* refuse you;
'Twill win back Plato from the crabbed hands
Of him who lends on all things. Thank you, Sir;
Plato and I will thank you.

3d Cred. Crazed, poor scholar!
I'll take my little one from school this day!

Scene II.

Aram. Rogues thrive in ease; and fools grow rich with toil;
Wealth's wanton eye on Wisdom coldly dwells,
And turns to dote upon the green youth, Folly—
And Folly wastes a life, and wins at last
The harlot's false embrace! O, life! poor life!
With what a constant and soul-lavish love
We cling to thee—though misery and gaunt want
Have made thee hideous to all other eyes
But his who wears thee!—let each charm be fled,
We gorge not less on the unslaked desire;—
Making our bliss in what sense sees our curse.
To die: ay, there's the cure—the plashing stream
That girds these walls—the drug of the dank weeds
That rot the air below; these hoard the balm
For broken, pining, and indignant hearts.
But the witch Hope forbids me to be wise;
And when I turn to these—Woe's only friends (*pointing to his books*)—

And with their weïrd and eloquent voices calm
The stir and Babel of this world within,
I can but dream that my vexed years at last
Shall find the quiet of a hermit's cell,
And far from men's rude malice or low scorn,
Beneath the lov'd gaze of the lambent stars,
And, with the hollow rocks, and sparry caves,
And mystic waves, and music-murmuring winds—
My oracles and co-mates—watch my life
Glide down the stream of knowledge, and behold
Its waters with a musing stillness glass
The smiles of Nature and the eyes of Heaven!

Scene III.

Enter Boteler, *slowly watching him; as he remains silent and in thought,* Boteler *touches him on the shoulder.*

Boteler. How now! what! gloomy? and the day so bright!
Why, the old dog that guards the court below
Hath crept from out his wooden den, and shakes
His grey hide in the fresh and merry air;
He changed the sullen and rebuking note
Of jealous wrath, with which he wont to greet me,
Into a voice of welcome as I pass'd.
Come, rouse thee, Aram; let us forth.
Aram. Nay, friend,
My spirit lackeys not the moody skies,
Nor changes—bright or darkling—with their change.
Farewell, good neighbour; I must work this day;—
Behold my tools—and scholars toil alone!
Boteler. Tush! a few minutes wasted upon me
May well be spared from this long summer day.
Hast heard the news? Monson—thou'st known the man?
Aram. I do remember. *He wās poor.* I knew him.
Boteler. But he is poor no more. The all-changing wheel
Rolled round, and scattered riches on his hearth.
A man he never saw,—scarce heard his name,—
But who, some lustrums since, derived his birth
From the same stock, hath died in some far land
Beneath the tropic, and hath left his heir
In our good neighbour. Why, you seem not glad;
Does it not please you?
Aram. Yes.
Boteler. And so it should;
'Tis a poor fool, but honest. Had dame Fate
Done this for you—for me;—'tis true our brains
Had taught us better how to spend the dross;
But earth hath worse men than our neighbour.

Aram. Ay,
'Tis true, our art had given more noble wings
To the dull metal.
Boteler. Yes, what glowing smiles
From the rich lip of beauty I had bought:
Women and wine—*they* are the gems of life!
Would I were rich!
Aram. Are these thy low ambition?
Would *I* were rich, too;—but for other aims.
Oh! what a glorious and time-hallow'd world
Would I invoke around me; and wall in
A haunted solitude with those bright souls,
That, with a still and warning aspect, gaze
Upon us from the hallowing shroud of books!
By heaven, there should not be a seer who left
The world one doctrine, but I'd task his lore,
And commune with his spirit! All the truths
Of all the tongues of earth—I'd have them *all,*
Had I the golden spell to raise their ghosts!
I'd build me domes, too; from whose giddy height
My soul could watch the night-stars, and unsphere
The destinies of man, or track the ways
Of God from world to world; pursue the winds,
The clouds that womb the thunder—to their home;
Invoke and conquer Nature—share her throne
On earth, and ocean, and the chainless air;
And on the Titan fabrics of old truths
Raise the bold spirit to a height with heaven!
Would—would my life might boast one year of wealth,
Though death should bound it!
Boteler. Thou may'st have thy wish!
Aram (*wrapt, and abstractedly*). Who spoke? Methought
I heard my genius say—
My evil genius—"Thou may'st have thy wish."
Boteler (*touching him*).—Thou heard'st aright! Monson this
eve will pass
By Nid's swift wave; he bears his gold with him;
The spot is lone—untenanted—remote;
And if thou hast but courage—one bold deed,
And one short moment—thou art poor no more.
Aram (*after a pause, turning his eyes slowly on Boteler*).
Boteler, was that thy voice?
Boteler. How could'st thou doubt it?
Aram. Methought its tone seem'd changed; and now methinks,
Now, that I look upon thy face, my eyes
Discover not its old, familiar aspect.
Thou'rt very sure thy name is Boteler?
Boteler. Pshaw,

Thou'rt dreaming still:—awake, and let thy mind
And heart drink all I breathe into thy ear.
I know thee, Aram, for a man humane,
Gentle, and musing; but withal of stuff
That might have made a warrior; and desires,
Though of a different channel from my own,
As high, and hard to limit. Care and want
Have made thee—what they made thy friend long since.
And when I wound my heart to a resolve
Dangerous, but fraught with profit, I did fix
On thee as one whom Fate and Nature made
A worthy partner in the nameless deed.

Aram. Go on. I pray thee pause not.

Boteler. There remain
Few words to body forth my full design.
Know that—at my advice—this eve the gull'd
And credulous fool of Fortune quits his home.
Say but one word, and thou shalt share with me
The gold he bears about him.

Aram. At what price?

Boteler. A little courage.

Aram. And my soul!—No more.
I see your project——

Boteler. And embrace it?

Aram. Lo!
How many deathful, dread, and ghastly snares
Encompass him whom the stark Hunger gnaws,
And the grim demon Penury shuts from out
The golden Eden of his bright desires!
To-day, I thought to slay myself, and die,
No single hope once won!—and now I hear
Dark words of blood, and quail not, nor recoil.—
'Tis but a death in either case;—or mine
Or that poor dotard's!—And the guilt—the guilt,—
Why, *what* is guilt?—A word! We are the tools,
From birth to death, of destiny; and shaped,
For sin or virtue, by the iron force
Of the unseen, but unresisted, hands
Of Fate, the august compeller of the world.

Boteler. It works. Behold the devil at all hearts!
I am a soldier, and enured to blood;
But *he* hath lived with moralists forsooth,
And yet one word to tempt him, and one sting
Of the food-craving clay, and the meek sage
Grasps at the crime he marvelled at before.

Aram (*abruptly*). Thou hast broke thy fast this morning?

Boteler. Ay, in truth.

Aram. But *I* have not, since *yester*morn, and asked
In the belief that certain thoughts unwont
To blacken the still mirror of my mind
Might be the phantoms of the hungered flesh
And the faint nature. I was wrong; since you
Share the same thoughts, nor suffer the same ills.
Boteler. Indeed I knew not this. Come to my roof;
'Tis poor, but not so bare as to deny
A soldier's viands to a scholar's wants.
Come, and we'll talk this over. I perceive
That your bold heart already is prepared,
And the details alone remain.—Come, friend,
Lean upon me, for you seem weak: the air
Will breathe this languor into health.
Aram. Your hearth
Is widowed,—we shall be alone?
Boteler. Alone.
Aram. Come, then;—the private way. We'll shun the crowd:
I do not love the insolent eyes of men.

Scene IV.

(*Night—a wild and gloomy Forest—the River at a distance.*)

Enter Aram *slowly.*

Aram. Were it but done, methinks 'twould scarce bequeath
Much food for that dull hypocrite Remorse.
'Tis a fool less on earth!—a clod—a grain
From the o'er-rich creation;—be it so.
But I, in one brief year, could give to men
More solid, glorious, undecaying good
Than his whole life could purchase:—yet without
The pitiful and niggard dross *he* wastes,
And *I* for lacking starve, my power is nought,
And the whole good undone! Where then the crime,
Though by dread means, to compass that bright end?
And yet—and yet—I falter, and my flesh
Creeps, and the horror of a ghastly thought
Makes stiff my hair,—my blood is cold,—my knees
Do smite each other,—and throughout my frame
Stern manhood melts away. Blow forth, sweet air,
Brace the mute nerves,—release the gathering ice
That curdles up my veins,—call forth the soul,
That, with a steady and unfailing front,
Hath looked on want—and woe—and early death—
And walked with thee, sweet air, upon thy course
Away from earth through the rejoicing heaven!
Who moves?——Speak—speak;—who art thou?

Scene V.

Enter Boteler.

Boteler. Murdoch Boteler!
Hast thou forestall'd me? Come, this bodeth well:
It speaks thy courage, Aram.
Aram. Rather say
The restless fever that doth spur us on
From a dark thought unto a darker deed.
Boteler. He should have come ere this.
Aram. I pray thee, Boteler,
Is it not told of some great painter—whom
Rome bore, and earth yet worships—that he slew
A man—a brother man—and without ire,
But with cool heart and hand, that he might fix
His gaze upon the wretch's dying pangs;
And by them learn what mortal throes to paint
On the wrung features of a suffering god?
Boteler. Ay; I have heard the tale.
Aram. And *he* is honoured.
Men vaunt his glory,—but forget his guilt.
They see the triumph; nor, with wolfish tongues,
Feed on the deed from which the triumph grew.
Is it not so?
Boteler. Thou triflest: this no hour
For the light legends of a gossip's lore——
Aram. Peace, man. I did but question of the fact.
Enough.—I marvel why our victim lingers?
Boteler. Hush: dost thou hear no footstep?—Ha, he comes!
I see him by yon pine trees. Look, he smiles;
Smiles as he walks, and sings——
Aram. Alas! poor fool!
So sport we all, while over us the pall
Hangs, and Fate's viewless hands prepare our shroud.

Scene VI.

Enter Monson.

Monson. Ye have not waited, Sirs?
Boteler. Nay, name it not.
Monson. The nights are long and bright: an hour the less
Makes little discount from the time.
Aram. *An hour!*
What deeds an hour may witness!
Monson. It is true.
(*To Boteler*)—Doth he upbraid?—he has a gloomy brow:
I like him not.
Boteler. The husk hides goodly fruit.
'Tis a deep scholar, Monson; and the gloom
Is not of malice,—but of learned thought.

Monson. Say'st thou?—I love a scholar. Let us on:
We will not travel far to night?
Aram. *Not far!*
Boteler. Why, as our limbs avail;—thou hast the gold?
Monson. Ay; and my wife suspects not (*laughing*).
Boteler. Come, that 's well.
I'm an old soldier, Monson, and I love
This baffling of the Church's cankering ties.
We'll find thee other wives, my friend!—Who holds
The golden lure shall have no lack of loves.
Monson. Ha!—ha!—both wise and merry.—(*To Aram*)—
Come, Sir, on.
Aram. I follow.
(*Aside*)— Can men sin thus in a dream?

Scene VII.

(*Scene changes to a different part of the Forest—a cave, overhung with firs and other trees—the Moon is at her full, but clouds are rolling swiftly over her disc—*Aram *rushes from the cavern—his hands bloody—a knife in his right-hand.*)

Aram. 'Tis done—thank Heaven—'tis done!——We've laid his corpse
In a safe niche,—where but the blinded bat
And the red earthworm visit:—it is done!
And we are safe,—and wealthy!——'Twas my hand
That struck the first,—and he cried—" Boteler, help!"
And lifted up his arms. *I* struck no more!
Oh, God!—*I* did not slay him!—'twas not *I!*
I did but wound him!——and this blood—this blood—
Was not the last and precious tide that gushed
From life's own well when that grim soldier smote him.
(*Enter* Boteler *more slowly from the Cave, and looking round.*)
Boteler. Why didst thou leave me ere our task was o'er?
Aram. Was he not dead, then?——Did he breathe again?
Or cry " Help, Boteler?"——Mark, *I* struck but once!
Boteler. Dead!—Ere we bore him to the cave, our knives
Had done full well what Hell cannot undo.
But the gold, Aram! thou didst leave the gold?
Aram. The gold! I had forgot. *Thou* hast the gold.
Come, let us share, and part——
Boteler. Not here; the spot
Is open, and the rolling moon may light
Some wanderer's footsteps hither. To the deeps
Which the stars pierce not—of the naked wood—
We will withdraw and share;—and weave our plans,
So that the world may know not of this deed.
Aram. Thou say'st right. Methinks *I* smote but once.
Ay, ay; but once—tis sure. Come, friend; this way.

End of Act I.

Act II.

(Time, Ten Years after the date of the first Act.)

Scene I.

Peasants dancing—A beautiful Wood Scene—A Cottage in the front.

Madeline—Lambourn—Michael.

(Lambourn *comes forward.*)

Come, my sweet Madeline, though our fate denies
The pomp by which the great and wealthy mark
The white days of their lot, at least thy sire
Can light with joyous faces and glad hearts
The annual morn which brought so fair a boon,
And blest his rude hearth with a child like thee.

Madeline. My father, my dear father, since that morn
The sun hath called from out the depth of time
The shapes of twenty summers; and no hour
That did not own to Heaven thy love—thy care!

Lambourn. Thou hast repaid me; and my old eyes swim
With tears that tell thy virtues, my sweet child;
For ever from thy cradle thou wert filled
With meek and gentle thought; thy step was soft
And thy voice tender, and within thine eyes,
And on thy cloudless brow, lay deeply glassed
The quiet and the beauty of thy soul.
As thou didst grow in years, the love and power
Of nature waxed upon thee, thou wouldst pore
On the sweet stillness of the summer hills,
Or the hush'd face of waters, as a book
Where God had written beauty; and in turn
Books grew to thee, as Nature's page had grown,
And study and lone musing nursed thy youth.
Yet wert thou ever woman in thy mood,
And soft, though serious; nor in abstract thought
Lost household zeal or the meek cares of love.
Bless thee, my child. (*Kisses her forehead.*) Methinks one lives, whose skill
Might chase the *paler* rose from that pure cheek,
And the vague sadness from those loving eyes.
Nay, turn not, Madeline, for I know, in truth,
No man to whom I would so freely give
Thy hand as his—no man so full of wisdom,
And yet so gentle in his bearing of it;
No man so kindly in his thoughts of others—
So rigid of all virtues in himself;
No man more suited to respond and feel
Within, the graces that he loves in thee,
As this same learned wonder, Eugene Aram.

Madeline. In sooth his name sounds lovelier for thy praise;
Would he were by to hear it, for methinks
His nature given too much to saddening thought,
And words like yours would cheer it. Oft he starts
And mutters to himself, and folds his arms,
And traces with keen eyes the empty air;
Then shakes his head, and smiles—no happy smile!
Lambourn. It is the way with students, for they live
In an ideal world, and groupe this earth
With that world's images, until at last
The nothings ripen to a voice and shape;
But thou wilt cure him, love, and chase away
The mind's dull visions with thy living truth.
But the noon wanes, and yet he does not come.
Neighbours, hath any midst you seen this day
The scholar Aram?
Michael. By the hoary oak
That overhangs the brook, I mark'd this morn
A bending figure, motionless and lonely.
I neared it, but it heard—it saw me—not;
It spoke—I listened—and it said, "Ye leaves
That from the old and changeful branches fall
Upon the waters, and are borne away
Whither none know, ye are men's worthless lives;
Nor boots it whether ye drop off by time,
Or the rude anger of some violent wind
Scatter ye ere your hour. Amidst the mass
Of your green life, who misses one lost leaf?"
He said no more; then I did come beside
The speaker: it was Aram.
Madeline (*aside*). Ah! this mood!
Would I could smile it with my love away!
Michael. But he seemed galled and sore at my approach;
And when I told that I was hither bound,
And asked if aught I should convey from him,
He frowned, and coldly turning on his heel,
Answered—that "he should meet me." I was pain'd
To think that I had vexed so good a man.
1*st Neighbour.* Ay, he is good as wise.
All men love Aram.
2*nd Neighbour.* And with what justice! My old dame's complaint
Had baffled all the leeches; but his art,
From a few simple herbs, distilled a spirit
Has made her young again.
3*d Neighbour.* By his advice,
And foresight of the seasons, I did till
My land, and now my granaries scarce can hold

Their golden wealth; while those who mocked his words
Can scarcely from hard earth and treacherous air
Win aught to keep the wolf from off their door.

Michael. And while he stoops to what poor men should know,
They say that in the deep and secret lore
That scholars mostly prize, he hath no peer.
Old men, who pale and care-begone have lived
A life amidst their books, will, at his name,
Lift up their hands, and cry, "The wondrous man!"

Lambourn. His birth-place must thank fortune for the fame,
That he one day will win it.

Michael. Dost thou know
Whence Aram came ere to these hamlet scenes
Ten summers since he wandered?

Lambourn. Michael, No!
'Twas from some distant nook of our fair isle.
But he so sadly flies from what hath chanced
In his more youthful life, and there would seem
So much of winter in those April days,
That I have shunned vain question of the past.
Thus much I learn: he hath no kin alive;
No parent to exult in such a son.

Michael. Poor soul! You spake of sadness. Know you aught
Of what it comes?

Lambourn. Why scarcely; but methinks
He hath been tried—not lightly—by the sharp
And everlasting curse to learning doomed,
That which poor labour bears without a sigh,
But whose mere breath can harrow genius—Want!
Want—the harsh, hoary beldame—the obscene
Witch that hath power o'er brave men's thews and nerves,
And lifts the mind from out itself.

Michael. Why think you
That he hath been thus crossed? His means appear
Enough, at least for his subdued desires.

Lambourn. I'll tell thee wherefore. Do but speak of want,
And lo! he winces, and his nether lip
Quivers impatient, and he sighs, and frowns,
And mutters—"Hunger is a fearful thing;
And it is terrible that man's high soul
Should be made barren in its purest aims
By the mere lack of the earth's yellow clay."
Then will he pause—and pause—and come at last
And put some petty monies in my hand,
And cry, "Go, feed the wretch; he must not starve,
Or he will sin. Men's throats are scarcely safe
While Hunger prowls beside them!"

Michael. The kind man!

But this comes only from a *gentle* heart,
Not from a *tried* one.
Lambourn. Nay, not wholly so;
For I have heard him, as he turned away,
Mutter, in stifled tones, "No man can tell
What want is in his brother man, unless
Want's self hath taught him, as the fiend taught me!"
Michael. And hath he ne'er enlarged upon these words,
Nor lit them into clearer knowledge by
A more pronounced detail?
Lambourn. No; nor have I
Sought to dig forth truth's root. In my young days
I passed much time amid the scholar race,
The learned lamps which light the unpitying world
By their own self-consuming. They are proud—
A proud and jealous tribe—and proud men loathe
To speak of former sufferings; least of all
Want's suffering, in the which the bitterest sting
Is in the humiliation; therefore I
Cover the past with silence. But whate'er
His origin or early fate, there lives
None whom I hold more dearly, or to whom
My hopes so well could trust my Madeline's lot.

Scene II.

(*The crowd at the back of the Stage gives way*—Aram *slowly enters*—*The Neighbours greet him with respect, several appear to thank him for various benefits or charities*—*He returns the greeting in dumb show, with great appearance of modesty.*)

Aram. Nay, nay, good neighbours, ye do make me blush
To think that to so large a store of praise
There goes so poor desert.——My Madeline!—Sweet,
I see thee, and air brightens!
Lambourn. You are late—
But not less welcome. On my daughter's birth-day,
You scarce should be the last to wish her joy.
Aram. Joy—joy!—Is life so poor and harsh a boon,
That we should hail each year that wears its gloss
And glory into winter? Shall we crown
With roses Time's bald temples, and rejoice—
For what?—that we are hastening to the grave?
No, no!—I cannot look on thy young brow,
Beautiful Madeline! nor, upon the day
Which makes thee one year nearer unto Heaven,
Feel sad for Earth, whose very soul thou art;—
Or art, at least, to me!—for wert thou not,
Earth would be dead and withered as the clay
Of her own offspring when the breath departs.

Lambourn. I scarce had thought a scholar's dusty tomes
Could teach his lips the golden ways to woo.
Howbeit, in all times, man never learns
To love, nor learns to flatter.
Well, my friends,
Will ye within?—our simple fare invites.
Aram, when thou hast made thy peace with Madeline,
We shall be glad to welcome thee.—(*To Michael*) This love
Is a most rigid faster, and would come
To a quick ending in an Epicure.

[*Exeunt Lambourn, the Neighbours, &c.*

SCENE III.

MADELINE *and* ARAM.

Madeline. My heart finds accents now we are alone!
It feeds upon itself, and fears to speak,
When curious throngs are round us. Thou hast coined
All feelings into one,—all thoughts, all words
(Which are the garb of thought) into one language,
That were profaned if spoke amid the world.

Aram. Beloved! would our life could—like a brook
Watering a desert—glide unseen away,
Murmuring our own heart's music,—which is love,
And glassing only Heaven,—which is love's life!
I am not made to live among mankind;
They stir dark memory from unwilling sleep,
And——but no matter. Madeline, it is strange
That one like thee, for whom, methinks, fair Love
Should wear its bravest and most gallant garb,
Should e'er have cast her heart's rich freight upon
A thing like me,—not fashion'd in the mould
Which wins a maiden's eye,—austere of life,
And grave and sad of bearing,—and so long
Inured to solitude, as to have grown
A man that hath the shape, but not the soul,
Of the world's inmates.

Madeline. 'Tis for that I loved:
The world I love not—therefore I love *thee!*
Come, shall I tell thee,—'tis an oft-told tale,
Yet never wearies,—by what bright degrees
Thy empire rose, till it o'erspread my soul,
And made my all of being love? Thou knowest
When first thou cam'st into these lone retreats,
My years yet dwelt in childhood; but my thoughts
Went deeper than my co-mates'. Books I loved,
But not the books that woo a woman's heart;—
I loved not tales of war and stern emprize,
And man let loose on man—dark deeds, of which

The name was glory, but the nature crime,—
Nor themes of vulgar love—of maidens' hearts
Won by small worth, set off by gaudy show;—
Those tales, which win the wilder hearts in me
Did move some anger, and a world of scorn.
All that I dreamt of sympathy was given
Unto the lords of Mind—the victor chiefs
Of Wisdom—or of Wisdom's music—Song;
And as I read of them, I dreamed, and drew
In my soul's colours, shapes my soul might love,
And loving, worship,—they were like to thee!
Thou cam'st unknown, and lonely,—and around
Thy coming, and thy bearing, and thy mood
Hung mystery,—and, in guessing at its clue,
Mystery grew interest, and the interest love!

Aram (*aside*). O woman! how from that which she should shun,
Does the poor trifler draw what charms her most!

Madeline. Then, as Time won thee frequent to our hearth,
Thou from thy learning's height didst stoop, to teach me
Nature's more gentle secrets—the sweet lore
Of the green herb and the bee-worshipped flower;
And when the night did o'er this nether earth
Distil meek quiet, and the heart of Heaven
With love grew breathless, thou wert wont to raise
My wild thoughts to the weïrd and solemn stars;
Tell of each orb the courses and the name;
And of the winds, the clouds, th' invisible air,
Make eloquent discourse;—until methought
No human life, but some diviner spirit
Alone could preach such truths of things divine.
And so—and so——

Aram. From heaven we turned to earth,
And Thought did father Passion!—Gentlest love!
If thou couldst know how hard it is for one
Who takes such feeble pleasure in this world
To worship aught earth-*born*, thou'dst learn how wild
The wonder of my passion and thy power.
But ere three days are past thou wilt be mine!
And mine for ever! Oh, delicious thought!
How glorious were the future, could I shut
The past—the past—from——Ha! what stirred?—didst hear,
Madeline, didst hear?

Madeline. Hear what?—the very air
Lies quiet as an infant in its sleep.

Aram (*looking round*). Methought I heard——

Madeline. What, love?

Aram. It was a cheat

Of these poor fools, the senses. Come, thy hand;
I love to feel thy touch, thou art so pure—
So soft—so sacred in thy loveliness,
That I feel safe with thee! Great God himself
Would shun to launch upon the brow of guilt
His bolt while thou wert by!

Madeline. Alas, alas!
Why dost thou talk of guilt?

Aram. Did I, sweet love—
Did I say guilt?—it is an ugly word.
Why, sweet, indeed—did I say guilt, my Madeline?

Madeline. In truth you did. Your hand is dry—the pulse
Beats quick and fevered: you consume too much
Of life in thought—you over-rack the nerves—
And thus a shadow bids them quail and tremble.
But when I queen it, Eugene, o'er your home,
I'll see this fault amended.

Aram. Ay, thou shalt,
In sooth thou shalt.

Scene IV.

Enter Michael.

Michael. Friend Lambourn sends his greeting,
And prays you to his simple banquet.

Madeline. Come!
His raciest wine will in my father's cup
Seem dim, till you can pledge him. Eugene, come.

Aram. And if I linger o'er the draught, sweet love,
Thou'lt know I do but linger o'er the wish
For thee, which sheds its blessing on the bowl.

Scene V.

Sunset—A Wood-scene—A Cottage at a distance—In the foreground a Woodman felling wood.

Enter Aram.

Wise men have praised the peasant's thoughtless lot,
And learned pride hath envied humble toil:
If they were right, why, let us burn our books,
And sit us down, and play the fool with Time,
Mocking the prophet Wisdom's grave decrees,
And walling this trite PRESENT with dark clouds,
Till night becomes our nature, and the ray
Ev'n of the stars but meteors that withdraw
The wandering spirit from the sluggish rest
Which makes its proper bliss. I will accost

This denizen of toil, who, with hard hands,
Prolongs from day to day unthinking life,
And ask if *he* be happy.—Friend, good eve.

Woodman. 'Tis the great scholar!—Worthy Sir, good eve.

Aram. Thou seems't o'erworn: through this long summer day
Hast thou been labouring in the lonely glen?

Woodman. Ay, save one hour at noon. 'Tis weary work;
But men like me, good Sir, must not repine
At work which feeds the craving mouths at home.

Aram. Then thou art happy, friend, and with content
Thy life hath made a compact. Is it so?

Woodman. Why, as to that, Sir, I must surely feel
Some pangs when I behold the ease with which
The wealthy live; while I, through heat and cold,
Can scarcely conquer Famine.

Aram. * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

*** In this scene Boteler (the Houseman of the Novel) is again introduced.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SLEEP.

When that sweet shape lies hushed in rest,
Its shadow flies to me;
Or else each dream that haunts my breast
Hath caught its shape from thee.
I feel not then the ties that bind
To happier hearts thine own,
For either earth is left behind,
Or earth is ours alone.
Ah! Love can find a wider scope
For joy than thou would'st deem.
Thou may'st forbid the Day to hope,
But not the Night to dream.

FI-HO-TI; OR THE PLEASURES OF REPUTATION.

A CHINESE TALE.

Fi-ho-ti was considered a young man of talents; he led, in Pekin, a happy and a comfortable life. In the prime of youth, of a highly-respectable Japanese family, and enjoying a most agreeable competence, he was exceedingly popular among the gentlemen whom he entertained at his board, and the ladies who thought he might propose. All the pleasures of life were at his command: he drank, though without excess, the cup of enjoyment;—ate, laughed, and loved his fill. No man in Pekin was more awake during the day, or enjoyed a serener slumber during the night.

In an evil hour, it so happened that Fi-ho-ti discovered that he possessed the talents we have referred to. A philosopher,—who, being also his uncle, had the double right, both of philosophy and relationship, to say everything unpleasant to him,—took it into his head to be very indignant at the happy life which Fi-ho-ti so peacefully enjoyed.

Accordingly, one beautiful morning he visited our young Chin-Epicurean. He found him in his summer-house, stretched on luxurious cushions, quaffing the most delicious tea, in the finest little porcelain-cups imaginable, reading a Chinese novel, and enlivening the study, from time to time, by a light conversation with a young lady, who had come to visit him.

Our philosopher was amazingly shocked at the prospect of so much comfort. Nothing could be more unphilosophical; for the duty of Philosophy being to charm us with life, she is anxious, in the first place, to make it a burthen to us. The goddess is enamoured of patience, but indignant at pleasure.

Our sage was a man very much disliked and very much respected. Fi-ho-ti rose from his cushions, a little ashamed of being detected in so agreeable an indolence. The novel fell from his hand; and the young lady, frightened at the long beard and the long nails of the philosopher, would have run away, if her feet would have allowed her; as it was, she summoned her attendants, and hastened to complain to her friends of the manner in which the pleasantest *têtes-à-têtes* could be spoilt, when young men were so unfortunate as to have philosophers for uncles.

The Mandarin,—for Fi-ho-ti's visiter enjoyed no less a dignity,—seeing the coast clear, hemmed three times, and commenced his avuncular admonitions.

"Are you not ashamed, young man," said he, "of the life that you lead?—are you not ashamed to be so indolent and so happy? You possess talents; you are in the prime of youth;—are you deaf to the noble voice of Ambition? Your country calls upon you for exertion,—seek to distinguish your name,—recollect the example of Confucius,—give yourself up to study,—be wise and be great."

Much more to this effect spoke the Mandarin, for he loved to hear himself talk; and, like all men privileged to give advice, he fancied that he was wonderfully eloquent. In this instance, his vanity did not deceive him; for it was the vanity of another that he addressed. Fi-ho-ti was moved; he felt he had been very foolish to be happy so long.

Visions of disquietude and fame floated before him: he listened with attention to the exhortations of the philosopher; he resolved to distinguish himself, and to be wise.

The Mandarin was charmed with the success of his visit; it was a great triumph to disturb so much enjoyment. He went home, and commenced a tract upon the advantages of philosophy.

Fi-ho-ti surrendered himself to study. He retired to a solitary cavern, near upon Kaifongu; he filled his retreat with books and instruments of science; he renounced all social intercourse; the herbs of the plain and the water of the spring sufficed the tastes hitherto accustomed to the most delicious viands of Pekin. Forgetful of love and of pleasure, he consigned three of the fairest years of his existence to uninterrupted labour. He instructed himself—he imagined he was capable of instructing others.

Fired with increasing ambition, our student returned to Pekin. He composed a work, which, though light and witty enough to charm the gay, was the origin of a new school of philosophy. It was at once bold and polished; and the oldest Mandarin or the youngest beauty of Pekin could equally appreciate and enjoy it. In one word, Fi-ho-ti's book became the rage,—Fi-ho-ti was *the* author of his day.

Delighted by the novelty of literary applause, our young student more than ever resigned himself to literary pursuits. He wrote again, and again succeeded;—all the world declared that Fi-ho-ti had established his reputation.

Was Fi-ho-ti the happier for his reputation? You shall judge.

He went to call upon his uncle, the Mandarin. He imagined the Mandarin would be delighted to find the success of his admonitions. The philosopher received him with a frigid embarrassment. He talked of the weather and the Emperor,—the last pagoda and the new fashion in tea-cups: he said not a word about his nephew's books. Fi-ho-ti was piqued; he introduced the subject of his own accord.

"Ah!" said the philosopher drily, "I understand you have written something that pleases the women; no doubt you will grow solid as your judgment increases. But, to return to the tea-cups——"

Fi-ho-ti was chagrined: he had lost the affection of his learned uncle for ever; for he was now considered to be more learned than his uncle himself. The common mortification in success is to find that your own family usually hate you for it. "My uncle no longer loves me," thought he, as he re-entered his palanquin. "This is a misfortune."—Alas! —it was the effect of Reputation!

The heart of Fi-ho-ti was naturally kind and genial; though the thirst of pleasure was cooled in his veins, he still cherished the social desires of friendship. He summoned once more around him the comrades of his youth: he fancied they, at least, would be delighted to find their friend not unworthy of their affection. He received them with open arms;—they returned his greeting with shyness, and an awkward affectation of sympathy;—their conversation no longer flowed freely—they were afraid of committing themselves before so clever a man;—they felt they were no longer with an equal, and yet they refused to acknowledge a superior. Fi-ho-ti perceived, with indescribable grief, that a wall had grown up between himself and the companions of past years; their pursuits, their feelings, were no longer the same. They were not proud

of his success—they were jealous;—the friends of his youth were the critics of his manhood.

"This, too, is a misfortune," thought Fi-ho-ti, as he threw himself at night upon his couch.—Very likely;—it was the effect of REPUTATION!

"But if the old friends are no more, I will gain new," thought the student. "Men of the same pursuits will have the same sympathies. I aspire to be a sage: I will court the friendship of sages."

This was a notable idea of Fi-ho-ti's. He surrounded himself with the authors, the wits, and the wise men of Pekin. They ate his dinners,—they made him read their manuscripts—(and a bad calligraphy in Chinese is no trifle!)—they told him he was a wonderful genius,—and they abused him anonymously every week in the Pekin Gazettes. The heart of Fi-ho-ti, yearning after friendship, found it impossible to expect a single friend amongst the literati of China; they were all too much engrossed with themselves to dream of affection for another. They had no talk—no thought—no feeling—except that which expressed love for their own books, and hatred for the books of their contemporaries.

One day Fi-ho-ti had the misfortune to break his leg. The most intimate of his acquaintance among the literati found him stretched on his couch, having just undergone the operation of setting.

"Ah!" said the author, "how very unlucky—how very unfortunate!"

"You are extremely obliging," said Fi-ho-ti, touched by his visiter's evident emotion.

"Yes, it is particularly unlucky that it should be just at this moment; for I wanted to consult you about this passage before my new book is published to-morrow!"

The broken leg of his friend seemed to the author only as an interruption to the pleasure of reading his own works.

But, above all, Fi-ho-ti found it impossible to trust men who gave the worst possible character of each other. If you believed the literati themselves, so envious, malignant, worthless, unprincipled a set of men as the literati of Pekin never were created! Every new acquaintance he made told him an anecdote of an old acquaintance which made his hair stand on end. Fi-ho-ti began to be alarmed. He contracted more and more the circle of his society; and resolved to renounce the notion of friendship amongst men of similar pursuits.

In the small circles, in the distant provinces, of the Celestial Empire, the writings of Fi-ho-ti were greatly approved. The gentlemen quoted him at their tea, and the ladies wondered whether he was good-looking; but this applause—this interest that he inspired—never reached the ears of Fi-ho-ti. He beheld not the smiles he called forth by his wit, or the tears he excited by his pathos;—all that he saw of the effects of his reputation was in the abuse he received in the Pekin journals; he there read, every week and every month, that he was but a very poor sort of creature. One journal called him a fool, another a wretch; a third seriously deposed that he was hump-backed; a fourth that he had not a shilling in the world. In Pekin, any insinuation of that last offence is considered as a suspicion of the most unpardonable guilt. Other journals, indeed, did not so much abuse as misrepresent him. He found his doctrines twisted into all manner of shapes. He could not defend them—for it is not dignified to reply to all the Pekin journals;

but he was assured by his flatterers that truth would ultimately prevail, and posterity do him justice. "Alas!" thought Fi-ho-ti, "am I to be deemed a culprit all my life, in order that I may be acquitted after death? Is there no justice for me until I am past the power of malice? Surely this is a misfortune!"—Very likely;—it was the necessary consequence of REPUTATION!

Fi-ho-ti now began to perceive that the desire of fame was a chimera. He was yet credulous enough to follow another chimera, equally fallacious. He said to himself—"It was poor and vain in me to desire to shine. Let me raise my heart to a more noble ambition;—let me desire only to instruct others."

Fraught with this lofty notion, Fi-ho-ti now conceived a more solid and a graver habit of mind: he became rigidly conscientious in the composition of his works. He no longer desired to write what was brilliant, but to discover what was true. He erased, without mercy, the most lively images—the most sparkling aphorisms—if even a doubt of their moral utility crossed his mind. He wasted two additional years of the short summer of youth: he gave the fruits of his labour to the world in a book of the most elaborate research, the only object of which was to enlighten his countrymen. "This, at least, they cannot abuse," thought he, when he finished the last line. Ah! how much was he mistaken!

Doubtless, in other countries the public are remarkably grateful to any author for correcting their prejudices and combating their foibles; but in China, attack one orthodox error, prove to the people that you wish to elevate and improve them, and renounce all happiness, all tranquillity, for the rest of your life!

Fi-ho-ti's book was received with the most frigid neglect by the philosophers,—First, because the Pekin philosophers are visionaries, and it did not build a system upon visions,—and secondly, because of Fi-ho-ti himself they were exceedingly jealous. But from his old friends, the journalists of Pekin—O Fo!—with what invective, what calumny, what abuse it was honoured! He had sought to be the friend of his race,—he was stigmatized as the direst of its enemies. He was accused of all manner of secret designs; the painted slippers of the Mandarins were in danger; and he had evidently intended to muffle all the bells of the grand pagoda! Alas! let no man wish to be a saint unless he is prepared to be a martyr.

"Is this injustice?" cried Fi-ho-ti to his flatterers. "No," said they, with one voice; "No, Fi-ho-ti,—it is REPUTATION!"

Thoroughly disgusted with his ambition, Fi-ho-ti now resolved to resign himself once more to pleasure. Again he heard music, and again he feasted and made love. In vain!—the zest, the appetite was gone. The sterner pursuits he had cultivated of late years had rendered his mind incapable of appreciating the luxuries of frivolity. He had opened a gulf between himself and his youth;—his heart could be young no more.

"One faithful breast shall console me for all," thought he. "Yang-y-se is beautiful and smiles upon me; I will woo and win her."

Fi-ho-ti surrendered his whole soul to the new passion he had conceived. Yang-y-se listened to him favourably. He could not complain of cruelty; he fancied himself beloved. With the generous and unselfish ardour that belonged to his early character, he devoted his

future years to—he lavished the treasure of his affections upon—the object of his love. For some weeks he enjoyed a dream of delight; he woke from it too soon. A rival beauty was willing to attach to herself the wealthy and generous Fi-ho-ti. "Why," said she, one day, "why do you throw yourself away upon Yang-y-se? Do you fancy she loves you? You are mistaken; she has no heart; it is only her vanity that makes her willing to admit you as her slave." Fi-ho-ti was incredulous and indignant. "Read this letter," said the rival beauty. "Yang-y-se wrote it to me but the other day."

Fi-ho-ti read as follows:—

"We had a charming supper with the gay author last night, and wished much for you. You need not rally me on my affection for him; I do not love him, but I am pleased to command his attentions; in a word, my vanity is flattered with the notion of chaining to myself one of the most distinguished persons in Pekin. But—love—ah! *that* is quite another thing."

Fi-ho-ti's eyes were now thoroughly opened. He recalled a thousand little instances which had proved that Yang-y-se had been only in love with his celebrity.

He saw at once the great curse of distinction. Be renowned, and you can never be loved for yourself! As you are hated not for your vices, but your success, so are you loved not for your talents, but their fame. A man who has reputation is like a tower whose height is estimated by the length of its shadow. The sensitive and high-wrought mind of Fi-ho-ti now gave way to a gloomy despondency. Being himself misinterpreted, calumniated, and traduced; and feeling that none loved him but through vanity, that he stood alone with his enemies in the world, he became the prey to misanthropy, and gnawed by perpetual suspicion. He distrusted the smiles of others. The faces of men seemed to him as masks; he felt everywhere the presence of deceit. Yet these feelings had made no part of his early character, which was naturally frank, joyous, and confiding. Was the change a misfortune? Possibly; but it was the effect of REPUTATION!

About this time, too, Fi-ho-ti began to feel the effects of the severe study he had undergone. His health gave way; his nerves were shattered; he was in that terrible revolution in which the mind—that vindictive labourer—wreaks its ire upon the enfeebled taskmaster, the body. He walked the ghost of his former self.

One day he was standing pensively beside one of the streams that intersect the gardens of Pekin, and, gazing upon the waters, he muttered his bitter reveries. "Ah!" thought he, "why was I ever discontented with happiness? I was young, rich, cheerful; and life to me was a perpetual holyday; my friends caressed me, my mistress loved me for myself. No one hated, or maligned, or envied me. Like yon leaf upon the water, my soul danced merrily over the billows of existence. But courage, my heart! I have at least done some good; benevolence must experience gratitude—young Psi-ching, for instance. I have the pleasure of thinking that *he* must love me; I have made his fortune; I have brought him from obscurity into repute; for it has been my character as yet never to be jealous of others!"

Psi-ching was a young poet, who had been a secretary to Fi-ho-ti. The student had discovered genius and insatiable ambition in the young

man; he had directed and advised his pursuits; he had raised him into fortune and notice; he had enabled him to marry the mistress he loved. Psi-ching vowed to him everlasting gratitude.

While Fi-ho-ti was thus consoling himself with the idea of Psi-ching's affection, it so happened that Psi-ching, and one of the philosophers of the day whom the public voice esteemed second to Fi-ho-ti, passed along the banks of the river. A tree hid Fi-ho-ti from their sight; they were earnestly conversing, and Fi-ho-ti heard his own name more than once repeated.

"Yes," said Psi-ching, "poor Fi-ho-ti cannot live much longer; his health is broken; you will lose a formidable rival when he is dead."

The philosopher smiled. "Why, it will certainly be a stone out of my way. You are constantly with him, I think."

"I am. He is a charming person; but the real fact is, that, seeing he cannot live much longer, I am keeping a journal of his last days; in a word, I shall write the history of my distinguished friend. I think it will take much, and have a prodigious sale."

The talkers passed on.

Fi-ho-ti did not die so soon as was expected, and Psi-ching never published the journal from which he anticipated so much profit. But Fi-ho-ti ceased to be remarkable for the kindness of his heart and the philanthropy of his views. He was known in after-life for the sourness of his temper and the bitterness of his satire. Was this deterioration of the kindlier elements of his nature a misfortune? Perhaps it might be so; it was the effect of his REPUTATION!

MITIO.

CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

WHAT a finished gentleman he was! Yes, here *was* a perfect specimen of that accomplished animal whose genus is extinct, and whose remains we are bound to treat with as much marvel and veneration as those of the mammoth. The last, and perhaps the best, specimen of his kind,—of a kind whose days were numbered at his birth,—annihilated by the blue coat and the buff waistcoat of Charles Fox,—fore-doomed to perish with the ruffle and the sword, and the embroidered waistcoat and the diamond buckle,—as defunct now as the minuet of Denoyer,—as antediluvian as the shoes of Tull, the blade of Becket, the hat of Wagner, or the snuff-box of Deard.

The master of the ceremonies, whose name I forget, though the story is an old one,—the master of the ceremonies of poor Louis's court was not so wrong in being startled at the shoe-strings of Monsieur Roland. Those shoe-strings were the outward and visible sign of a new spirit. They announced the coming reign of the *tiers état*, more forcibly than the sternest exclamation of Mirabeau or the most melodiously modulated phrase of Verniaud could have done.

When the bourgeoisie lost so much of respect for their superiors in rank as not even to imitate their fashions, the reign *of gentlemen* was over. The higher orders never doff their own dress in order to assume

that of the class beneath them, without a great, if insensible, revolution having taken place in manners and thoughts. The power of the aristocracy was doomed to decay when they resigned their emblems. The *prestige* which kept the vulgar from out their magic circle was gone;—the spell which bound the minds of men in unreasoning obedience was broken. The change of dress was at once the great change, and the sign and token of the great change in society which new feelings introduced. All that has followed, and is to follow, is the mere working out of the proposition which was at that time announced. The principles of democracy were, and are, set forth more forcibly in the ball-room than in the tribune; and the House of Lords must give up the hope of governing the nation, until they see the master of ceremonies at Bath in a white satin waistcoat embroidered with silver, and the good gentlemen of the city spending their time in cultivating the art of wearing a sword.

The finished gentleman can no longer exist. The rough outlines of the character may yet remain; but all the finer lines and characteristics of the species are rubbed off by vulgar attrition. The easy nobility of air, the perfect polish and civility of manner, the smooth and courtly familiarity which flowed from the certitude that a position was known, and its rights acknowledged, at first succeeded by the insolence and assumption natural to men who think they must make up by pretence for what they feel they want in reality—the Brummellian impertinence which the decayed habit of duelling (a decay which marks also the decline of *gentilhommerie*) tended to, has given way to a more sober and steady evenness of manner, which says that the struggle is pretty well over, and that, with the destruction of Gatton and Sarum, was completed the revolution which commenced with the destruction of swords and ruffles.

We might look over England now, and it would be impossible to find another Horace Walpole, or a person indeed who had any pretension to belong to the same class. But as the foot-print of the times has become of that large and massive kind that tramples out and obliterates the vestiges of former periods, one is glad to find some antique landmarks to which one can turn, if it be only for the sake of comparison. Horace Walpole is one of these. We see in him what a high state of aristocratic cultivation might produce: he is everything that, with his habits, his feelings, his prejudices, he could be,—and many hundred times more than what most men, with those habits, feelings, and prejudices, would have been.

Dabbling with success in every species of composition, but at the same time entertaining the most unlearned horror of being thought an author;—in the House of Commons, but shrinking in disgust from its noisy contention, and being more anxious to play the part of an earl's son than that of an orator;—taught by his genius to admire and patronize the poems of his schoolfellow and collegian, but recoiling with the refinement of the courtier from the quaintnesses and oddities of their writer;—earnest in his friendship, but choosing, at the same time, for his friend one of the most fashionable men of his time, and always, in his acquaintance and companions, preferring the rank and accomplishments of society to the dignity and qualifications of letters;—a stickler for liberty, independence, and the rights of the people,—a class which, in his early career, were little known, though frequently cited,—but a

stickler for them no longer when the people really came forth from the shadow of the aristocracy, and stood in the broad day as a separate and distinct power by themselves;—a boaster, and that with the utmost *naïveté*, that he never asked a minister for anything, and at the same time comfortably enjoying three sinecures, as a matter of course;—courteous to all, since it gave pleasure to himself and others, but generous to few, since, in thus adding to the happiness of the world, he diminished the store of his own enjoyments;—doing all littlenesses with a certain air of greatness and nobility, but too fearful of failure to venture attempting many things really noble——if Horace Walpole could be compared with any one it would be Beckford. They both built and wrote; and each, in the two pursuits, produced that which was the admiration of his time: for Strawberry-hill, commonplace as it may seem now, when every cabbage garden has a small turreted erection in the corner of it, held a very different rank when modern Gothicism was of new invention, and the long gallery, and the painted windows, and the antique porch, cast before them the shadow of romance which, first stalking forth in the "Castle of Otranto," was subsequently embodied by the mysterious pen of Ratcliffe, and multiplied and perpetuated in those thousand and one dark tales of monks and banditti which even yet amused and terrified the public in our childhood.

There may seem, then, some similarity between Beckford and Walpole; but, as we approach, the resemblance ceases. Their pursuits were alike; their habits and their geniuses were opposed. Beckford is rich, oriental, and uncivilized; the trappings of his ideas are gorgeous and solemn; and there is a certain vastness about his conceptions which bespeaks a mind that loveth solitude, and only peers into the world on high holyday occasions. In Walpole, on the contrary; in Walpole, gay, sparkling, entertaining, and sometimes powerful and pathetic; his most romantic conceptions never deceive you as to their being the conceptions of the man of the world. His thoughts, and the robes which he gives them, have the easy and genteel air which comes from their having been often seen in public. You could never mistake that the person whose writings you are leaning over *plays at* the author, and *is* the gentleman: you feel at once that your poet, or philosopher, or romancer, or historian, has just come from the drawing-room. His sword, and his embroidered coat, and his high-heeled shoes, are lying beside him on yonder chair. You see them there, though he is now in his dressing gown and slippers, with one hand pressed to his forehead, and his pen in the other, and his old folios lying about him, and even in his eye a wildness and a poesy which is more than meets the world: yet see you that he is of the world—I mean the world of society! You see it, you cannot mistake it: in his lighter productions he walks on tiptoe with the air of a beau, and in his graver ones he reminds you of Hercules in the court dress of Louis XIV. So, in the architectural schemes of these two distinguished persons, the one chooses the most desolate situation he can find, and amuses himself in transplanting the richest plants and blossoms of the East to a spot which nature had almost refused the thistle. The other takes up his retirement in the most frequented district in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and builds a Gothic château within a yard of a public road. If one can unite the peculiar characteristics of Walpole's genius in a word—that word would be

"grace;" and on this quality, be it remarked, he himself set the highest value, very probably because it was the quality which best harmonized with his aristocratic habits and propensities.

Thus, in one of his letters, he says, "You have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some on the plea of their being imitators: it was natural, then, to ask myself again, whence they had obtained so much celebrity? I think I have discovered a cause which I do not remember to have seen noticed; and *that* cause I suspect to have been, that certain of these authors possessed *grace*. Grace is distinct from style, which regards *expression;* it belongs, I think, to *manner*." —What he says afterwards of the grace of Virgil, at once expresses his idea and the train of thought that gave birth to it. "A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture, but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bed-chamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity."

The nice taste of Virgil, his exquisite delicacy and harmony, the *grace*, in short, of his delivery, pleased the courtier and suited with the court, and this was a charm which Horace Walpole could not help seeing and being touched with.—Again, he says, with an air of admiration and pleasure, "Is it not clear that Will Wimble was *a gentleman?*" To be a gentleman, that was the thing with Horace Walpole,—and the calamity he had perpetually to guard against was being rendered more conspicuous by his talents than his situation in life. The only way to avoid this was to breathe into his genius the characteristic of his rank: this he contrived to do. But if grace was the peculiar characteristic of Walpole's compositions, it was in compositions the nature of which is to be graceful that he is allowed to have peculiarly excelled; and while he only ranks as a second, or even third rate English author in every other branch of literature, his epistolary talent is acknowledged to be hardly equalled, and certainly not surpassed, in any other country, time, or language. Of the justice or injustice done to his other merits I shall speak presently; but the pity is that, even in his correspondence, his fault, if he has any, is—that rank which sometimes inclines him to a manner too courtier-like and artificial. This is evidently contrary to his nature, which so beautifully separated elegance from grace. "Apollo," says he, "is graceful; Mercury elegant;" one of the most exquisite illustrative definitions ever given. Still he had a fine idea of the noble and the simple, and did not often transgress it. In his preface to "Anecdotes on Paintings," there is a short sentence I lately met with, which, in describing simplicity and magnificence, is almost a model of simple and easy style, and lofty and manly thought. He is speaking of the editions of Balbec and Palmyra. "The modest descriptions," he says, "prefixed to the Sculptures are standards of writing,—the exact measure of what should and should not be said was never comprehended in more clear diction, or more graceful style. *The pomp of the buildings having not a nobler air* than the *simplicity* of the *narrative;* but I must restrain myself, though it is pleasing to expatiate on the just praise of one's country; and they who cannot perform great things themselves, may yet have a satisfaction in doing justice to those who can. If *Juvenal* was *honest* in his *Satires*, he would have been happy if he could have lived to *write* the *panegyric* of Trajan."

The last thought is one of the most happy I ever remember to have

met with: it is possessed, in the highest degree, of philosophic and moral greatness: but stop for a moment, and you see it is the philosophy and the morality of the high-minded courtier and gentleman,—of the *high-minded* courtier and gentleman, but still of the courtier, which Walpole affected not to be, and of the gentleman, which he prided himself on being. The high breeding which suggests the desire to praise,—the knightly feeling which prompts as natural the wish to redress a wrong, and the stately atonement which is set forth, viz., the panegyric on one emperor, as the meet compensation for having satirized the other, and more than all that is definable, that which is undefinable, and which seizes and tells you at once, as you read this sentence, the train of thought by which it was dictated,—all this makes you feel and see at once that the man, that the same man who says this, said a little before, "The throne is now the altar of the Graces, and whoever sacrifices to them becomingly is sure that his offerings will be smiled upon by a prince who is at once the example and patron of accomplishments. The institute of a school of statuary in the house of a *young nobleman of the first rank*, rivals the boasted munificence of foreign princes."

Mark the importance attached to the *rank* of the "*Young* nobleman!" the praise which more than justly is lavished upon the Prince of Wales! Walpole writes from the general habit of his thoughts, without any peculiar design in what he wrote, and even without the idea almost that he was so writing:—"For," says he, elsewhere, "I have no credit any where. How should I? I have never stooped to any means of acquiring it." The son of the Prime Minister flattered without knowing that he flattered; for flattery was the well-bred style of his writing and his conversation; and the point of admiration which he puts to a young nobleman being the patron of the arts was natural to one who valued nobility of birth at least as high as superiority of intellect.

It is that grace of which I spoke, and which he so valued, that gives an enduring charm to Walpole's manner,—a charm which never quits him in any of his various compositions, and which is conspicuous in the short sentence respecting the work on Balbec and Palmyra that I have quoted. With two or three striking and forcible expressions, which every other phrase of his contains, there is combined a certain carelessness in the arrangement of the general composition which always prevents your being taken from the interest of the matter to the study of the style. Where this is not the case, as in Gibbon, Johnson, and others, you read a page with great admiration; you even get as far as two pages; but you can go no farther; your attention is palled and wearied,—you have been weighing the cadence of words and syllables, until the substance which the words contain, and which is to carry you on, passes from your recollection. Walpole was perfectly sensible of this; and, in all probability, was also influenced in no slight degree by the *vulgarity* of apparent effort even in composition; for in all things *the gentleman* was predominant. But he not only avoided the fault and saw it; he speaks somewhere in this way of its cause:—"Every newspaper," says he, "is now written in a good style. When I am consulted about style, I say—'Go to the chandler's shop for a style.' When this is the case, by the natural progress of knowledge, writers are apt to think they must distinguish themselves by an uncommon style,—hence elaborate stiffness and quaint brilliance." You see, then, in Walpole innumerable fine expressions, witty turns

of thought,—and it is as much in the vein of thinking as in the mode of conveying it that his wit consists—yet, crowded as his pages are with witty sayings and fine expressions, you cannot point out, except in those compositions which imperiously require it, (the "Mysterious Mother," for instance,) a single page of what is called *fine writing*. I lay the greater stress on this, because the shorter species of composition, so considerably encouraged by Magazines and Reviews, and which adds to the comparative importance of every separate sentence, has most wearisomely increased that fastidious nicety of composition which almost makes one throw down a book in contempt if one does not find every sentence to be an epigram; though, if we do find it so, and continue the perusal, we are almost invariably forced to confess "that it is vastly odd—the book is excellently well written, and *ought*, no doubt, to be vastly entertaining —but still, notwithstanding all this, it is somehow or other unaccountably—yes, unaccountably—dull and prosing." We confess this, and think it is in spite of the fine writing, when it is most frequently on account of it. But the fatal desire for a style in writing, now so prevalent, has another inconvenience. As it is perfectly impossible for the veriest prig in existence to talk in that nicely-balanced periodical manner in which he guides his thoughts with a pen, his smart and spruce mode of writing is no help whatever to him when he comes to speak; and that kind of mutual assistance which, when the language of society and the language of letters are nearly similar, each daily gives to the other —an assistance which rendered the French language so spirited and graceful, that some one or other, (I rather think it is Walpole himself,) has remarked, that no person who talks French will, or can, want wit, —this daily interchange and assistance has entirely ceased.

In an inverse ratio with the pointedness of our written style has increased the slovenliness and stupidity of our conversational one, which now, for the most part, consists in hums and haws, and broken interjections; nor is it only in society that this has its effect. In our senate and on the stage it is the same. Let any person write a speech now: with all the pains he may give himself to adjust his studied composition to the effect of spontaneous effusion, he will fail, except just in those parts which admit of that pomp or solemnity which almost must be written. Let him then speak entirely *extempore!* Does he, unless under the very strongest influence of habit and practice, express himself even in the common-places of grammar? Yet why should he not do so? why should he not speak grammar about the Reform Bill in the House of Commons, if he is in the habit of talking grammar about the opera in his own drawing-room?

In the best of the old speeches that remain to us we see a singular ease and carelessness combined with parts of great power and brilliancy, which, while they strike by their contrast, please also, and must have pleased at the time, by the natural manner in which they were introduced. With the exception of Burke and Chatham—and the speeches of the first were never productive of much effect, while the speeches of the latter are, to take Dr. Johnson's evidence, very different from what they were when actually delivered,—with the exception of these, the speeches of a former time exhibit a strong, manly, and brilliant style *of talking*, such as a gentleman might have used after dinner to his own friends, if an occasion had required it,—as different, let us allow, from the slip-slop

of some, and from the much-meditating style of others, in the present day—as light from darkness.

In the stage, I mean in comedy, it is the same thing. Write as you speak, and see what stuff it will be; write as you are in the habit of writing, and I defy all the powers of imagination to lead any one so far as to believe that any two-legged creatures are talking naturally that kind of eloquence.

If people would but remember in writing the rule which Brummell laid down in dressing, viz. that to be stared at is the last sign of perfection,—if literary men would not be quite such dandies in their own way,—if they would but remember the disagreeable sensation it gives them to see a gentleman in the Burlington Arcade with his hands covered with rings, and his face with ringlets, and his boots with spurs,—or if they would even but contrast the pinched-in and puffed-out young officer, perfect in all his appointments, who is just swaggering into Crocky's, with the plain and simple-dressed gentleman, whose cravat is hardly well tied, lounging into Brooks's or the Travellers',—they would see the fault which they themselves are falling into, and avoid the elaborate perfection in minor parts which makes the whole imperfect. But it is astonishing what pains writers now take to destroy their reputation. They seek after decorations which have a certain beauty and prettiness in themselves, I grant, but which, like the finely-flowered borders of your old-fashioned prints, only serve to lessen the effect which it is the object of their art to produce.

But if Walpole, remarkable above all things for being a gentleman—and that to such a point that with him *gentlemanliness* became a *genius*—if Walpole, remarkable for being a gentleman above all things, has established his literary reputation for precisely those qualities, and by precisely that species of composition which best accords with his habits and rank in life,—if he stands before us as an author of merit for that very gaiety, and wit, and grace, which made him so accomplished a gentleman—ay, and for those very letters, too, which, in portraying the part he took in society, present to us at every moment not the writer, but the courtier—not the man of letters, but the son of the minister—(the very position in which he would most have wished to appear before posterity,)—if such is Walpole the gentleman, what would Walpole have been had he been merely the author? And here we have another to add to the numerous instances of that pertinacity with which the world always chooses to consider that each man is only capable of one thing, and that a reputation of one kind is incompatible with the talent of another.

Talk of Horace Walpole to the great mass of persons as a writer of extraordinary imagination, deep pathos and passion, and they open their eyes: they imagine you wish to pass for being wiser than everybody else—that you deal in paradoxes—and pique yourself on confounding the gentlemen who write in albums. The merits of the "Castle of Otranto" can no longer be judged with justice any more than the merits of the *Castle of Strawberry Hill*: the chief merit was in the conception at a time when the conception was new: when to create a Gothic romance and a Gothic castle was little likely to enter the head of a dreaming antiquary, and much less that of a ball-going, piquet-playing man of the world. But there is another work to which it would be difficult to do justice;

the sublimity, poetry, and passion of which have unfortunately found few imitators. I remember the kind of apathy and lassitude with which I first took up the "Mysterious Mother." I took it up as a literary book, as a literary curiosity—a tragedy by Horace Walpole. I could not believe it was a real tragedy, but still it was a work to be read; and one rainy day, in the country, tired with playing at billiards by myself, I resolved to read it. I had hardly got through the first page before I was struck by the classic chastity and strength of a style perfectly unlike anything I had expected from the elegant trifler of Twickenham; I took up the volume more resolutely, and instead of lounging over it with my legs stretched out on the fire-place, turned round my chair to the table, placed the volume before me, and began reading it in real earnest. I had not read far in this manner before all my admiration left me. I could not admire—I was spell-bound. Nothing can exceed the interest of the plot, and the artful manner in which it developes itself to you; the mysterious thread gradually unravels; you learn everything just at the moment when you are worked up to expect it. Now that such subjects are acted on the French stage, I wonder it is not translated. It is not only fine as a composition, but with a few alterations it might be admirably adapted for scenic effect. The character of the Mother contains finer and higher touches of nature, though the lines are dark, than are to be found anywhere in Lord Byron, save in his nobler tragedies. The virtue of the woman (for you feel that she is virtuous) who has unintentionally committed the most enormous vice—the love for her husband, which made her guilty with her son—the strength and haughtiness of the character which makes her wrestle with this furious passion, and which, while it urges her to religion for consolation, makes her spurn the intercession of the priest—the madness, and then the calm and the reasoning desire to profit by it—and then the fear of returning frenzy,—all these turns and plunges, if I may so express myself, of the mind, not to be sought but deepest in the dark secrets of humanity, he divines and expresses with the highest art.

It is far beyond my intention, and equally beyond the limits I have prescribed myself in this paper, to go farther into the critical analysis of this extraordinary work, which is rather a proof of what Walpole might have been than of what he was; still, though it is not by a line or two that a tragedy can be judged, I can't help taking advantage of my memory, which suggests to me a short passage, which I remember struck me as one among many of great power and beauty. The verses are spoken by one monk to another, who expresses the fears of Lord Eldon on the progress of opinion as unfavourable to the church; we recommend them to his lordship.

"Fear not a reign so transient: statesmen too
Will join to stem the torrent, or new follies
Replace the old; each chieftain that attacks us
Must grow *the hope of his own heresy:*
E'en stern philosophy, if once triumphant,
Shall frame some jargon, and exact obedience
To metaphysic nonsense worse than ours.
The church is but a specious name for empire,
And will exist wherever fools have fears.
Rome is no city—'tis the human heart;
And there suffice it, if we plant our banners."

"Rome is no city," &c. is superb. But even in this performance Mr. Walpole is pursued by the spirit of his order, and he takes care to get the opportunity of telling servants that their first duty is to obey their masters.

"Father!" says the porter of the castle, and rather *apropos de bottes*,

> "Father, belike there is a different heaven
> For learned clerks, and such poor men as I am.
> Me it behoves to see such humble virtues
> As suit my simple calling. To my *masters*,
> For raiment, food, for salary and protection,
> My honest heart owes deepest gratitude."

Which is true to a certain degree; but Horace Walpole would never have thought of telling masters what they owe to their servants. In short, he never wished, and he could not, if he had wished, escape the all-pervading idea that he was *a gentleman*. Had he not been one, it is difficult to say whether he would not rather have indulged the different vein that seemed as natural as wit and gaiety to his character—if that character had not been under the influence of his situation—and instead of being known to us as the most amusing of letter-writers, Horace Walpole, the gay, the punning, might have obtained a reputation as one of the most pathetic of tragedians. "His rank and his follies," said a higher judge of literary merit than I pretend to be—"his rank and his follies made him a coxcomb; Nature made him, in my opinion, a genius of no ordinary kind. He possessed in some of his productions a pathos and an eloquence, which, if instigated by some slight exertion, might have blazed to a degree of which common critics have no conception."

His lighter pieces have the same merit, though in a less degree, that his letters have. His "Anecdotes of Painting," his "Dictionary of Royal and Noble Authors," possess that rare accomplishment which I have given him under his own appellation of "grace," and which breathes a life and sheds a colouring over the palest and most inanimate subjects; nor did any author ever possess this to so great a degree. He is the only one, at all events, whom I remember, that, writing on so many topics, and in such different styles, has never produced one stupid work. The last series of letters, just published, is, perhaps, the most amusing of all; for it not only fills a vacuum in his correspondence, but it fills that vacuum which one felt the most desire not to find void. All the early and political passages of his career—his father's last struggles for power—are there; and the striking, though sketchy, pictures that you obtain of Sir Robert himself, and of Pulteney, Pitt, and the prominent members of the united factions that overturned him, awake, as they pass before you, a living interest—the more animate, perhaps, because the passions and contests of that busy time chime in with the passions and political contests of our own, which, whatever may be their result, are, at all events, conducted on higher principles, and with purer views, than those which led to the downfal of King George's minister.

The private and public character of Horace Walpole, alternately flattered and maligned, possessed the qualities, good and bad, of the character which he was, and which he affected. In politics, he played the liberal, as he might, at a masque, have played the shepherd—without any more serious intention than that of wearing a garb which was fashionable with the set in which he mixed, and which became him. He

was a liberal in the Whig fashion—in favour of the liberty of the people,—but meaning, by the liberty of the people, the privileges and interests of the aristocracy. As for a vulgar, dirty, ill-dressed, and ill-educated people, he was the Houhynhm and they were Yahoos, fit only for carrying wood and fetching water—altogether beyond the pale of his improvements: in speaking of *human* nature he meant *his own*. So, as his politics were those, his religion was that of *a gentleman*. He detested the French philosophers, because they were vulgar, dogmatic, overbearing: they paid no respect to rank, and *engrossed the whole conversation*. But then he detested also the clergy and *their* intolerance, which was equally *ill-bred*. His reasons for disliking Atheism are charming; he speaks of it as he would do of a smoky house; he calls it "GLOOMY" and "UNCOMFORTABLE." "I go to church sometimes," says he, "in order to induce my servants to go. Not that I am a hypocrite: I only set them the example of listening—not of believing."

The heaviest charge against his private character is that which has been so often brought forward and refuted—the neglect of Chatterton, which some have pretended led to the unfortunate end of that extraordinary youth. There cannot be a clearer, or, as far as Horace Walpole is concerned, a more satisfactory account than that given of this transaction by Dr. Chalmers; and, indeed, what would any of us have done under such circumstances, or what should we do at this moment? Supposing we received a letter from a young man, enclosing an ancient manuscript, which he said—not that he wrote, (that might have been evidence of his talent)—but that he found; and that, in the letter which accompanied the manuscript, he told us "that he was a lad of great parts, and wished that we would take him from a respectable and safe employment in order to launch him into the perilous world of letters;" it does not follow that, because we see the MS. to be a forgery, we are at once to believe it the composition of the boy who sends it us. Are we to jump forthwith to the conclusion, that because our unknown correspondent was an impostor he was therefore a genius, and write to him, saying—"Sir,—Having discovered that you have told me a great falsehood, and therefore fully believing that you are destined, as you suppose, to cut a great figure in literature, I will take upon myself the responsibility of advising you to quit your family and friends, and the trade to which you are apprenticed, in order to come up to town, and take to writing books?"—I do not think there is one of us who, on such grounds, would give such advice,—Horace Walpole, I grant, less than any other, since he, more especially, would have been rather struck by the ungentlemanlike lie with which his correspondent had introduced himself, than even by any proof of genius, if it had been (as it was not) accompanied by such. But instead of Chatterton being reduced to the lowest pitch of human misery by this supposed neglect, he was neither then (at the time of this application) nor afterwards, as far as we can learn, sunk into so unhappy a condition. A short time previous to the termination of his existence, he had been making more money than even with his sanguine disposition he had expected a literary career would furnish. His last letter to his friends was one of self-felicitation; nor does there seem any reason to believe that the resources of which he had profited were closed to him when he took his fatal resolution.

Walpole, however, was not generous to men of letters. He had no opinion of them except as ministers to his amusement—manufacturers of pleasure, who sold the product of their talents dear, if they could get the money,—cheap, if they could not; and he never felt any scruple at driving a somewhat close bargain with them: indeed, he was too luxurious to be generous; or his generosity, if generosity he had, was only shown to Marshal Conway, (at least we hear of no other instances of it,) and this was a generosity of private friendship—the generosity of *a gentleman* to a *gentleman*.

The publication that has just made its appearance paints our author in his youth. As an aristocratic picture, he is still more perfect and interesting in his age. There he is, in his embroidered dressing-gown,—his table drawn near the window that looks upon the Thames;—we see his one cup of morning tea served in the most exquisite Sêvre;—we assist (to use a French expression) at his dinner of chicken and iced water, in the chamber filled with flowers and exhaling perfumes;—and we listen to the monastic stories which the swinging frankincense inspired. Could anything be more perfect in its kind than the learned leisure in which our noble author dallied with antiquarianism, and fondled over his beautiful spaniel and his cheap pictures?

The gay and lively chronicler of past times—and not without power, that cost him no exertion, over those times that *were passing;* enjoying all the advantages of a literary reputation without its *ennui;* culling the bloom and flower of politics without either the wearisomeness or anxiety attendant upon the pursuit; the pet of two youthful beauties, from complimenting whom he turned to point an epigram on the beauties of his youth; preparing his fame at the same time that he was nursing and renewing his pleasures;—and all this in the fairy castle he had created, and of which every toy was a token of "TASTE"—his idol;—this old man, with a three-cornered hat, departed life amidst the birth of a new dress and new ideas, having, in his latter days, but one chagrin—for he was too much of a *gentleman* to relish the being made a *lord!*

SONG.

OH! she is false! and yet she knew
  How much I did believe her;
And nothing now but Heaven is true,
  Since she has turn'd deceiver!

If Nature can a lie create,
  With virtue gild the vicious,
Give looks we love to things we hate,
  Make poison'd cups delicious;—

If woman's heart can know deceit,
  Where Pity should live weeping,
Farewell to Love, that idle cheat,
  And life, not worth the keeping!

W.

AN ESSAY ON BREAKFASTS.

"Quanto satius esset quærere bonorum initia quam fines."—Erasmi Colloquia —Hedonius et Spudæus.

How much better to treat of breakfasts than of suppers.

I CONFESS, with a certain complacency, that I am not one of your matutinal gourmands; on the contrary, I hold that the man who is in the habit of eating what is popularly termed a hearty breakfast is an uncivilised barbarian. So premature an appetite is an inexcusable sign of the most Gothic of all things—health. The more civilized we are, the more delicate. In savage countries, breakfast is a feast. What gluttony, for instance, can compare with a breakfast in Scotland? A great deal might be said about the philosophy of breakfast. What tales a muffin could tell, if we did not eat it! The adventures of a crumpet would be better worth hearing than the "Adventures of a Guinea." Of all meals, breakfast is treated most like a friend of the family, for how many hours do we keep it waiting! With what indifference do we treat it! We could not behave cooler to it, if it were the person we loved best in the world! We bestow on it none of the eagerness—the rapture—the silent, yet luxuriating delight, with which we greet its great successor, the dinner. We testify towards it none of the homely, cordial, quiet affection with which those who drink tea (alas! I never do) yearn towards that old-fashioned and cheerful regale. But then we are more at home in its company; we receive it in our dressing-gown and slippers; loll over it with a book; muse in its company upon the state of our finances, or the business of the day; suffer it to survey us in our solitude; "and to know us (what other meal doth this?) exactly for what we are." How connected is it with our studies—how woven with our amusements; it is the nurse of a myriad essays; it is worthy of an essay itself, and it shall have one.

I am fond of divisions in a subject, especially a subject like the present, important to mankind; it has the air of a logical frame of intellect. I shall divide what I have to say into two heads. I shall consider first, Breakfast in Town; and secondly, Breakfast in the Country.

To your London breakfast there is not, unoften, a disagreeable appanage, in the shape of sundry square pieces of paper, ill folded, with printed flourishes at the top and (commonly enough) an uncouth, yet pretentious vignette in the corner. Two or three specimens of this vulgar tribe of *mauvaises plaisanteries* are not unwontedly seen invading the snowy surface of your table. These documents,—

"Messengers
Which feelingly persuade us what we are,"—

have the power of casting a certain sombre complexion over our thoughts for the rest of the day. Nothing in the world is more productive of hypochondria than the aspect of a bill—*Odi et arceo—favete linguis.* "Somewhat too much of this:" the grievance too is hacknied, you say. I allow that; but then there is nothing very original in the subject which permits me to allude to it. A London breakfast "has a strong dash of commonplace in it." Another evil——but instead of going

step by step through a damnable iteration of complaint, perhaps it may be better to club the leading disagreeables into a picture. Let us then figure to ourselves the hour of half-past nine—an ordinary hour, I apprehend, for the ordinary herd of fast-breakers. And first, reader,—(I intend you to be of the sterner and more miserable sex,)—first we will describe you. You come down in your dressing gown and slippers. You recollect, as you walk down stairs, that there has been an interesting debate in the Lords last night. Accordingly, on entering the breakfast-room, you look eagerly round for your newspaper. No sign of it. (Mem. four of the said ill-favoured square pieces of paper in the place where the newspaper is usually deposited.) You then recollect that your newsman, in spite of your threats and remonstrances, has not, for the last three days, brought your paper till eleven o'clock, exactly that time of the day when you least want it. (N.B. Fidgetty and impatient for an hour and a half, and then the wrong paper!) While you are poking out your fire, which won't burn up, the postman's knock is heard; two letters requiring long answers by return of post. You nerve yourself to the task: nay, you have begun your answer to the first epistle. Enter your servant. The butcher you have discharged comes to be paid a bill. You believe you have paid him *before*. Not finding his receipt, you have twice told him to call again. Painful impression, that you cannot make a similar request the third time. Letter suspended. You institute a hunt in your escrutoire, your desk, your table-drawers, your letter-box, and the various pockets of three coats, four waistcoats, and five pair of trowsers—receipt vanished. Bill paid in a rage, which rage is exercised on a new servant, who, not knowing "your temper," gives you warning. Your humour is now marred for the rest of the day; but you think a walk may do you good. Nothing can seem more inviting than the day; not a cloud to be seen; you hurry out, and are caught in a hail-storm. So runs the world away, till you wake the next morning to care and to breakfast again!

This is a misanthropical view of breakfasts: I confess it. Let us turn to a brighter prospect. You are in the country—you look out upon green fields—you wake refreshed and vigorous—you saunter into your garden—and feel your own life in the living world around you—I know an old gentleman who has established an absolute friendship with his flowers; he gives them pet names; examines them tenderly every morning, and, during the cheerfulness of the early summer, you cannot help fancying that those bright and happy-looking things seem sensible of his care. "See," said he once, "how they smile at me as I approach." It was impossible to deny the assertion. I question if men would ever smile if they had never seen the face of Nature—it is an expression that we catch from her.

I love to read of the matutinal habits of great men, especially of those who live in the country and are early risers. I like to know what a fine mind does with itself after a return to this world from the haunted palaces of dreams. For my part, I never consider dreams as things not to be remembered. I look at them as the mirrors of such thoughts as lie half-shaped and embryo in the mind—thoughts that we should not recognize as our own but for those spectral reflections. Often are we dimly unaware how certain prepossessions are seizing and advancing on our minds, till we are startled to find them tyrannizing over our sleep. I first knew that I

loved that person in the world I have loved most by seeing her for ever in my dreams. I first knew that I hated that person against whom, for three years afterwards, I burnt with an unquenchable revenge, by dreaming, night after night, that I was engaged with him in mortal conflict. Ah! from what guilty thoughts and evil passions might we save ourselves in the day did we more seriously acknowledge the monitors of the night. But as we grow older—if we are in the habit of cultivating any ideal pursuit or train of contemplation—we learn more closely to regard the shadowy strangers of the Ebon or the Ivory Gate. And therefore it is that I have a curious interest in learning how imaginative men, of a certain age, pass the first hours of waking. I like to hear of Scott dashing, at sunrise, through the dripping woods, upon his shagged pony. I like to read of Rousseau, in his old age, loitering, at early day, by the lake that nourished his immortal "Reveries." I picture to myself the wild, yet tranquil, and half-developed images that flitted athwart the mind of Goethe, as he paused for long minutes by some flower, yet wet with the early dews. The beings of the mind are more chastened and spiritualized while fresh from the bath of dreams and ere the low cares and petty troubles of the day begin. But we are in the garden—return we home. The lattice, reaching to the grass, is open—your light repast prepared—your favourite book beside you—your dog at your feet—the projects of the day lie like a map before you. Every thing, in a country life, is calm and certain; and if you are worthy of that life, your own thoughts can preserve you from monotony.

The author should not live in towns; in them his soul does not sufficiently feel its own majesty; those images which delight others he pours forth on paper, without sufficiently enjoying and brooding over them himself. He knows but the fever of composition; not the calm voluptuousness of the contemplation that led to it.

And yet it is in cities that most of us are condemned to live and to struggle on. Happy is he who can be the spectator of the human passions of life!—but who can claim to himself that lofty exemption from the motives and errors of his kind? "Men should know," said Bacon, in his high rebuke of the Samian, for the arrogance of such a boast,—"Men should know that in the theatre of human actions, it is only for God and angels to be spectators!"

"And here," said I—(gazing around the little chamber in which a certain great man, a reasoner and a moralist, now no more, was accustomed to compose his lucubrations),—"Here then he wrote those works which the future age will appreciate." The room was dark, gloomy, confined; it looked only upon dead walls; it was in the heart of a metropolis. As for the *avium cantus* (the song of the birds), two dull, tame sparrows were quarrelling for a straw in the dingy court below. As for the *cithara* (or the classic melody), you heard, at a distance, the whirr of the knife-grinder's wheel: or, at best, a broken drone from a most joyless hurdy-gurdy. "And he wrote, you say, of a morning?" "Yes, sir, upon that table; the breakfast things were never removed till two o'clock, but he rose at eight." The hurdy-gurdy—the two sparrows—the dead wall—the knife-grinder's wheel!—What an association! I never turn to the pages of the philosopher but what I fancy I see all these accompaniments of his inspiration! I imagine I detect the cause both of a certain coarse and material complexion, and of a depreciating and gloomy esti-

mate of men's future prospects, which characterize his genius. He had published nothing before he lived in that house looking upon the dead wall. The influence of the dead wall is to be detected in every view the philosopher takes of the destinies of mankind. He bounds with a dead wall their dim futurity!

But, some years since, I was visiting the retreat of one of our country's poets, and my guide, taking me into his morning room, bade me remark how still it was, and how remote from all noise or intrusion; it was separated from the rest of the house. Trees of venerable size overshadowed the green turf upon which the casement opened; but through their interstices you caught glimpses of the lake that flowed below; and there you saw the squirrel, half tamed, beneath the nearest tree; and aloft, with its peculiar rushingness of wing, you heard the flight of the scarce-seen ring-dove. There was quiet around; but not the quiet of dulness—not the quiet of a dead wall, and the dreary dinginess of a back yard.

"And at what time, ma'am, did he mostly write?"

"Chiefly at or after breakfast,—for about three hours,—and the breakfast things were never disturbed till he had finished, and gone out (which he generally did about noon); for he used to stop every now and then, and feed the birds with the crumbs."

You see what a confidant and familiar friend a man makes of the subject of my essay! And the lawn and the high trees, and the squirrel and the ring-dove, and the gentle charity to the birds—these are my associations when I open the pages of the poet; but amongst the associations of both poet and sage—(of the man of towns and the man of rural life)—belong also and equally the time and appliances of—breakfast!

But turning from the more intellectual view of the "gentleman usher of the day," what racy scenes in our various novelists have not been painted in connexion with this initiatory meal. What think you of the breakfasts of Fielding and Smollett? How vividly you see before you the small inn and the round table—and Parson Adams with the loaf in one hand, and no idle blade in the other—or the easy swagger of Tom Jones, as he rises from the board, and prepares you for an adventure before noon—or the long face of Strap, who perhaps hath forgotten that breakfasts must be paid for, and whose Caledonian nature hateth much the aspect of "the bill." And Scott, too—with what breakfasts has he loaded the table of imagination! What heroes are his when they come to a venison pasty! I beg the reader to recollect how the young Quentin Durward, in the fourth chapter of that delectable romance called from his name, breaketh his fast in the ambiguous presence of *Maitre Pierre*. With what an appetite hath the fictionist gifted the healthful savage in order that he may *flesh* his valour heroically on the PATE DE PERIGORD, "whose vast walls of magnificent crust seemed raised like the bulwarks of some rich metropolitan city"—from whose battered muniments the victorious beleaguer carries his ivory army, to the softer conquests of the "delicate ragout," and "the ham which had once supported a noble wild boar in the neighbouring wood of *Montrichet*—then the white bread, too, made into little round loaves called *boules*—and, lastly, the flask of leather called *bottrine*, which contained about a quart of exquisite *vin de Beaulme*." And then, as the Scotchman eats and eats—verily, *edax rerum*—observe the scene; the large room, the faggot blazing on the

hearth, the sturdy and intent adventurer plying his pleasing task, and, the dark brow half relaxed, and the bitter lip half in smile, and the chilling eye half complacent—of the formidable *Maitre Pierre!* I think, howbeit, that after such a breakfast,—termed by the author himself "an enormous meal,"—it would have been more skilful and discreet to have deferred to a more convenient opportunity the event of the hero's first falling in love! The reader will recollect that the worthy Quentin was just fresh from his desperate achievement at the walls of the pasty, when the door opens, and—the heroine appears! Now, I humbly opine that the heart would be more free and more exposed to the boy-god's shaft, if it had not been neighboured and guarded by so recent a garrison from the walls of the venison pasty. But let it pass—the "Almanach des Gourmands" holds a different doctrine, and deposeth seriously that Eros, (or Anteros, perchance,) never kindles his torch so brightly as when he illumines his wick at the kitchen fire.

And then, too, *à propos* of my subject, who hath forgotten the Tower of Tillietudlem, and the ever-memorable breakfast of which his Most Sacred Majesty, Charles II., did there partake? Ah! cold—cold the hand that gifted us with such merry, as with such graver, memories! But Quiet is the elixir of life—joy then to the dead!

The skein of my lucubration grows long. Wind we it up at once, that it may lie at least compact in this receptacle of odds and ends.

"And how, Sir, do you yourself pass the morning hours? Are you of the town or country? Do you look out on dead walls or green fields? Tarriest thou with thy morning friend till noon, loitering over some beloved book, or pleasing thyself with yet more indolent meditation? or art thou quick, precise, and wont to gird thyself at once to the toils and business of the day?"

Alas! dear reader, I am but a weed upon the stream—no fixed spot—no settled life in the cool shade, or the sunny margin of the world's great waters, is mine;—I am borne on, now resting long hours in some cranny or brake that thwarts the shoreward current—now whirled with the noisy eddies into the midmost tide. I *have no habits*, but passively do I yield myself to the ever-varying courses of events! Here are we to-day and gone to-morrow. Why should we form habits—why lay down laws that cannot bind us? Day certifies to night—but neither of day nor of night can we certify to ourselves. Change snatches us from our resolves—a moment can scatter to the winds our firmest plans—customs may be our masters, they cannot be our slaves. Why should we form habits?

A.

A FEW SPECIMENS OF AN UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

Among those literary enterprises which youth commenced, but which the nature of the unquiet time forbids to maturer years the hope of completion, was a Translation from Horace, upon principles somewhat different from those on which former translations have been attempted. The classical reader will perceive that the author of the following specimens of a new translation of Horace has not endeavoured to imitate the metres of the Roman poet, but to catch that Roman spirit to which the Gallic frigidities, usually termed classical, are so obstinately opposed. If the spirit of the original be in any way caught, so the reader will also find that the sense is, for the most part, very literally adhered to. The translator has selected for the sample he offers to the reader, not those Odes which he has best executed, but which are usually considered the most difficult, nay, almost impossible, faithfully to translate. The greater the task, the greater, he trusts, will be the indulgence accorded to the attempt.

Book I.—Ode V.

To Pyrrha.

On many a rose reclined,
All odour-bathed, in some cave's grateful lair,—
Say for what slender youth shall Pyrrha bind,
Simple in simplest garb, her amber hair?

How oft the broken vow,
And the changed Gods, the credulous dupe shall weep,
As o'er thy mind's smooth calm, so halcyon now,
Wond'ring he views the dark winds, roughening, sweep!

He now thy golden charms
Enjoys, and hopes thee aye as prompt to please;
Nor dreams, unconscious lapped within thine arms,
Of all that waits him in the faithless breeze.

Ah! hapless they for whom
Thou glow'st—untried, as yet, thy treacherous love;
But *I* am one escaped the watery tomb,
And hang my robes the Sea-God's shrine above! *

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* They who escaped shipwreck dedicated to Neptune the garb in which they had reached the shore.

Book I.—Ode IX.

To Thaliarchus.

Behold how, on the lofty brow
Of lone Soracte, stands the lustrous snow!
Ill bears its load the labouring wood,
And creeps the sharp ice through the halting flood.
Dissolve the cold!—the hearth shall smile,
Heaped—largely heaped—with many a blazing pile!
Come, Thaliarchus, bid the wine,
Some four years old, in Sabine goblets shine!
Leave to the Gods the rest, who still
Loud winds with waters battling, at their will;
So that at last no angrier breeze
Stirs the wild ash, or waves the cypress-trees.
The future of the morrow shun,
But count true gain with each revolving sun,
Nor spurn, till age green joy
Makes chill—soft love, or choral dance, fair boy!
Thee shall blithe sports please now,
And blandest whispers, nightly murmured low;
And the glad laugh from coyish maid
Hid in some nook, (that laugh the nook betray'd;)
And Love's dear pledge—the armlet band,
Or ring, hard won from dear, reluctant hand!

Book I.—Ode XXXVIII.

With the Persian pomp away,—
Away with your costly wreath, boy;
Nor seek for the spot, I pray,
Where the lingering roses breathe, boy.

If thou wouldst please me, see
That the myrtle-bough be mine, boy;
The myrtle-bough suits thyself—and me
Drinking under the arching vine, boy.

Book III.—Ode XXI.

To his Wine Cask.

On mine own natal day,
(When Manlius held the sway,)
Thou, too, receiv'dst a soul, O pious Cask!

Or if to jest or sadness,
Or love's delicious madness,
Or to quarrel thou wouldst stir us,
Or in pleasant sleep inter us,—
Corvinus bids thee!—Come, awake thee to thy task!
No matter what thy date,
Thou art worthy of thy fate,
And a merry day is thine
To shed the slow and languid blood of thy old friend, the Wine!

Corvinus, fond of preachings
From the old Socratic teachings,
Is not so rugged as on thee to frown.
What! are we, too, not told
How the rigid worth of old
Cato himself, at rosy wine,
My cask, like thine,
Would ofttimes mellow down!
Thou, with thy gentle force,
From its hard and crabbed course
Canst draw to thy dear will the crabbed mind;
Grave Wisdom's troubles stealing,
And the closest thoughts revealing,
At the beck of thy joyous God, whose name is "To unbind."*

Bringer of strength thou art,
And of hope to the anxious heart;—
Thou givest Want itself the bold brow of a God;—
And the poorest learn from thee
Unquailingly to see
The soldier's glistening arms—the monarch's boding nod!
Thee, Bacchus,—and, between us,
We won't object to Venus,—
Shall welcome in, with the entwining Graces.
So honour we the Wine
While the living lamps shall shine,
Till through the air the fading stars the merry Day-God chases!

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* Lyæus, from λυω.

WATERING PLACES.

"Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ!"
CLAUD.

And now arrives that agreeable period of the year, when bandboxes and trunks are once more in request; when married couples remove the drag chains from themselves to their britskas; when nursery-maids and pointers, and children and double-barrelled guns are packed up, and shifted about, for the purposes of benevolent enjoyment; when there is an extraordinary demand for cases of gunpowder and cigars; when all the extra copies of the old new novels are transferred from the counters of London to those of Cheltenham and Brighton; and when the chief question in every itinerant household is—"Well, *what* watering-place *shall* we decide on?"

For me, who was always of a migratory and rambling turn—these gentle Baiæ of England were wont in former days to possess no petty attraction. I have visited nearly every one of them, "non cultor parcus nec infrequens"—I have played at whist in the steam-vessel to Margate, and roamed, draught-book in hand, a solitary pedestrian, by the banks of Winandermere and Westdale.

I love, now that my watering-place days are nearly over, to recall my recollections of them. And the first of August, 1833, reminds me of all those former Augusts which shone down upon my youthful excursions in search of pleasure or adventure. And thou, oh great Leviathan of the deep!—thou that spreadest thyself from east to west along the cliffs of Sussex—thou, oh dissipated and unromantic Brighton!—thou shalt receive the immortalizing mention. Does there live any man, from the age of twenty to sixty, English-born, and possessing the animal means to transfer himself from spot to spot—the wishing-cap of wealth—who hath not already visited "the windy Eden of the Sussex wave?" I envy him the eager eye and the animated pulse with which he will enter that town which the antiquarians of guide-books assure us derives its name from Brighthelm, the Saxon bishop! What noise! what bustle! what life! what gladness! The spires and domes of the Pagoda (cheap temple consecrated to Moria, the goddess of Folly) seem to say to him—"Forget to be fastidious—abandon thyself to thy whims, no matter how expensive—laugh at the dull lessons of economy—scatter about thy guineas and be merry." The great characteristic of Brighton is this:—for the first two or three days every thing seems to you inordinately cheerful and prodigiously excited—the promenades are so full—the people are so well dressed—horses, and flies, and donkeys, and dandies, crowd successively upon you in the riot of exuberant existence. You imagine that Englishmen have ceased to be English—you believe them to be positively gay; but before a week has waned, the delusion falls from your eyes, you perceive that the gaiety is a business and the pleasure a ceremony; the same faces, and the same horses, and the same flies, and the same donkeys—at the same hour and the same places, impress you at length with one melancholy sentiment of sameness. As those who were snatched into faëry land were enraptured at first with the gaiety, and saddened at last with the monotony, of the Brownie's life, you find that the English

hilarity will not bear a continued inspection, and that what at first seemed to you a smile is in reality a yawn.

"Subdola *dum* ridet placidi pellacia ponti."

N.B.—Brighton is a very tolerable flirting place, but a very bad marrying one—the number of damsels distracts you, the number of engagements occupy. The idle and the solitary only fall in love; and dandies have a wonderful intuition into the tactics of dowagers.

Away from the shores of St. Brighthelm, through the "genteel" desolation of Worthing,—swarming with children, and breathing of asses' milk,—through the rocky insipidities of Bognor, "a tranquil situation," saith the eulogist, "replete with every convenience and comfort," but melancholy as

"A party in a parlour
All silent and all damn'd!"—

away through Little Hampton, boasting a coach from London three times a-week—with its inn on a sand-bank, and its houses in a row; sweet spots for those families "who seek seclusion," and intend, by a "change of air," to signify only "a change of dulness." We find ourselves—heaven knows how, for our tour is irregular and capricious—at Eastbourne. I remember well spending sundry weeks in that serene retirement. You may get some good rabbit-shooting in the neighbourhood; you may read some very old novels; you may visit some very old castles; and you may play at billiards with the marker *ad libitum*. But, I confess, that my chief amusement in this "delightful village" was in watching the honey-moon of a young couple who had married for love, and who came down to Eastbourne to yawn themselves into a belief of their happiness. Being a mere boy myself at the time, with my head full of rhymes and raptures, the contemplation of these young persons was to me a very interesting study. The gentleman was a handsome younger son—high-spirited, gay, good-natured, extravagant; the lady small, flaxen-haired, and pretty, with a fortune of some 20,000*l*. They used to drive every evening in a pony chaise. They looked wonderfully happy for the first week; at the end of that time the bridegroom appeared somewhat regularly at the billiard-table; he shortly afterwards suggested to me the advantages of rabbit-shooting. The lady sent for all the new novels. They have since retired to the country, and are, I believe, exceedingly happy. But, somehow or other, the contemplation of the honey-moon destroyed a vast number of illusions in my young brain, and I never afterwards caught myself repeating with Byron,

"Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister."

I have very little confidence in such administration!

A very different object of reflection was a short time afterwards suggested to me at Hastings—a pleasant and a passing hot watering-place, wherein at that time Mrs. C—— drove about in a new, hot-looking chariot of yellow, with new, hot-looking liveries—a sort of representative ambassadress from the Dogdays. There, too, the handsome and whiskered Captain B—— was wont to walk, matutinely, knee-deep into the sea (with sixteen dogs of all sizes), attired in a sailor's dress—possibly he was benevolently ambitious to cool the impression produced by the

liveries and the solar chariot of Mrs. C——. In the published description of Hastings occurs the following virtuous passage:—"One circumstance must, above all others, render Hastings dear to those who have a regard for morality, viz. Vice has not yet erected her standard here. The society at Hastings is gay without profligacy, and enjoys life without mixing in its debaucheries." It was after improving myself with the exemplary spirit of this comment, that I went to call upon an old friend of mine, who had just married a lady who had been divorced for his sake!

I know of nothing more melancholy than was the situation of these two persons: a more noble, generous, high-minded being than the man—a more brilliant creature than the lady, I never met. They had been early betrothed to each other, and separated by the old curse of parental authority. The lady had married a man of coarse habits and large fortune; the gentleman had lived abroad for several years,—at his return they met; and, in short, they were now married. He idolized the very ground she walked on; their sin, their sacrifices, had bound them indissolubly to each other. Never did knight or troubadour, even in poetry, testify to mortal woman so chivalric, so tender a respect. He sought, by his own veneration rather than love, to make her forget the contempt of others: and she, poor lady, *did* forget that and all things, save the blight to his prospects and the obstacles she had heaped athwart his career,—these were exactly the thoughts which never occurred to *him*. Alas! their mutual generosity was their common punishment, and a bitter one it was; they never went out save at the dusk of evening, and then they sought the obscurest walks. In one of these melancholy promenades I was their companion. We suddenly met ——'s brother, with his wife and daughter on either arm; the sister-in-law had been once the intimate friend of the adulteress;—the happier brother paused for one moment; even by the twilight you saw the flush mount to his face,—then, instinctively glancing towards his young daughter, he passed on with a proud but quickened step; the relatives, the friends, were strangers evermore.

An abrupt, a long pause took place in our conversation. The poor lady was the first to break it; she affected an unusual cheerfulness, and talked fast and gaily with the animation of old days. The pride of the husband gave way; he stopped short, looked hard in his wife's face, pressed her hand to his heart, and then, despite his manhood, despite my presence, burst passionately into tears. Alas! poor ——! he died shortly afterwards, and she did not survive him three months. Amidst all her misfortunes it, at least, was not her sentence to be left alone in a scornful world. What beacons are kindled from barren and broken hearts! the recollection of that night saved me in after-years from that concession to passion which had proved *their* curse. And if, oh! never-forgotten Julia! we have passed—saved—but not unscathed, from the most perilous trial in the life of either, we are preserved by the crime, we have escaped by the punishment, of others!

"What will you please to take, Sir, brandy and water—bottled porter, Sir?—very famous indeed; the Hero is noted for its brown stout. Yes, Ma'am—a stool for the lady there. Come, my love, down to the cabin.—Where are the sandwiches, Ma'.—Dear me, there's Greenwich

Hospital.—Steward, I say, steward.—Yes, Sir.—What time shall we get to Margate?"

We are on board the steam-vessel—we are at Margate; of all places of amusement in England none are like unto Margate. Here the commercial character loses its characteristics—the trader no longer thinks of pence and shillings—he gives himself up lavishly to the good things of life—he calleth for hock with a lusty voice—he inquireth tenderly touching the John Dories, and, in his soul, he damneth the cost. There too all are equals; the absence of the chilling sneer of the great allows the young apprentice to relax from his stiffness, and to assume the man of *ton* without the dread of being likened to the original. Sea baths in the morning prepare the appetite for shrimps and eggs; from shrimps and eggs thou passest to billiards, to pony-back, or to the reading-rooms. Then, too, to each of the baths, that, bright and newly painted, stretch seaward in a glistening row, is its own pianoforte!—some damsel gratuitously musical wakens its dulcet notes: and such pretty gay-dressed lasses escaped from Aldgate, or from the long street of Oxford, glance, giggle, laugh and coquet around, that if thou art amorous thou mayest find here the English Cadiz. Many a Jewish dark eye looks arch at thee under its flowery and feathered bonnet, for Jewesses abound at Margate. The tribes of Solomon and Levi pour forth in abundance down the sultry streets. Here, if thy name be one of gentle note, sink it, and become a Hobson or a Smith; affect no superiority; flirt and dance and laugh thy fill, and never wilt thou find thy time less heavily employed. Here what motley affluence of character, what vast miscellany of humours, greet thy observing but quiet gaze! Here mayest thou find materials, ay, and adventure too, for fifty novels and five hundred plays! Whose vein shall the critics justly declare to be exhausted while Margate opens her arms to all the varieties of the most variegated classes? And beautiful is it to the philanthropist, as well as to the gallant or the observer, to behold trade thus throwing off its cares, and the reserve of the mercantile respectability blowing merrily about in the gay breezes of the pier. Some of my school-days were spent in the neighbourhood of this Omphalon Gaiæ; and well do I remember the portly president of its pleasures, that most important of all important personages—the Master of the Ceremonies! He was a character. In those good old times, ere the feudal government began to cede to the federal, Margate, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate, the triple Geryon of the coast, were united under one lordly sway; *now* each community claimeth its own separate master of the ceremonies—the union of the three kingdoms has been repealed. Thou, O illustrious C——! wert then supreme—defender of the faith, from the Margate assembly-room of Cecil Square to the Broadstairs library of Nuckell, and the Ramsgate ball-room of the Albion hotel! Captain C—— was a character! he valued himself on being the living picture of George IV. Fair was he in complexion—comely in stomach—taper of leg; and his bow,—it was George the Fourth's to a hair! It is said that when the good monarch visited those regions you could not tell Captain C—— from the King—alike the dignity—alike the condescension. The visiters of Margate were prodigiously proud of the resemblance.—"Have you seen our Mr. C.?" was the common inquiry to strangers; "a perfect gentleman—the very moral of his Majesty!"

Broadstairs is the exclusive circle of Thanet—stiffly cheerful, and superciliously gay are its habitants; much do they value themselves on being thoroughly *genteel;* great is their horror of Margate—great their veneration for the aristocratic tenants of the ten guineas per week lodging-houses. No changeful and evanescent visiters are they: yearly come down the spinster and dowager *habitués*—intimate are they at the library—sedately settled in their pursuits—fond are they of whist, and moderate are the stakes thereat. Nor is there in the wide world a more charming place for those who think it vulgar to be merry.

Ramsgate is the golden medium between the two; it shuns the exuberant mirth of Margate and the sobered monotony of Broadstairs. As at Broadstairs you are asked to tea, so at Ramsgate you are asked to dinner.

But the carriage waits. Strike we across the country—never mind how much we go out of our way; post-horses travel fast and cheaply—upon paper.

Southampton rises, white and elegant, before us. If you are fond of yachting, "now's the time and now's the hour." There may you take sail to Guernsey, or Jersey, or the—— Isle of Wight!—In fact, Southampton is a delightful sea-town, save that your windows will not look upon the sea; the rides are beautiful; and what must be remarkably interesting to the intellectual pilgrim, we are informed by the Guide Book, *that the house which is now Mr. Lewin's once belonged to Miss Minifie, the authoress.*—Miss Minifie! what were her works—what her literary triumphs—by what ties of immortal association is her virgin name connected with the literary glories of Southampton? Who will ever desire fame when Miss Minifie's works suggest this interrogatory? Alas! how many melancholy morals do the great names of a watering-place suggest!—Of course you will ride to Lymington, through forest scenes which no part of England will excel; and perhaps if you meditate a book, or it may be self-destruction, you may settle for the summer in the beautiful dulness of Muddiford. Its cliffs abound in petrifactions, and after a short residence there you will probably be a petrifaction yourself. The season wanes—we will reject the charms of Cromer and of Yarmouth. If you enter Norfolk, for heaven's sake contemplate no amusement but that of shooting. Two years ago, in visiting Cromer, I asked for the last newspaper, the month was October, and the newspaper they brought me was for the 10th of July. But Fellbrig, the family seat of the Windhams, is in the neighbourhood, and is the *beau ideal* of the residence of an English squire.

Well do I remember returning from Edinburgh by the steam-vessel;—"sick unto death and like unto one appointed to die," I was put on shore at Scarborough. I was deposited at "a small but highly respectable" inn. Scarce, by dint of soda water and sleep, had I recovered from the effects of the voyage, before I was informed, by a most savoury odour, that dinner was preparing: it must be five o'clock, thought I. Nay, it was half-past two. There was but one dinner for all the guests; they kept a *table d'hôte*, and discouraged the unsocial habits of the fastidious. You had—(Sir, are you fond of the table?)—you had five hearty meals a day at this inn, and a bed-room, all to yourself, for the sum of 3*s.* per diem! and by the shade of Polypheme, whose stomach was his god, you had enow for your money. I ascended through all the grades of hotel rank, from the

inn at 3*s.* per diem, to the inn at 4*s.*, to the inn at 5*s.* 6*d.*, where there was located a jolly widow, who, the oldest guest at the table informed me, with a meaning air, had 6000*l.* at her own disposal, till I rose to the most elevated hostel or boarding-house, and became one of the exclusive set by the payment of, I think, no less a sum daily than 10*s.* But, alas! these recollections are of by-gone years—by this time all may be changed! It was amusing to see how invariably in each location the hours of feasting were postponed in proportion to the increase of payment—a languid appetite and a full purse are ever concomitants; and yet, in truth, each place had its five meals, and exuberant meals they were:—the great characteristic pleasure of Scarborough was, in one word,—eating! they eat away the morning—they eat away the noon—they eat away the twilight,—and they eat away the drowsy hour that precedeth rest. Time was measured—occupations meted out from breakfast to lunch—from lunch to dinner—from dinner to tea—from tea to supper; each meal lasted its two hours; and ten hours subtracted from the twelve leave but little time heavy on your hands.

Doubtless the place abounds with attractions, but one has no leisure to attend to them. Who could ride to Castle Howard? even to Hackness? nay who could move a hundred paces from the town between the interstices of meals? Scarcely do you escape from breakfast but you are arrested by the summons to luncheon. It is fortunate that Harrowgate is in the neighbourhood; you get the gout at the one place, but you cure it at the other.

We return by Buxton: the site of which being the ugliest spot in a beautiful country has, of course, been selected to build a place of amusement upon. Send a foreigner into these regions. The Peak of Derbyshire is one of the noblest features England possesses. Vaults, caves, cataracts, rocks, are all wonderfully adapted to excite your admiration, and to afflict you with rheumatism. Once visit the Peak, and I warrant, you will never forget it as long as you live!

Leisurely rolls on our carriage, and now we are at Matlock. Take it all in all, this is the most beautiful watering-place perhaps in England. The ruggedness of the cliffs, clothed with the richest verdure,—the dark Derwent flowing below,—the quiet and solitude of the place itself,—the beauty of the neighbouring country,—the variety of the wild flowers that reward the botanist,—make the place a paradise to those who can bear to live alone. For here there are no amusements, except those you create for yourself: Nature is your master of the ceremonies. There is a small fountain with a willow bending over it at the foot of the beautiful walks leading to the heights of Abraham, which is a perfect model in its way; and if you like a high situation, you will find a charming Tower, belonging to Mr. Gilbert, to be let in the midst of the grounds, half way up the ascent, backed by copses of thick firs, and commanding a rich prospect of the vale below. But, above all, go and see Haddon; it is the only house extant which has been left just as it was in Henry VIII.'s time. It is small, compared with our notions of Gothic grandeur; the hall is rude and mean, and there is only one room possessing claims to architectural graces. But its melancholy and naked simplicity is its chief merit; the uneven stones in the court-yard,—the dark den where the porter slept,—the worn wood of the heavy gate, all impress you far more powerfully with that senti-

ment which belongs to the antique, than the more ornate and florid castles of greater pretension in size and proportions. From the dim chambers of Haddon Mrs. Ratcliffe is supposed to have borrowed some of her descriptions in the "Mysteries of Udolpho;" but the author has given a stately vastness to her creation which Haddon never possessed.

Pardon, O pleasant Bath, with thy rooms, and thy card-parties, thy scandal, and thy small talk;—thy Milsom-street, reminding us of former glories;—thy pump-room, classic with the recollections of Beau Nash and of Bolingbroke, of Chesterfield, of Queen Charlotte, of Roderic Random, and hereafter, perchance, of Paul Clifford, and Long Ned;—pardon, if I do not pause sufficiently to do homage to thee. Thou art not belonging to this season of the year. Winter is thy summer, and summer is the "winter of thy discontent." Pardon, O Cheltenham,—hot, dry, and whist-playing,—pardon a similar omission. And thou, O Malvern Wells, half brother in likeness and aspect unto Matlock,—what need I say of thee, save that thou hast two boarding-houses and art surrounded by an amplitude of trees? But Leamington; stay—we will halt at Leamington. For what recollections of Guy, Earl of Warwick, and the Dun Cow,—of Kenilworth, and the false Leicester, and the high-nerved Queen,—are connected with the lions of its neighbourhood! And then, too, people are expected, according to the guide-books, to make excursions to the Leasowes, and mourn over Shenstone, or to Stratford-upon-Avon, and persuade themselves that they know Shakspeare by heart. And Leamington itself!—social—pleasant Leamington!—with a gallery of pictures, beautifully framed, and an excellent market of eggs and butter!—no place better favours a *grande passion;* the rides, the walks, all foster sentiment, and ripen into one focus the levities of miscellaneous flirtation. And here, too, reigns the spirit of the departed Elliston. Here was his theatre:—here did he hope, like a second Alexander, to found a second dramatic capital;—here "the ingenious Mr. Pratt" wrote ingeniously bad books;—and here the Great Room values itself upon the splendour of its chandeliers.

On—on;—or we shall lose the autumn. On to Dorsetshire and to Weymouth! To my mind Weymouth is haunted ground: what novels, redolent of Minerva, (the Minerva Press,) have consecrated the ground! Was there not once written "A Summer at Weymouth, or the Star of Fashion?"—a brilliant precursor of the "Almacks" and "Granby" schools! Does not the Esplanade remind you of it? Did not Ralph Allen, too,—the Allworthy of Fielding,—first recommend the fair borough to watering-place notoriety? Was not the first machine that ever startled the Weymouth sea nymphs dedicated to his use? And what pleasure in these places, rife with the glory of our grandsires, does it not impart to us to read the laws yet regulating the ball-room? How charmed are we to find in these reservoirs of ancestral civilization, that "on Tuesday and Friday Evenings, ladies must not appear in the assembly-room in *riding habits*,—that gentlemen will please to leave their swords at the door,—and that no dogs on any account be admitted!"

Alas! the Star of Fashion is set! Gone is the influence of the Minerva Press; we can never make Weymouth what it was; its interest is of the past, not the present—it is a Rome—it is a Babylon—it is a Palmyra.

And now we are in Devonshire, which returns to Parliament Lord Ebrington and Lord John Russell. Out on the political vulgarism of the time that makes us think of such trifles! Does not Devonshire contain Sidmouth, and Teignmouth, and Exmouth, and ever so many mouths besides? What historical recollections embalm these delicious resorts! Did not Miss Pennyman lend "her singularly elegant *cottage ornée*" to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales (or rather to Queen Caroline) in her visits to these parts? And does not Compton Castle, near unto Teignmouth, contend with Hayes Farm for the honour of birth-place to Sir Walter Raleigh? Is not the chapel of Exmouth indebted to Lord Howe for its communion plate? And has not Dawlish obtained much of its reputation from "the elegant muse of Dr. Downman in his beautiful poem on Infancy?"

But, in fact, all these ports of Devonshire are well worthy of a pilgrimage. The richness of the culture—the mildness of the air—the foliage, sloping to the coast—the "frequent feudal towers" that gleam forth through woods and over vales,—render this portion of England interesting to every man who desires to see what merry England once was, ere commerce, and machinery, and spinning-wheels, and forges, took all mirth from her heart, and grinded her poetry into money-making.

If the fairies yet linger among us, seek them in Devonshire, even rather than at the Lakes. Tourists, and sketchers, and emulators of Wordsworth, have ruined the associations of the last; but in Devonshire, all is primitive and all is natural; the moon shining over the haughty walls of Powderham, the exceeding verdure of the grass, the scents from the hedges, the exuberance of the wild flowers, the rivulets rushing into the blue sea—all steep us so deep in visions and in poetry, that we are scarcely fit for the world when we return.

But our tour is over—our pleasant task is done—the tired horses are drooping at the door of our hotel—we are in London once more. Yet thou, reader, whose journey is to begin, rejoice that thou canst quit "the dust and the roar of Rome." Heed not thou the proud lament of the squires that country-houses are unheeded, and that shooting is going (where it should go) to the dogs! for the few only have country-houses, but watering places are to the many. Rejoice that such various and healthful resorts are open to thy election. Bright be the sun, and smooth be the roads, and invigorating the breezes, as thou speedest on, seeking relaxing ease in the only idle places yet left to the working-world of England. Ah, happy if thou canst forget for a little while the cares of business or the schemes of avarice, the disappointments thou hast experienced, and the chimeras that yet lure thee to toil, to hope, or to aspire!

POOR ABERGAVENEY.

A CLERICAL MEMOIR.

The country town of ——— boasted both physicians and surgeons in good store, and they were all more than ordinarily respectable; but at their head stood very pre-eminently Dr. St. Clare. He had been thoroughly educated, and possessed abilities highly capable of benefiting from that education. His mind was considered as at once religious and philosophical, and he discharged all the duties of life as one whose principles were well based. But, alas! who is perfect? Dr. St. Clare had one private, but master fault. On the Christmas-eve of 1801, his eldest son, a boy of fifteen, returned from college in order to spend the holydays. It had been his first absence from home, and his return was looked forward to with excessive pleasure by his gentle mother, kind father, and nine happy boys and girls, all of whom received him with open arms. But his mother, whose mildness and spirit of acquiescence were proverbial, felt slightly irritated on this evening, by the Doctor hurrying the children, one after another, a full hour sooner to bed than usual, and when, at last, it came to "dear Tom's" turn, she could not help hinting that she had rather hoped to be somewhat later than usual on this happy occasion.

"My dear," said her spouse, "you should consider that Tom has travelled sixty miles to-day, and for a youth of his slight frame, and who has been more confined than usual for some months, that is rather severe work. I see he requires rest; and, besides, I have to ride early to-morrow morning, and as you always insist on seeing me breakfast, it is time, on your account, to retire."

She said no more, but withdrawing with her son, she left the Doctor in full possession of the dining-room.

They were no sooner gone than he rose from his seat, locked the door, withdrew the key, and snuffing the candles, put his hand in his pocket, and brought from thence a packet which might contain three sheets of ordinary post paper. This he turned over twice or thrice, peeped in at the ends, and examined the plain and scarcely impressed wafer seal.

At that moment the table cracked, as tables sometimes do in an over-heated room. He started, dropped the letter into his pocket, and extinguished the lights. After a pause, he lighted a wax taper and retired to his consulting room, where no one ever presumed to disturb him. Here, however, he again secured himself; and lighting a large lamp which stood on a table, stirring the fire, and putting on a small tea-kettle, he once more withdrew the letter from his pocket, and waiting until the water was fully boiling, went through the usual process of softening a wafer. He had just effected his purpose, when the door bell was pulled with a sharpness which indicated impatience, and the Doctor, at the same moment, threw a thick cloth over the lamp.

"Has Mr. Thomas St. Clare arrived?" said a person in an agitated voice.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, it would seem, was proceeding into the lobby; for the servant said, "You canna gang in, sir; they're all quyet, and have been this half hour."

"Quiet at half-past nine! You must be mistaken; they would never go so soon to bed on the night of their boy's arrival. I have just been to the coach guard for a letter, but he tells me that he saw my brother put it into the hands of Master St. Clare: and I must have it to-night."

"But, deed, I fear ye canna get it. The Doctor and Sandy rede maist a' last night, and they're to ride soun the morn, and I canna disturb the

house. It 's an hour, I dare say, since Sandy gaed to his bed, and that's the way I'm opening the door. We're to hae company the morn,—ye'll be here,—and am getting forrit Sandy's wark, for thae rides maks him as gude as naebody."

It seemed as if the visitant's mind was too much occupied to permit his interrupting her, or even to speak when her harangue had ceased, for he stood silent a considerable time. At last he said—"Oblige me, my good girl,—there, this is Christmas eve,—oblige me by asking Master Clare for the letter. I was unfortunately detained in the country, else I should have been here four hours since."

"Would to God that you had," sighed the Doctor, who heard all that passed. "Would to God that you had."

The girl soon returned, and said, "Mr. Tom gae the letter to his father."

"Well, ask the Doctor for it;—he cannot be in bed."

"But he can: howsoever I'll see."

She returned, saying, "My mistress says the Doctor's no in his room, and that maybe he's out."

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh fie! Whist,—and you to be a minister. What signifies the bit letter compared wid an oath?"

"I am exceedingly surprised at all this. Why the door chain was up,—he cannot be out."

"Tout, to be sure he's out. The Doctor can do a hantle things that other folks canna do."

And so saying, according to the Scotch phrase, she "clashed the door in his face," and went muttering along the lobby "keepin folk clavering there; however, I'se warrant it 's a guid shillin, and it 's come in guid time noo when the mistress has ta'ened into her head to lock her wark-box."

All this time the Doctor had stood in no enviable situation. Indeed, short of the compunction attendant on crimes of the deepest die, we can scarcely conceive a more astounding confusion than his must have been.

When the door closed, he seated himself, drew his breath, separated his fore finger and thumb in order to press the damp wafer into its former state; but his repentance and honour proved weak opponents to his master passion. Besides, the letter was from one of the professors under whose immediate care his son had been;—perhaps it contained remarks on his abilities or conduct;—and he *almost* persuaded himself that he had a right to see what was said of his boy. Mr. Abergaveney, the gentleman who had called for the letter, was the youngest of four sons and six daughters, while the professor just alluded to was the eldest, so that there was more than twenty years difference in their ages.

Slowly and attentively did Dr. St. Clare twice peruse what he had thus surreptitiously obtained; and with something approaching to a groan, did he restore the whole, as well as he could, to its original state. But somehow it did not please him; the wafer was rebellious, and the ends of the envelope could not be compelled into their former compact and exact folds.

He retired to bed, but could not be said to rest: and, after a feverish and wearisome night, he started up, on Christmas morning, long before day-light, ordered his horse, and rode forth, in the hope that the sharp air might brace his nerves, and the approaching light present objects to his view which might divert his mind from the recollection of his meanness. How far he succeeded in either the one or the other we cannot tell.

Young Abergaveney was in his twenty-first year when the above-mentioned incident took place. His father had been a country banker, and died in 1800, merely not a bankrupt, leaving a widow, six daughters, and his youngest son, all unprovided for. But yet, though almost a boy, and worth nothing, to him did those seven females confidently look for support. The eldest son (the professor) had married early, and found his fees, &c. &c. &c. quite little enough for the support of a wife, an increasing

family, and *genteel* appearances. The two others were abroad, had not hitherto supported themselves, and, for some years to come, must struggle for existence. There was but one road to the means of support for young Abergaveney—a Scotch Church,—and by a lucky coincidence, as it seemed, the old incumbent of ——— died a few months after Mrs. Abergaveney had become a widow. Her youngest son, the subject of this little memoir, had all his life been intended for the divine vocation; hence the females of his father's family now fixed their eyes on him as their sole hope: and, in fact, until he should be provided for, he had the pain of sharing in a maintenance procured partly by credit and partly by loans, if not gifts. Considering all these pressing circumstances, some people were shocked at the tardiness with which he went through the previous steps to being licensed; and still more so, when he could hardly be prevailed on to write a letter of thanks to the patron who, unasked, had sent him the presentation to the Church of ———, his native place.

John Abergaveney had hitherto been a universal favourite with all who knew him; which, owing to his father's situation and extraordinary popularity, was everybody. His mother, in her anxiety to have the grateful and proper thing done towards their patron, had betrayed her son's backwardness, and were there not enough of people to propagate the surmises of ignorance and idleness? "What could the lad mean? Was he not sensible of his mother's and sisters' destitution? Did he not know that their existence, that is, their station, depended on him?" A cause was sought for his apparent ingratitude,—for the more than indifference which he had exhibited towards his good fortune, and for his previous slowness in fitting himself for discharging the heavy responsibility which it had pleased Providence to throw upon him.

It was speedily agreed on all hands that it was consciousness of inability. "But he had passed his trials." "Umph!" said some; and "Whough!" said others; "We all know what sort of trials are passed, and what sort of folks are passed upon us." "But he was always reckoned a clever youth." "Yes, and a kind one: yet see how little he seems to rejoice in the prosperity that awaits his family."

During the intermediate time between the presentation and ordination, all eyes were upon him, and it was remarked that he had lost the brilliant hue of health which had hitherto shone upon his fair and sunny face, that his lively and sweet blue eye had become dull and sunken, and that the elasticity of his step was gone. The hitherto popular boy and youth began now to have enemies. What a taint there is in misfortune! yet no one knew what his misfortune was. His first sermon was anticipated by the majority with invidious sneering, by a portion with such obscure doubts as to prevent any committal of judgment on their part, and a few kind hearts did beat high with hope and fear.

The day arrived. He appeared to drag himself up the pulpit stairs; but he read a psalm, and got through a prayer with tolerable success. His text was remarkable and inapplicable to the particular day, at least so most people thought even in the short space of reading, in a slow and hollow tone—"As a madman who scattereth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, 'I am in sport.'" As he uttered the last word, he fixed his eyes on Dr. St. Clare, whose seat was exactly opposite to him, and instantly fainted.

Dr. St. Clare happened that day to be the only medical man in church; but he seemed fixed to his seat, and suffered the poor young man to be carried out without even an inquiry.

Abergaveney was seized with a nervous fever, and did not leave his room for many weeks; during which time, as is usual, his place was supplied by the Presbytery. It was rumoured that they taxed him with the singularity of his text on the day of his unlucky first appearance, and that he answered

very coldly, and with a dignity which the excessive sweetness of his disposition seldom suffered him to assume, that "he did not know he was amenable to the Presbytery for his texts; and that he supposed, if he had chosen, in all scripture, the words most irrelevant, no one could dare to find fault, since it *was* scripture."

The public mind very much resembles a collection of mob boys; a straw will turn it. "Halloo!" to the villain; "Hey!" to the saint. It depends on less than a breath which it *shall* be. Which it *should* be is often known only to God.

The previous change in Abergaveney's appearance, his sudden fainting, and his remarkable look towards Dr. St. Clare, which many had observed, turned the tide of disfavour for a space on the physician. "He had surely been guilty of something which had wounded the feelings of the poor young man, and every one knew that he was particularly sensitive." The Doctor had a secondary fault, one which is almost a natural consequence of intense curiosity, viz. a tendency to sneer; for the consciousness of possessing secrets known to nobody else is very apt to generate this cruel and unmanly quality. It was immediately resolved, in all the committees of scandal, that he had inflicted something of contumely on the young minister. This passed current for some days, but, on mature consideration, such a cause could not have produced such an effect. "No, no, the doctor's a doctor; and, faith, doctors get into queer secrets—ay, that is just it." This was the more especially sufficient inasmuch as Dr. St. Clare was always mute on the subject; and, generally speaking, a man is never so well justified as by silence,—that is, if he be of a certain standing in society.

The former feeling towards Abergaveney had been that of an ill-defined disapprobation, a something which, as it were, stood on the slenderest pivot, to be turned by any chance; but now there was a chillness towards him approaching to the freezing point.

The congregation for a time went to church uncertain which co-presbyter was to preach, and at length became totally indifferent about going at all. They had ceased to inquire after a man that they were scarcely disposed to call their pastor, and dozens were on the point of taking seats in the different secessions. But their inert attention was roused one Sunday morning by a report that Mr. T——, then a rising orator, was that day to hold forth. The very bells seemed to be inspired. There was a pith and clearness in the tingle which had not greeted the ears of the parish of —— for a long time. The air was breathless, and the sun shone forth with that sweet complacency which we are apt to fancy peculiar to a Sabbath morn. There was a quiet bustle, especially in the suburbs. Chest lids were up—coats and hats were brushed—and a quarter of an hour before the usual time all the plebeian seats were filled. In five minutes more, shopkeepers, &c. &c. might be seen in their places; and even the aristocracy (for they, too, had heard the titillating news) arrived a short space too soon. All were seated—noses were blown—the pinch preparatory to attention taken—Bibles turned up the right way—ladies leant their pretty cheeks on gloved or ungloved hands as colour or ornaments might induce—and the patron sat with his arms recumbent on his green velvet cushion. All, in short, was significant of the deep attention of people curious to see and to hear. Eyes were eagerly bent on the pulpit-stair, and the hearts of those liable to extra-excitation could scarcely be said to move. The minister's seat began to fill, and——Good heaven!—Mr. T——, the expected orator, followed the ladies, and placed himself beside the youngest and the fairest! What next? An awful pause ensued! It is, in fact, astonishing how rational creatures can be so excited.—(Query, are they rational?) At last, with a firm step, an upright look, and, in fact, the bearing of one who has buckled on his sword and bared his right arm, Mr. Abergaveney entered his pulpit. There was a simultaneous change in position. The plebeians leant their heads

on the fronts of their seats—the shopkeepers took a pinch of defiance, or opened and ruffled the leaves of their Bibles—the ladies withdrew their elbows from their leaning places, and reclined back, and the patron raised himself to his utmost sitting altitude.

Mr. Abergaveney looked five years older than when he had been last seen, but he was entirely self-possessed. His text was from Jeremiah, —he always preferred the Old Testament,—and the words were, "How do you say we are wise, and the *law* of the Lord is with us? Lo! certainly in vain made he *it*, the pen of the Scribes is vain." It would lengthen our memoir too much to give even the briefest abstract of the sermon that followed, farther than that it embraced the follies and sins of the world, the presumption of saying that we are like those who have a divine law for their guide, and the hitherto small moral effects resulting from it. Suffice it to say, that those who raised their heads to listen and to scoff remained in immoveable attention, and perhaps scarcely an eye was withdrawn from his face until he had ceased to speak. There was no allusion to himself in any way, excepting at the close of the service, when he said, "Being still weak from a recent illness, a reverend brother will do duty for me in the afternoon."

No one (not even the ladies) spoke in their seats, and all went forth in utter silence. A complete reaction had taken place. People wondered that they should have found anything surprising in a young man being too modest to rush into a situation of such responsibility; or that a change consequent on much serious thinking should have taken place in his appearance; or that he should have fainted on the immediate approach of so severe an illness. They even found out that it was perfectly natural, under the influence of sudden sickness, perhaps of acute pain, to have fixed his eyes on a medical friend, the man who had known all his ailments from boyhood. "The Doctor's conduct, indeed, was quite inexplicable, but all was assuredly right with the young orator." An orator! How far was John Abergaveney's eloquence removed from the thing called oratory! How little did he wish to be thought the possessor of such froth!

So great had been the forenoon's excitement, that even the animated, thundering, and impressive T—— was listened to in the after part of the day with something approaching to a yawn.

The unexpected discourse of Abergaveney served most of the parishioners for conversation during the week, and Saturday evening found man and woman anxious for the morrow's exhibition. Exhibition! the word dropped insensibly from my pen, and calls for an apology. It must be found in the deep tincture of Scottish feeling with regard to the pulpit gladiatorship of this country.

Ill-nature and suspicion were lulled asleep; no one hinted that the sermon might be borrowed, or that, even if his own, it might be the top and cream of his mind. There was an unpretending sincerity about it which forced a belief of its originality; and there was a richness in the vein which gave ample hope of its not being soon exhausted. Not often had human penetration made so good a reckoning; as there was no apparent effort, so there never was a falling off.

In six months after his ordination, or rather after his first sermon, Mr. Abergaveney lost his mother, and the event seemed to fall upon him with a weight which the most devoted and even romantic filiality could scarcely account for. This was fresh subject of remark, for the public is exceedingly exact in its measurement of grief. The funeral-cake is not cut with more precision than do all around assign a certain number of unsmiling days; but, "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." "What *could* be the meaning of this more than usual grief? Surely he must be compunctious for some unkindness to her!" However, as he abated not one iota of his clerical duties, he was soon forgiven; and as he never visited by any chance except on duty, he made no blank in the social circles. The marriage of

his youngest sister to the Reverend Mr. T—— took place soon after his mother's death; and, by a most extraordinary run of good luck, the whole remaining sisterhood were married in rapid succession.

Notwithstanding the admiration which Mr. Abergaveney called forth as a preacher, and the impossibility of discovering any of his duties undischarged, yet something there was to find fault with—his unsocial habits; and these, people began to say, proceeded from a parsimonious disposition. But had this been the case, he would have rejoiced in the disposal of his sisters; instead of which, he seemed to be only less distressed than by the death of his mother. However, it was guessed that hitherto his finances might have been at the disposal of his sisters, but when he should be left alone then they could fairly judge.

When left in solitude he led the life of an ascetic. One elderly female domestic formed his household, and his food was of the simplest order. This, together with the strain of his discourses and other circumstances, led some to suspect that he leant to the faith of the Mother Church. The people shuddered as the tremendous appalling thought would now and then cross their protesting brains, and sometimes one old wife would seize the arm of another, and exclaim, "I'm no sure about this constant attendance at ilka body's last gasp—can folk no dee without him? It smells sair o' papistry." "Not only that," it would be responded, "but we a' ken what a cheerfu' merry lad he was, and hoo ill he liked onything that was sad or waesome; noo, wha kens but he attends the sick and deeing with such wonnerfu' care as a kind o' penance as they ca't! What an awfu' thing that is, folk poonishin themsels!" "It is that, woman. And then he gi'es sae muckle to the puir. They tell me that was the way lang syne wi' the papist priests—that they gae fourpence out o' every shilling they got, forbye platefu's o' meat at their monkish doors. I declare it gars ane a' grue just to think that maybe we sit ilka Sabbath hearing a papist! And whiles I think we're a' bewitched, for there's unco little gospel in his sermons." "Deed that's true; but he draws us aye back on the Sabbath morning, and learned and unlearned a' like to hear him." Such discourses were now and then stirred up, as some fresh cause of wonder occurred, such as going out in the most inclement season and worst weather to visit, and, if poverty required, to *nurse* those who were labouring under the most infectious or loathsome diseases; and it was some times suspected that his charities ran him to the last sixpence before his stipend became due.

It was true, as old Janet said, *all* liked him as a preacher, but all had not exactly the same opinion of his sermons.

Towards the close of the tenth year of his ministry, he was observed to become more attenuated than ever, but his intellectual fervour seemed to be increased. People gazed and listened with an awe which perhaps they scarcely avowed to themselves. Who, indeed, could behold him unmoved? who view without emotion that prematurely stricken appearance, and the deep sorrow which seemed always to pervade him, insomuch that it was sometimes evident his very enunciation was forced, while some feeling, but for a powerful effort, must have choked him?

It is curious, that although a congregation (a Scotch one, at least) may have seen a man enter his pulpit for fifty years, twice every Sunday, they still look at him, on his appearing, as if they expected to see something new and strange in his face. I should imagine, however, that this gazing on the pastor belongs exclusively to what are called *reformed* congregations, because they go rather to hear than to worship. For, with the exception of the English church, even in prayer, they listen for some novelty—something to tickle the perpetually craving ear, besides that their thoughts are not driven inward, nor their souls occupied by private devotion.

The exploring look was not wanting on the last day that Mr. Abergaveney ever appeared before his people, and every one was surprised and pleased on beholding again something of his juvenile joy of countenance.

They turned round and looked on each other, as much as to say, "Do you see that?"

Psalms and prayers over, he opened the Bible at the passage intended for the subject of his discourse, and pausing for a longer space than usual,—for it may easily be supposed he was not a man of "effect,"—he surveyed his congregation as if he would note whether they were probably all present. He then said, "My friends—for in general I believe you are friendly to me—I have now ministered amongst you for nearly ten years, and during that period, I think, you will acquit me of ever having directly or indirectly alluded to myself, except officially. On this day you must pardon me, if, for a few minutes, I crave your attention to myself alone." He was suddenly affected, and stopped for a moment in order to regain his usual firmness.

He resumed with, "This is the last time I shall ever address you. Clergymen have been deposed, not often willingly on their part——but——I here solemnly depose myself. Why I do so, I do not deem it a part of my duty to disclose. *That why* is known only to myself and to other two individuals. When I die all shall be known to such as care, saving the name of him who——but enough of this.

"After this declaration, which should have followed, not preceded, my sermon, you are not bound to sit still and hear me once more, but I am anxious to impress on your minds the fallacy of your own hearts, and that often when you hear of crime, you may look inward and say, 'Might I not have been the man?' I think this impression will be more powerful when you are all aware that, after uttering my final amen of this day, I shall preach no more."

He was seen to tremble, and to hold by the sides of the pulpit; but he soon rallied, and read, without further preamble, the parable of Nathan. "The words of my text," said he, "are—'Thou art the man!'" He gave a striking picture of the insidiousness of vice, and the awful close which too frequently takes place; concluding each separate portrait with the doubt whether we might not tremble at the possibility of the words of Nathan being one day, through the power of our passions, applied to ourselves.

At last he said, "I have in this discourse used the anticlimax, presenting to your view the greater crimes first, because they are comparatively few; but the smaller ones poison, and that daily, the whole stream of life. What I am about to conclude with, you will perhaps, one and all, reckon beneath the dignity of the pulpit,—I mean, curiosity,—what may be called social curiosity, as opposed to philosophical. Trifling as this vice may appear, I hope to prove that there is not one which is more generally mischievous."

After enumerating many serious evils which may ensue from this despicable fault, he wound up a case of great individual misery, and concluded with the words, "How would any one here feel if it were said to him, in reference to this sad wretchedness, 'Thou art the man?'" As he uttered this appeal with a strong and deep, almost hollow, emphasis, he fixed his eyes on the face of Dr. St. Clare. There was mortality in the gaze. He sunk back on his seat, leant to one side, and never moved more!

His discourses had often, almost always, been better than on this day; but owing to the peculiar circumstances under which this final discourse had been preached, the attention of his hearers had never been more deeply riveted. All started up; but one young man, a working optician and general mechanic, was the first to ascend the pulpit stairs. He loosened Mr. Abergaveney's neckcloth, and put his hand to his heart to feel if it beat; but it was still for ever. Presently two surgeons assisted him in carrying the body down, and, by his desire, in laying it upon the table in the elder's seat. The young man, to whom some way or other, in the general panic, the precedency seemed to have been yielded, addressed the surgeons, after

the usual means of bleeding had been tried in vain, and said, "I suppose you are satisfied that life in this unfortunate person is extinct?"

"We are so," was the reply.

"Then, in the mean time, let us cover his remains with the pulpit gown until arrangements are made for his removal to the manse."

An elder now stepped forward, and said, "How is all this? Is there no one here but a young man, of inferior station, and who has never been a communicant, and who is more than suspected of gross infidelity, to give orders in this sudden emergency?"

"This is neither time nor place for dispute," said the youth; "but my character is very dear to me, and I demand to know in what relation of life I have been *un*faithful, which I take to be the true and genuine meaning of the word just used? And I desire to know, sir, on another account than my own: it is meet that he who shall render the last honours—duties I would say—to this unhappy person, should be free from all gross charge."

There was a dead silence: the elder, at last, cleared his voice, and had recourse to an evasion (in which, however, there was sincerity) to get himself out of the dilemma.

"You have," said he, "called our late pastor unfortunate and unhappy. Do you mean in the circumstance of his death, or have you any other meaning? It behoves us to know this."

"No man," said Benjamin Foster, "can be called unhappy in his death, unless he has cut short the task assigned to him: but surely you all know that the amiable man whose remains lie before us, was most unhappy, and he who is unhappy is surely unfortunate. It may, indeed, seem strange that I—who may be what is called a humble individual—should assume so much; but you all know that I have been honoured by his conversations. His mind was somewhat amused by the diversity of my employments, and—you will probably call me vain—he even found some relaxation in hearing my remarks. But I solemnly declare that he always sought to combat those opinions which differed from the established rule of thinking. Yet," and he looked around him, "are there not some here? I could name a dozen," (and he met the conscious eyes of at least that number,) "who guessed the cause of his misery. I am not, however, one of the two individuals who actually know, beyond a doubt, the cause of his self-deposition."

"I think," said the elder, "you asserted that *you* would render to him the last honours."

"I did so; and will make good my right. He has for some time considered his life as very uncertain, and I can show you the place in his writing desk where there is a letter, in which I am entrusted with his history, whatever that may be, and with a few pounds, reserved from the claims of the poor and his own absolute wants, for his funeral expenses. Therefore I shall, as was his wish, which is intimated by a separate note, take the sole charge of his funeral."

Benjamin showed his credentials, and not even the elder disputed his right.

After the funeral was over, a few called on Benjamin Foster to be informed of the cause of Mr. Abergaveney having given up his charge, when he read as follows from the letter of the departed clergyman:—

"All who recollect me when I was a boy and youth must acknowledge that I was mild and peaceful, and also that I was the pet of the family—not a spirited wrangling pet, who atones for the trouble he occasions by the fun and humour of his freaks. The very child of Peace—Obedience was my motto. Alas! this may be carried too far, and the time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when it will be said 'that there is a vicious contentment.' My profession was fixed *for* me, but my criminal acquiescence could not shut out thought. Doubt rose on doubt. O! the agony of those doubts to one who has been told that he *must* believe! At last, as

I saw that my doom approached. 'I burst the bands of fear,' and disclosed all by letter to my brother, the professor of divinity at ——. He replied, urging what has been urged a million times, and clenching the whole by a picture of the situation of my father's family! 'That family,' said he, 'you can preserve in its station merely by teaching men to be good. Can there be a task more consonant to your benevolent nature?' Bad as I was, I could not have been lured by flattery. My attachment to my mothers and sisters was the bait. My mind was above the shame of pride or station, for I well knew that he who best obeys the dictates of a good morality holds the best rank. But I had not courage to see such beloved females reduced to labour. And most especially *why?*—O! I have gnashed my teeth as I again and again repeated that 'why?'—*Because*, the son and brother was a *Doubter!* Alas! was I a worse man except in one deed than all around me? But that *one* deed—and he who knew it daily confronted me. Yes, my brother's answer was committed to unsafe hands, and my secret was torn from me. While I write this, the drops fall from my forehead as I think of the shame and agony I have endured. Then the first grand object for this horrid perjury was soon removed from me, and one by one the whole, and I was left without an excuse for my crime. I know that I ought to have removed five years ago; but my compassion was again my bane. I grieved for the wretched—the starving poor; and for their sake I have endured a severe conflict. But it must cease. May the God of Eternal Truth pity and relieve them! But no—this vast globe is launched in the ocean of space, and as surely will the laws of concatenation move on, as if we were under the influence of Calvinistic predestination.

"Yes, the conflict is over. My own provision—how worthless does it seem! I have just one pang left.—Could my mother have foreseen this!"

Benjamin Foster erected over Mr. Abergaveney's grave, with his own hands, a white marble stone, bearing the following inscription:—

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

FRANKLIN'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.*

UNPUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

It is singular enough that, just after finishing an article, which will be found in another part of this number, upon the gentleman Walpole, some new Letters, just published in America, and not yet made known in this country, should be put into our hands, written at various epochs of his life by the citizen Franklin; and what, perhaps, will strike some of our readers as rather extraordinary, we find in the correspondence of the one, as of the other, great wit, playfulness, and grace. But the wit and playfulness of Franklin are of the homely and republican order we might expect. His thoughts appear very frequently to be lively and gay; but, generally speaking, they are without the tinsel and ornament of gaiety; and as, in the correspondence of the one, the mind of the courtier is everywhere perceptible, so, in the correspondence of the other, it is im-

* A Collection of the Familiar Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Benjamin Franklin, now for the first time published. Boston, U.S., 1833.

possible not to see, at every page, that the writer had been educated without the precincts of a court; but then you do not regret it. The coarseness which occasionally occurs is not of the mind; and, therefore, instead of shocking as vulgarity, it charms as simplicity.

We cannot help first quoting a paper, which, though published with the correspondence, does not, of course, form a part of it—not, we own, on account of its simplicity,—for it bears rather a contradiction to the theory we have been laying down, and which we believe to be generally correct,—but for the singular manner in which it resembles, even in flighty fineness, the similar productions of Horace Walpole. Considering the total dissimilarity in the characters, pursuits, habits of thought, and habits of writing of these two persons, it is almost a literary curiosity when looked at in this point of view—a point of view in which we should never, but for the preceding criticism, have thought of regarding it.

"THE CRAVEN STREET GAZETTE.

"*Saturday, Sept.* 22, 1770.

"This morning, Queen Margaret, accompanied by her first maid of honour, Miss Franklin, set out for Rochester. Immediately on their departure, the whole street was in tears—from a heavy shower of rain. It is whispered that the new family administration, which took place on her Majesty's departure, promises, like all other new administrations, to govern much better than the old one.

"We hear that the great person (so called from his enormous size) of a certain family in a certain street is grievously affected at the late changes, and could hardly be comforted this morning, though the new ministry promised him a roasted shoulder of mutton and potatoes for his dinner.

"It is said that the same great person intended to pay his respects to another great personage this day at St. James's, it being coronation-day—hoping thereby a little to amuse his grief; but was prevented by an accident, Queen Margaret, or her maid of honour, having carried off the key of the drawers, so that the lady of the bedchamber could not come at a laced shirt for his Highness. Great clamours were made on this occasion against her Majesty.

"Other accounts say that the shirts were afterwards found, though too late, in another place; and some suspect, that the wanting a shirt from those drawers was only a ministerial pretence to excuse picking the locks, that the new administration might have everything at command.

"We hear that the lady chamberlain of the household went to market this morning by her own self, gave the butcher whatever he asked for the mutton, and had no dispute with the potato-woman, to their great amazement at the change of times.

"It is confidently asserted, that this afternoon, the weather being wet, the great person a little chilly, and nobody at home to find fault with the expense of fuel, he was indulged with a fire in his chamber. It seems the design is, to make him contented by degrees with the absence of the Queen.

"A project has been under consideration of government to take the opportunity of her Majesty's absence for doing a thing she was always averse to, namely—fixing a new lock on the street door, or getting a key made to the old one; it being found extremely inconvenient that one or other of the great officers of state should, whenever the maid goes out for a ha'penny-worth of sand, or a pint of porter, be obliged to attend the door to let her in again. But opinions being divided which of the two expedients to adopt, the project is for the present laid aside.

"We have good authority to assure our readers that a Cabinet Council

was held this afternoon at tea; the subject of which was a proposal for the reformation of manners, and a more strict observation of the Lord's Day. The result was a unanimous resolution, that no meat should be dressed to-morrow, whereby the cook and the first minister will both be at liberty to go to church—the one having nothing to do, and the other no roast to rule. It seems the cold shoulder of mutton and the apple-pie were thought sufficient for Sunday's dinner. All pious people applaud this measure; and it is thought the new ministry will soon become popular.

"We hear that Mr. Wilkes was at a certain house in Craven-street this day, and inquired after the absent Queen. His good lady and the children are well.

"The report that Mr. Wilkes, the patriot, made the above visit, is without foundation, it being his brother, the courtier."

There are two or three other pieces of the same kind which follow, and which are remarkable—as this is remarkable—for a vein of wit and humour. But the correspondence is of another kind: its charm—and it has a peculiar charm—is in its quiet and steady good sense and unaffected good-nature. The first letter we shall quote was written when Franklin was twenty years old, and is only noticeable for its *naïve* simplicity, and the kind of contrast which it forms to our general idea of the character of the grave philosopher and statesman. At the time of the second he was thirty-six years old; this was just previous to his first appearance in political life, and the appointment offered to him, and refused by him, of Colonel of the Philadelphia regiment. Its interest is in the opinions it expresses, and the admirable spirit of toleration which, with bigots and fanatics, has naturally passed for a spirit of irreligion. The third, to which we shall give a place, is mainly remarkable for the practical sense and the keen habit of investigation it displays on the merest trifles of ordinary life. The picture of the boy's unwillingness to go to church, —of his shuffling, and delaying, and complaining of his clothes on Sunday,—is, in its way, excellent, and shows, in a touch, the character of the writer. These letters the reader will find at the end of our remarks.

We find a remark in another letter which, though we do not quote the letter itself, we cannot pass over in silence; there is a simple and unaffected spirit of high and genuine honesty in it which the wittiest phrase of Walpole cannot compete with. He is speaking of the conduct of a Mr. Parker to his nephew.

"Mr. Parker," he says, "has, in every respect, done his duty by him, and in this affair has really acted a generous part; therefore I hope if Benny succeeds in the world, he will make Mr. Parker a return *beyond what he promised.*"

There is, in this short sentence of the printer's apprentice, a nobility which all the herald's art did not furnish to the honourable member of the House of Orford.

The fourth and last letter which we now quote,—for it is intended to continue the notice of this correspondence,—is to a young lady, and has all the gallantry and grace that might be expected from a *preux chevalier.*

"Persons," says the old philosopher, "complain of the north-east wind as increasing their malady; but since you promised to send me kisses in that wind,—and I find you as good as your word,—'tis to me the gayest wind that blows, and gives me the best spirits. I write this during a north-

east storm of snow, the greatest we have had this winter. Your favours come mixed with the snowy flakes, which are pure as your virgin innocence, white as your lovely bosom, and—as cold."

Match us, reader, in the most gallant memoirs of the happiest French court a prettier paragraph.

But we have turned to Franklin after Walpole, not so much to draw a comparison between their writings as between their lives.

Franklin,—sprung from a low origin, the citizen of a colony which swelled into an active republic, in which every path was open to ability,—passed through each gradation of useful and ambitious life. Read the account of his arrival at Philadelphia—the commencement of his career!—

"I arrived at Philadelphia in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to find a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's-worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first, but I insisted on their taking it. *A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much;* probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty."

He then goes on, we remember, to tell how he bought three large rolls, and

"with one under each arm walked on, eating the third. Passing, in this manner, the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife, she, standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance."

Beginning thus, and not stopping in his laborious career, he did not end it until he had successively been the apprentice to the printer, the editor of the newspaper, the clerk of the General Assembly of Philadelphia, the representative of that city, the philosopher, celebrated for his discoveries in science, the diplomatist. You see him through life,—now employed in improving his almanack—now in making his experiments in electricity—now in taking part in the debates of a public assembly—now in conducting a treaty, and settling the basis of national independence for his country. Contrast this useful and laborious life with the epicurean and softened existence which smoothed down and wore off the energies of Horace Walpole! In his writing—in his speeches—simple, unadorned, and concise, the grace of Franklin (for he also had that charm) was the grace of an antique statue; while Walpole's more frequently resembles that of a French painting. They were both men of various and extraordinary talents; but the one, living only for pleasure, produced nothing that could do more than contribute to the idle amusement, while the other engaged in everything that could add to the solid happiness and moral dignity of his countrymen. Walpole, afraid of peeping without the pale of good society, clipped his talents down into accomplishments; Franklin, with the wide range of the world before him, took an easy flight into its various paths;—the one could hardly have been more, the other could not have been less, than he was. We aim at no moral; and our tale, if we had any, is finished.

The letters we promised close this paper, and will be continued.

"To Miss Jane Franklin.

"*Philadelphia, 6 January*, 1726-7.

"Dear Sister,

"I am highly pleased with the account Captain Freeman gives me of you. I always judged, by your behaviour when a child, that you would make a good, agreeable woman, and you know you were ever my peculiar favourite. I have been thinking what would be a suitable present for me to make, and for you to receive, as I hear you are grown a celebrated beauty. I had almost determined on a tea-table; but when I considered that the character of a good housewife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentlewoman, I concluded to send you a *spinning-wheel*, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection.

"Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty, as it makes the most homely virgin amiable and charming, so the want of it infallibly renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel. Excuse this freedom, and use the same with me.

"I am, dear Jenny, your loving brother,

"B. Franklin."

"To Mrs. Jane Mecom.

"*Philadelphia, 28 July*, 1743.

"Dearest Sister Jenny,

"I took your admonition very kindly, and was far from being offended at you for it. If I say anything about it to you, it is only to rectify some wrong opinions you seem to have entertained of me; and this I do only because they give you some uneasiness, which I am unwilling to be the occasion of. You express yourself as if you thought I was against the worshipping of God, and doubt that good works would merit heaven; which are both fancies of your own, I think, without foundation. I am so far from thinking that God is not to be worshipped, that I have composed and wrote a whole book of devotions for my own use; and I imagine there are few, if any, in the world so weak as to imagine that the little good we can do here can merit so vast a reward hereafter.

"There are some things in your New England doctrine and worship which I do not agree with; but I do not therefore condemn them, or desire to shake your belief or practice of them. We may dislike things that are nevertheless right in themselves. I would only have you make me the same allowance, and have a better opinion both of morality and your brother. Read the pages of Mr. Edwards's late book, entitled, 'Some Thoughts concerning the present Revival of Religion in New England,' from 367 to 375, and when you judge of others, if you can perceive the fruit to be good, don't terrify yourself that the tree may be evil; but be assured it is not so, for you know who has said, 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.' I have not time to add, but that I shall always be your affectionate brother,

"B. Franklin.

"P.S.—It was not kind in you, when your sister commended good works, to suppose she intended a reproach to you. It was very far from her thoughts."

"To Mrs. Jane Mecom.

"*Philadelphia*, (date uncertain.)

"Dear Sister,

"I received your letter, with one for Benny, and one for Mr. Parker, and also two of Benny's letters of complaint, which, as you observe, do not amount to much. I should have had a very bad opinion of him, if he had written to you those accusations of his master which you mention; because, from long acquaintance with his master, who lived some years in my

house, I know him to be a sober, pious, and conscientious man; so that Newport, to whom you seem to have given too much credit, must have wronged Mr. Parker very much in his accounts, and have wronged Benny too, if he says Benny told him such things, for I am confident he never did.

"As to the bad attendance afforded him in the small-pox, I believe, if the negro-woman did not do her duty, her master or mistress would, if they had known it, have had that matter mended. But Mrs. Parker was herself, if I am not mistaken, sick at that time, and her child also. And though he gives the woman a bad character in general, all he charges her with in particular, is, that she never brought him what he called for directly, and sometimes not at all. He had the distemper favourably, and yet I suppose was bad enough to be, like other sick people, a little impatient, and perhaps might think a short time long, and sometimes call for things not proper for one in his condition.

"As to clothes, I am frequently at New York, and I never saw him unprovided with what was good, decent, and sufficient. I was there no longer ago than March last, and he was then well clothed, and made no complaint to me of any kind. I heard both his master and mistress call upon him on Sunday morning to get ready to go to meeting, and tell him of his frequently delaying and shuffling till it was too late, and he made not the least objection about clothes. I did not think it anything extraordinary, that he should be sometimes willing to evade going to meeting, for I believe it is the case with all boys, or almost all. I have brought up four or five myself, and have frequently observed, that if their shoes were bad, they would say nothing of a new pair till Sunday morning, just as the bell rung, when, if you asked them why they did not get ready, the answer was prepared, 'I have no shoes,' and so of other things, hats and the like; or if they knew of anything that wanted mending, it was a secret till Sunday morning, and sometimes, I believe, they would rather tear a little than be without the excuse.

"As to going on petty errands, no boys love it, but all must do it. As soon as they become fit for better business, they naturally get rid of that, for the master's interest comes in to their relief. I make no doubt but Mr. Parker will take another apprentice as soon as he can meet with a likely one. In the mean time, I should be glad if Benny would exercise a little patience. There is a negro woman that does a great many of those errands.

"I do not think his going on board the privateer arose from any difference between him and his master, or any ill-usage he had received. When boys see prizes brought in, and quantities of money shared among the men, and their gay living, it fills their heads with notions that half distract them, and put them quite out of conceit with trades, and the dull ways of getting money by working. This, I suppose, was Ben's case, the Catherine being just before arrived with three rich prizes; and that the glory of having taken a privateer of the enemy, for which both officers and men were highly extolled, treated, presented, &c. worked strongly upon his imagination, you will see, by his answer to my letter, is not unlikely. I send it to you inclosed. I wrote him largely on the occasion: and though he might possibly, to excuse that slip to others, complain of his place, you may see he says not a syllable of any such thing to me. My only son, before I permitted him to go to Albany, left my house unknown to us all, and got on board a privateer, from whence I fetched him. No one imagined it was hard usage at home that made him do this. Every one that knows me, thinks I am too indulgent a parent, as well as master.

"I shall tire you, perhaps, with the length of this letter; but I am the more particular, in order, if possible, to satisfy your mind about your son's situation. His master has, by a letter this post, desired me to write to him about his staying out of nights, sometimes all night, and refusing to give an account where he spends his time, or in what company. This I had not heard of before, though I perceive you have. I do not wonder at his correcting him for that. If he was my own son, I should think his master did

not do his duty by him if he omitted it, for to be sure it is the high road to destruction. And I think the correction very light, and not likely to be very effectual, if the strokes left no marks.

"His master says farther, as follows:—'I think I can't charge my conscience with being much short of my duty to him. I shall now desire you, if you have not done it already, to invite him to lay his complaints before you, that I may know how to remedy them.' Thus far the words of his letter, which, giving me a fair opening to inquire into the affair, I shall accordingly do it, and I hope settle every thing to all your satisfactions. In the mean time, I have laid by your letters both to Mr. Parker and Benny, and shall not send them till I hear again from you, because I think your appearing to give ear to such groundless stories may give offence, and create a greater misunderstanding: and because I think what you write to Benny, about getting him discharged, may tend to unsettle his mind, and therefore improper at this time.

"I have a very good opinion of Benny in the main, and have great hopes of his becoming a worthy man, his faults being only such as are commonly incident to boys of his years, and he has many good qualities for which I love him. I never knew an apprentice contented with the clothes allowed him by his master, let them be what they would. Jemmy Franklin, when with me, was always dissatisfied and grumbling. When I was last in Boston, his aunt bid him to go to a shop and please himself, which the gentleman did, and bought a suit of clothes on my account, dearer by one-half than any I ever afforded myself, one suit excepted; which I don't mention by way of complaint of Jemmy, for he and I are good friends, but only to show you the nature of boys.

"The letters to Mr. Vanhorne were sent to Mr. Whitfield, under my cover.

"I am, with love to brother and all yours, and duty to mother, to whom I have not time now to write, your affectionate brother,

"B. Franklin."

(To be continued.)

THE INNS OF COURT.

The power at present exercised by the Inns of Court, whether wisely or not, seems of the most singular and anomalous description. It will hardly be disputed that if anything concerns the public at large, it is the property, the character, and security of every individual of which the public is composed. If the public are interested in anything, it is then in the choice of those persons by whom their property, their character, and their personal security may be defended. "Yes," say the public. "Not at all," say the benchers; "that is *our* concern. We shall determine for you: your property, your character, and your security are our affairs. It is our right to monopolize the courts of law, and to say whom you shall have, and whom you shall not have, as your advisers and defenders. We, forsooth, are a private body, a mere club; and we shall admit whom we like into our club without your having any possible business to interfere with us."

"But your private club manages *my* concerns," says the country.—"*C'est égal*," says the bench; "that's our affair; we choose to manage your concerns; and if that does not satisfy you, we don't know what the devil will." Now, if the government took upon itself the appointment of persons qualified to practise at the bar, there would be something to

say for it. The government is charged with protecting the public interests, and the government is responsible if it does not do so.

But this club, this private society, denies all responsibility over its own will and pleasure: its own will and pleasure is to regulate the management, the defence, the protection of everything that is dearest to our honour, character, and property, and it has the face to tell us that these things are no concern of ours.

Now, was anything ever so monstrous? "Oh!" but say the gentlemen of the bar, "the scheme works well;" for this is the cant phrase by which all abuses are propped up. It works well,—it works capitally: as the rotten boroughs worked. We answer the assertion by a flat negative: such a monstrous system can't work well. You tell us, gentlemen benchers! that you never refuse to receive men into your society to whom there is no fair objection. We tell you it is most flagrant impudence to talk of the profession of the bar as *your* society, and we don't want your word for your own discretion. Is not every man's character now before the public? Would it be possible for any person to be deceived as to the honour and the character of the advocate he employed? Are not all trials published? Is any control beyond that of the public press necessary? We deny that there is: but we say, also, if there was, that yours is not the proper control.

You say that your choice will be the best for us. We say first that we have a right to choose for ourselves; but we say next, that we are not by any means sure of your being governed by the principles or the feelings which are most for our advantage. In constituting yourselves into a society, you must have the feelings of a clique; and what you are most bent upon is advancing the interests of that clique. You will confess that you want to make yourselves of as much importance as possible before the eyes of the world,—as *respectable*, to use the especial phrase, as you possibly can.

But respectability, in an aristocratic and mercantile country, means birth and wealth. Mr. So-and-so is a very respectable man: oh! vastly so: he has a hundred thousand pounds. In such a country, too, to be of violent politics,—to be of the politics which favour the poor man to the prejudice of the rich,—is to be *not respectable*. We remember the time when Sir Francis Burdett, for politics of this description, was in danger of being cut in what you may call *good society*. Sir Francis Burdett would not have been at that time respectable in your eyes. It is not even likely, we will venture to say, that you would have admitted him to the bar.

Well, then, your object is the respectability of your order. Who will add most to it—a peer's son, a merchant's son who will have a large fortune, those two gentlemen being both of moderate politics, moderate abilities, and irreproachable private character; or that other gentleman there, without a farthing, the son of a waiter, if you please, a desperate radical, and one who, we will confess, would make an unworthy member of the Temperance society, but who yet may have the deepest knowledge of the law, the most splendid eloquence, and all those qualities, in short, which make him useful to us as his clients, but which do not affect you as his associates? The interest of the public and your interest here are in direct opposition. The person who may confer the most respectability on you may be the least useful to us. Upon the very principle on which you proceed, the House of Commons should elect its own members. No

doubt it would equally choose very *respectable* persons: nay, it most undoubtedly ought to have this privilege if you retain yours, or it may happen that you, in your own conceit, may think proper to deny the entry of the bar to one who, by the constitution of the country, is daily called upon to determine questions that relate to the vital interests of every individual in the British empire. This would be rather too ridiculous. It is ridiculous, we grant, but it has actually happened. There is the case of Mr. Whittle Harvey: Mr. Whittle Harvey, who has been in the House of Commons for six Parliaments. Nobody who knows Mr. Harvey can dispute his great and almost unrivalled talents: but Mr. Harvey is a violent,—on many subjects, a very violent,—politician; it is quite natural, therefore, that you should refuse Mr. Harvey. You may be very right in so doing, as far *as yourselves* are concerned; but you are doing a great injustice to *the public*: and more than this, you are pretending to inflict a great stigma upon the highest court in the empire—and mark the ridiculous contradiction that occurs in this case! Here is a gentleman, one of the most powerful members of the assembly which is the court of appeal from every court and jurisdiction in the empire, and to this man you refuse the privilege of being advocate in the most trumpery case at the Old Bailey. Why it is impossible that this should endure.

We do not go into Mr. Harvey's case, because we are arguing the general case, and because we are quite convinced that if nothing else could be said of Mr. Harvey than that he wished to destroy the established church, an opinion in which we *entirely* disagree with, and would most stoutly oppose, him, it would be quite sufficient, without the aid of scandal, to cause his exclusion. But this, in justice to Mr. Harvey, we are bound to say, that we have had every particular of the charges against him laid before us; we have heard them impartially sifted by gentlemen of the first talent and respectability at the bar and in the House of Commons, who had actually met together for the purpose; we have inquired and been present at the most accurate and impartial inquiry into these tales, and can testify that our opinion, *and the unanimous opinion of every individual present*, was absolute astonishment at the frivolous nature of the charges under cover of which the benchers have mysteriously whispered their vindication.

But we repeat, it is not with this case or with that case that we have to do. The whole system out of which every case has arisen is unjust and ridiculous, and ought to be overturned without delay.

THE REPEALERS,

A NOVEL, BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

It has been our (may we say, laudable?) wont to pay peculiar attention to the works which emanate from a female pen. We have always thought that we cannot better improve the education of women in general than by rendering every appropriate tribute to the literary achievements of individuals of their sex. Lady Blessington must rank among the remarkable women of her time. With a personal beauty which Lawrence immortalized, yet could not flatter, and with a brilliant power of conversation, she has, in her various writings, combined a very rare union of literary talent, and manifested a great tact and delicacy of thought, with no inconsiderable mastery of the graces and eloquence of diction.

The work before us evinces these latter qualities to no less a degree, perhaps, than the "Conversations with Lord Byron," but scarcely does, upon the whole, as much justice to the writer; and this mainly, we suspect, from the prevalence of a political moral, on which Lady Blessington insists so strenuously, that it prevents her surrendering the course of her story enough to her imagination, and perverts, to many a prejudice of the *salons*, a judgment naturally clear, courageous, and acute. Despite its title, Lady Blessington is in the present novel desirous of exposing rather the crimes of the agitators than the evil consequences of repeal. She falls into what we must be allowed to term the drawing-room error of confounding the political Liberal with the predatory Whiteboy; and she makes the eloquence of O'Connell the main cause of all the crimes of the midnight murderer and the dastard house-burner. From a mind like hers we could scarcely have expected this injustice, and still less should we have imagined that she would weave the moral of her tale from the text of "Content to the Irish:" they are assured that if they are quiet, everything will be granted to them by the benevolence of England; and yet, in the same breath, our authoress asserts that the payment of tithes to the Protestant church of the minority is no burthen to the Catholic majority. The misfortune of the moral is, that the book will *not* go among the peasantry, whom it might, in many instances, convince of the folly as well as wickedness of outrage: but it *will* fall into the hands of the gentry, whom it tends to persuade that the Irish peasantry are extremely well off; that they have plenty to eat and to drink; that the stories of their destitution are wholly unfounded, and that the Irish Coercive Bill was not only the saviour of the country, but the sole preacher of salvation, whom it becomes us to send forth to her.

We enter our political protest against these doctrines; and we utter our literary lament that so much ingenuity of mind should have been wasted in embodying them. We now turn to what is the more agreeable part of our duty; and we gladly confess the pleasure we derived from a story which, though episodic and excursive, is always interesting, spirited, and attractive.

The remarks scattered throughout the work are full of beauty; they are at once shrewd and refined, delicate and profound.—"*Circum præcordia ludit*," our authoress paints a character in a phrase, and refers the likeness to your heart, if it be good,—to your *experience*, if it be bad. There is, to our taste, a remarkable instance of justness, yet of romance

of thought in the first volume, in which an old peasant mourns for his wife lately dead, exactly because he had been parted from her a long time, and all his recollections of her were coupled with those of his youth:—

"If we had been living dacently and rispectably together, quarrelling every day, like most other married couples, I might soon get over my grief, and think, perhaps, her going before me on the long road was all for the better; but it's so long since I parted from the creathure, and she had gone so clear and clane out of my head for so many years, that now I know she is dead, faith, she comes back into my mind for all the world as she was whin I first married her, and I can't for the life of me dhrive her away. If I saw her as she was latterly, sure I could not have such false notions, for then I'd know that it was a poor ugly ould woman that was dead, instead of a sprightly, purty girl; but it's all in vain for me to be thrying to remember how she looked before I parted from her, when we used to be fighting and squabbling all day bekase I'd take the dhrop, and that I used to think she looked like the north side of a crab-tree, so sour and contrairy when I came home. No, faith, Mrs. Cassidy, all this is gone clane out of my mind, and I'm just grieving my heart out for the clane, sprightly Colleen dhas I was once so fond of, instead of thinking of the poor ould woman that's gone to her long home. Then whin I thry to comfort myself by rimimbering the nicknames and bitter words she used to say to me, I can't bring one of 'em fresh into my thoughts. but all the loving words is always coming into my ears; and aren't I obliged to go and look at myself in the bit of looking-glass I've got, to prove I'm not the buckaleen bawn, and the clane, tidy boy that poor Molly used to call me in ould times; and whin I see the ould wizen face of me in the glass, and all the wrinkles falling out about my eyes like an ould stocking about the heels of a beggar-man, faith, I don't know whether to laugh or cry, I feel so quare. Och! Mistress Cassidy, sure it's a droll thing to have the thoughts and loving notions I had forty years ago all coming back young and fresh into my heart, for all the world as if they had been asleep ever since, and to see the ould face and the ould body outside, that is like a cabin falling to ruin, and the inside so fresh. All this comes from poor Molly's dying: sure it has brought grief and throuble on me any way."

We add a few other short extracts in proof of the true tact and sentiment Lady Blessington's composition possesses:—

"If there is a point on which women are especially sensitive, it is in their jealousy of the influence of other persons over the minds of those they love. This jealousy they themselves attribute to wounded affection, while the ill-natured set it down to the effects of wounded vanity. Something of both feelings may, perhaps, unite in producing it; but we are loth to search too profoundly into causes whose effects are at least flattering to the sterner sex, though they may not always be agreeable. The most painful and humiliating epoch in the life of a woman is, when she has discovered that *he* on whom she has anchored her hopes of happiness is deficient in intellect, and yet has too much pride or too little love to supply the deficiency by attending to her counsels. A woman of merely ordinary understanding, actuated by a strong affection, acquires wisdom by suffering; and, short-sighted as she might be for herself, becomes prescient for him she loves and would save, and whose destruction ingulphs all her hopes."

Again:—

"No homily in the English language could so impressively convey the disenchanting conviction of the fickleness of affection and the instability of felicity, as the provisions in a modern marriage settlement, which are as little in harmony with religious feeling as they are in unison with love.

Were women to peruse such documents, never could they approach the altar with the idea that the engagement about to be contracted was either so awful or so sacred as all pure and elevated minds are prone and desirous to consider it. 'Those whom God has put together let no man separate,' seems to be forgotten, as more provisions are made for the possibility of a hostile separation, than for that of preserving and cementing the irrevocable, though dissoluble bond of union."

"Let no one say that true affection is egotistical, because a few pretenders to love are selfish. No: egotism proves at once the absence of love."

We wish our space would permit us to indulge in further extracts,—we refer the reader to the work itself. We shall look with considerable interest to the successor Lady Blessington may give to "The Repealers." We are anxious for her to surrender herself more to her imagination; to construct a more elaborate story, and to strike out characters that will allow a wider scope to her knowledge of the world and of the mind than she can possibly obtain from that gallery of well-framed pictures of still life which we call "London Society." She possesses the faculty of "*style*" to no common degree. We could point to passages in "The Repealers" which are eminent for their light, easy, yet touching and effective eloquence; and this faculty, which, in her hands, would render sparkling and interesting the most inartificial story, will afford all conceivable advantage to those loftier descriptions of character she is so well calculated to draw, and that command over the dramatic source of effect which her talents will enable her to attain.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Local Courts—Malegash Politics—Short Method with Thieves—Disgraceful Neglect of our Scientific Opportunities—The New Grand Tour—The Houris of the West Indian Negroes—Sea-burking—Idea of a New Court for Domestic Grievances.

Local Courts.—Perhaps we may confess that we did not go into mourning for the loss of the poor dear Local Courts Bill. Had the measure been carried, it would probably have done but little mischief, and stopped a great deal of good. The object was to diminish the expense of procedure in cases where the amount in dispute was small. Why not in all cases? Oh! that would have interfered with *too* many vested interests. It was hoped that all the robbery and extortion in proceedings for the recovery of sums under 50*l.* would have been conceded to the spirit of the age: that is to say, that a portion of the plunder would be yielded in order to secure a tranquil title to the possession of the remainder; but it has been held that the whole might be kept, and we are not sorry that no terms have been made with Westminster Hall, we shall ultimately not gain less.

If it is desirable to cheapen proceedings under 50*l.*, why not in all cases? It is said where the sum is small the parties are poor. This is erroneous. Baring and Rothschild might fall out about 49*l.*, and if each felt confident he was right, might send the cause for trial: on the other hand may a tailor and a cobbler litigate concerning 10,000*l.* to which each may

fancy he is heir. Be this as it may, we would say the same principles are involved in the discussion of a claim of 50*l.* or 5000*l.*, and the same impartiality demanded. Amount ought to go for nothing in a court of justice; and whether the sums in dispute were multiplied or divided by ten, the decisions should be come to with the same impartiality, deliberation, and solemnity. If, then, Lord Brougham's bill were good for 50*l.* it was good for 50,000*l.* But this extension of the principle would have robbed Westminster Hall, it was thought; whereas the very author of the Bill prided himself on the multiplicity of the business in this said Hall: he did not dare to admit the idea of encroaching on the sacred profits of the great lawyers. In short, the reform was a thorough Whig reform in the sense which the term now bears: it was reform enough to unsettle the old proceedings, and to satisfy a kind of vague expectation on the part of the Whig admirers; but it was not enough to do even a balance of good. Up to this moment, law proceedings, both in equity and common law, are burthened with numerous expenses and delays that might be got rid of greatly to the advantage of suitors, and which will be abolished the moment that the opinion of the country becomes the King's guide in the choice of his ministry. At present the aristocracy rules in every assembly of power, whether it be in matters of law, finance, or commerce. If Lord Brougham's Bill had been a well-digested Bill, which it was not, 50*l.* should have been struck out, and trillions put in its place. Instead of local courts, circulate more judges, and instead of twice a year, let them hold the assizes six times, and make no difference either in the amount of property or crime; let each and all be decided according to the best lights of the age. After a certain number of years service, the judge might be qualified to sit in London to hear arguments and carry on the judicial business, as they do now, in all matters of doubt and appeal. We do not believe the lawyers would be interested in objecting to this arrangement; and whether they were or not, the public would greatly gain in promoting it: it being, at the same time, understood that all the expenses of process should be reduced as low as possible. It was allowed on all hands that the expenses of legal proceedings was absurdly extravagant; —the absurdity, however, only appeared openly and grossly when the amount was small. What, then, was the scheme of that great reformer Lord Brougham? Why, to remedy the defect where it was grossly *apparent*: where the amount of law expenses was masked by the great amount of the property litigated, whatever might be the merits of the case or the condition of the parties, the abuse was to remain.

Malegash Politics.—With all the fuss we and our European neighbours have made, and do make, on the subject of ancestry, and the importance of primogeniture, the right mode of propagating the true line has not been selected. It is not, perhaps, of much importance whose and what race is continued; but since it is thought so, there is stupidity in not hitting upon the surest channel. We must visit a savage nation to learn the mystery of transmitting the genuine blood. In Madagascar, the crown is hereditary, yet, by an ancient law, it descends upon the eldest son of the reigning monarch's eldest sister. This custom is said to have had its rise in the depravity of Malegash morals, where the even lofty station of the queen was not thought a sufficient guarantee for the purity of the

royal blood. "The King," reason the Malegash, "is certain of being the son of his mother; but no one can be sure who is his father: he is also confident that the daughters of his mother are his sisters; and that, although by a different father, they have still the royal blood in their veins, which must descend to their offspring." Here is reasoning that would have have saved all the scandal about the Bourbons, and so many other royal families: and yet we call these people savages. Radama, the Malegash sovereign, is one of the most remarkable men of the age; he is a reforming king, and has had a success far beyond Mahmoud or Tamehama, and is, in fact, the modern Czar Peter. To be sure his methods are sometimes rough, after the manner of his prototype. In order to give his army a military appearance, he wished to have the pigtails of his soldiers cut off, and appeared at a review in a crop: the men immediately followed his example; but these pigtails were the admiration of the women, who were furious to see their husbands and lovers shorn of their chiefest beauty. They fomented a rebellion. Radama saw the necessity of a *coup de main;* his throne hung, if not by a hair, at least by a pigtail; he seized some of the noisiest of the anti-reforming ladies, and ordered his guard to take them into a neighbouring wood, and there dress their wigs in such a manner as that their hair should never grow again. This was a serious puzzle to the *corps de garde* of King Radama; but they settled it as soldiers generally settle disputed points—with the sword: they cut the Gordian knot; that is to say, in cutting off the hair, they contrived to cut off the head along with it. Now, said the warriors, Radama's orders are obeyed; the hair of these women will never grow again: and so ended the pigtail rebellion of Madagascar. When the Duke of York cut off our military tails, we believe there was no dissatisfaction expressed on the part of the ladies of Great Britain; but our Commander-in-Chief followed public opinion, which had grown weary of these appendages, whereas Radama got in advance of the popular tastes. The Duke belonged to a school that keeps up an old folly till it absolutely rots off. Radama, in this instance, was a radical who applies the shears of truth and reason to all ugly excrescences, forgetting that sometimes men feel more acutely the loss of a pet absurdity than they are touched with gratitude for the bestowal of a piece of pure utility. For a curious and excellent account of Radama, the reader is referred to the book of Captain Owen's "Surveying Expedition on the Western Coasts of Africa."

Short Method with Thieves.—At the late Old Bailey Sessions a pickpocket plied his trade in court: he was caught in the act, and instead of being handed to prison he was introduced into the dock; the judge, the jury, and the witness were all prepared, on the spot, and just as if they had been made for his crime. He was tried, found guilty, and from the bench was pronounced an extempore sentence of transportation for life. "One came to scoff, but stopped to pray;" so here the youth came to steal, and stayed to be tried. There are some events of a tremendous importance, that if they happen very suddenly, produce no impression, or rather they destroy all impressions; we seem to require a preparation even for misfortune, in order to receive it with due misery: everything has its time, its pace, its measure. On reflection, we dare say this young Filch deemed himself hardly treated; he probably com-

plained to Mr. Wontner that he and his offence had not been treated with due ceremony. Here was a culprit apprehended without a pursuit, tried without an imprisonment, and condemned without the sympathy of his friends. His wife (vulgarly so called) was expecting him home to dinner; and, lo! the judge had ordered him off to the Antipodes. Was ever the insolence of office carried to a higher pitch? Foreign service, and not even time to take a farewell from his most intimate associates! Who would be a thief to be treated with so little respect? Men about to be hanged derive a temporary consolation from being for once in their lives the principal actors in an extensive scene. Poverty, ignorance, and contempt, perhaps, have kept a poor man down all his life; but on this fatal morning the condemned rises the principal object of a thousand cares and thoughts—he is for once 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;' the sheriff turns uneasily on his pillow for thinking of him; Mr. Wontner looks pale and sad as he bids him a last farewell; the turnkeys grow tender as they talk; and every apprentice in the vicinity has a lecture at night, and leave in the morning to go and see the man hanged. It is then that humanity has its triumph; the man gets universal attention for once, because he is a man, and can die. He that could scarcely attract the passing glance of a fellow-being, now is the gaze of myriads assembled about the scaffold with upturned faces, anxious to behold him do a deed—that is die, *alias* suffer. This flinging-off in the face of public opinion is often the consolation and the support of the previously-despised and overlooked good-for-nothing. Now, if a man proceeding to solemn and public execution were called aside in some wretched Newgate passage, and told to die there without ceremony, he would feel himself a vastly aggrieved person, cheated of his dues, and, if he could write, would surely demand pen and ink, and protest against thus being docked of his lawful solemnities. Thus, we have no doubt, will our Filch complain of an injury of minor degree, that of being sent out of this world without a proper regard to the *bienséances* of respectable police. It is a pity, however, that all his brethren cannot be treated in the same manner; we should soon want crime. Bentham would have the judge always sitting; he would have him on the bench at all hours; nay, that as he slept, he should be liable to be summoned into his court; he would have his door graced like that of a surgeon's, with NIGHT BELL; the fractures of the peace, he thought, demand as instantaneous a setting as those of the bones. Some error might arise, but what an awe would such an arrangement strike into the population of crime! What, no space for communication with the fellows, otherwise *pals* of the society?—no scheming to get off by *alibi*, or suppression of evidence?—no time to frighten, buy, or tire out witnesses?—and, above all, no vacation when free from external cares, the Apprehended may strut his hour in Newgate, where the worst having happened, the accomplished thief holds himself up as the mirror of Nighthood, the pride of roguery, and the envy of surrounding thieves, and daily and hourly lectures upon the theme of his former triumphs.

DISGRACEFUL NEGLECT OF OUR SCIENTIFIC OPPORTUNITIES.—The indifference of the English government to the promotion of science has long presented a remarkable contrast to the zeal and magnificence which the various French governments have shown in encouraging all attempt to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. It penetrates from the highes

offices of state to the lowest outports: all that we have done in bringing home the scientific treasures of other countries, or in braving the dangers and difficulties in seeking nature in her remotest recesses, has been the result of individual enterprise: lucky if, on our return, on the very threshold of home, some custom-house duty, or other paltry obstacle, does not destroy or render of no avail the result of all or a great part of our labours. Consider the enormous extent and the natural treasures of our colonies, and the relations they, joined with our commerce, bring about between England and the nations of the earth, and wonder how rarely an officer of government has his attention directed to exploring and describing the remarkable objects absolutely under his control. Sir Stamford Raffles is a distinguished instance of what might be done, even in a short life; but Sir Stamford Raffles was an officer of the East India government. We might pardon the appointment of men to rule countries without any knowledge, political, commercial, or scientific, for the sake of the military rank which somehow is supposed necessary to sustain the dignity and secure the safety of our colonial possessions; but it is surely inexcusable that, among all the overpaid and almost sinecure places of our colonial establishments, care is not taken that some one at least of these officers shall be able to give some account on his return, and, during his residence, be able to spread the knowledge of the natural advantages of the country in part placed under his control. In that colony of such extraordinary beauty and richness, the Isle of France, where our official establishment cost as much as would govern Denmark and Sweden, but a short time ago a variety of plants were the admiration but the puzzle of the whole island, for no one knew or could form a guess of what they were; accidentally, however, some German gardeners arrived, sent about the world by the generous and enlightened government of Bavaria, to collect seeds and specimens, who no sooner had these plants pointed out to them than, to the shame of the education of the island and its regiments and staff, clerical, medical, political, and financial, they instantly explained their names, their qualities, and took note of some of their remarkable varieties. There is scarcely a colony we possess where the natives have not some valuable medicine unknown to our faculty; but a mystery is usually thrown round savage treasures, and it requires such men as Waterton to track them to their secret habitats; but when do we find such men as Waterton or Burchell spring out of official appointment? The most scandalous neglect of opportunities of gathering valuable knowledge occurs in our navy, and more especially in our expeditions of discovery and survey. Something in a small and mean way was done in the Polar expeditions; but how many vessels have left our shores, bound to survey the most interesting tracts of the globe, without having a man on board the least acquainted with the kingdom of nature, or even a smattering of any other art or science beyond those indispensable to navigation! Look at Captain Owen's expedition to the coasts of Africa, which spent years among the most curious and fertile spots of the whole earth; the government did not attach to it a single naturalist; not a man who knew a hawk from a handsaw, or a melon from a mulberry, save in the pulpy form of fruit. But there was a botanist: oh, yes, there was a botanist—one botanist to three ships! and hear the record of his appointment as published by command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty:—

"The Horticultural Society, desirous of extending the boundary of human knowledge in natural history, obtained from the Admiralty

an order to embark a botanist for this purpose: and here Mr. John Forbes, the gentleman appointed, joined us, *with an allowance from the society of* 200*l.* a year during his absence." This able and zealous young man fell a victim to the deadly climate of the countries in which his researches were carried on. What became of his collections we are not informed: as he had no assistant, or successor, or adjunct, in all the expedition, it is possible they were lost. Such as he had made at Rio he wished to send home by the Beaver frigate, then on her return; but the spirit of hatred or contempt for natural science which animated the Admiralty of the time had descended to its officers. Mr. Forbes went on board the Beaver, and asked the Captain (M'Lane, a very young man, and nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Melville) permission to send his collection to his frigate. The answer was, 'She is going to take dollars, and so could not.'"—(Captain Owen's Expedition, vol. i. p. 49.) The Scotch captain was not too young, we dare say, to calculate his per centage on the carriage of the dollars, though it is very probable he was too ignorant to understand the value of any other plants than such as had been time immemorial introduced into his father's kitchen-garden. Like Omar, we can easily imagine a nephew of Lord Melville's reasoning of botany thus: "Do these plants grow in my father's kailyard? if they do, I see no use in sending them to England; if they do not, they are wholly unnecessary, and, as such, might as well be thrown to the pigs of the Beaver."

A botanist, we perceive, has been appointed to Hobart Town, with a salary of 600*l.* per annum. This is a sign of better times. The fact is, a chair of natural history, or perhaps two or three, ought to be endowed in every one of our great colonies, such as Jamaica, Demerara, Ceylon, New South Wales, &c., and travelling professors appointed, like the travelling fellowships of Oxford and Cambridge (now sunk into jobs). Were two or three men sent to every colony, such individuals as followed in the steps of men like Whewell, Sedgwick, Sabine, Swainson, and were there instructed to lecture and travel, the result would be an important change in colonial morals, as well as great acquisitions to science. An impetus would be given to the intellectual exertions of the young colonists, which would raise them altogether above the low and grovelling pursuits too common in hot climates amongst intemperate and ill-informed youths. They would form themselves into investigating parties, study to compose memoirs and reports, and gradually connect themselves with the science of the mother-country; thus, not only raising the standard of individual excellence, but strengthening the bonds of union between the mother-country and the colonists by the most graceful of ties; while, at the same moment, the great and distinguishing object of civilization would be furthered, viz.—the advancement and refinement of mankind at large through the purifying influence of knowledge.

The New Grand Tour.—Here is an autumnal excursion: what next? Our ancestors made their wills before they set out on a journey from York to London; now we arrange our carpet-bags for trips to Asia and Africa,—Gibraltar, Smyrna, and Egypt: we are to pluck the orange from the tree, bathe in the Jordan, and "join the Hebrew patriots who reside near Sion"—(who are they?)—the only preparation necessary being to see to a supply of coals.

"EXTENSIVE PLEASURE TRIP.—It is in contemplation to send a well-appointed steamer annually, near the end of summer, from Greenock or Glasgow, to Alexandria, Joppa, and Athens, which vessel shall remain about a fortnight or three weeks convenient to those ports, for the accommodation of such passengers as may offer in Belfast, Liverpool, Dublin, Gravesend, Brest, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, and other places where she may touch for a few hours upon her voyage out and home. Economy and convenience being thus united, learned and curious persons may visit various interesting parts of the three old continents in a very little more than two months' time. They may pluck the orange, olive, grape, and fig in full perfection; examine the rocky fortress of Gibraltar; the statue, pillar, pyramid, and mosque. They may bathe in the Jordan and the Nile; kneel, with the Greek and Catholic, at the tomb of their Redeemer; or join the Hebrew patriots who reside near Sion, and keep the harvest-feasts beneath the branches of the willow and the palm. Supplies of coals should, of course, precede the steamer to some intervening ports."—*Greenock Advertiser.*

The grand tour indeed! What was the grand tour, compared with the mere Cockney trip of the present day? It is called an excursion,—an extensive one, to be sure. An excursion is a little eccentric deviation from the ordinary routine; the little modern deviation, however, includes Constantinople, Athens, and Egypt. Doubtless, there will soon be a corresponding boat at the Isthmus of Suez, which will perhaps extend the excursion to India,—a mighty pleasant arrangement to those who have friends and connexions in the Indian empire. The Malacca islands will vary the return; and our friends, at evening parties, will prattle of the Malays instead of Mont Blanc, and the volcanoes of Sumatra take the place of Vesuvius;—nay, it is not impossible that the more leisurely and disengaged may stretch the excursion to China or New South Wales, or bring us the latest fashions from the South Seas. If Captain Cook could look down upon these things, what would he say to a Cockney trip round the globe, in which a provision was made to visit his tomb in the Sandwich Islands, as a mark of respect to the man who first showed the way to so pleasant a variety of the grand tour?

THE HOURIS OF THE WEST INDIAN NEGROES.—"News has come from St. Vincent's that the negroes are aware that something is going on for their advantage, and are already speculating on having *white wives* and *keeping gigs and horses.*"—*Mr. Bernal's Speech in the House of Commons, July* 24.

This was, of course, meant to prove that the negroes are in a very dangerous state, and the Members thereupon cried *hear, hear!* in horror; but, in truth, it is an argument that tells quite the other way. Mr. Bernal, whose talents, experience, and deserved popularity, secure to his remarks the highest respect, had just informed the house that the negroes would not work, but on compulsion; that, by six or seven hours' labour per week, they could support themselves; and having done that, they would, in freedom, do no more. But here is a very different story;—the negroes are looking up; freedom is not idleness in their opinion—it is white wives, and horses and gigs. We admire their taste; but it is not a cheap one. The negroes are mightily mistaken if they imagine a white wife and a horse and gig in any country, much less in the West Indies, are to be kept for the value of six or seven hours' labour per week. The negro has a capacity for labour, he has a love of gain, and various expensive tastes; and yet there are people who will maintain that nought

is to be expected from him but indolence or violence. The negro is extremely apt for civilization; it is shown in his very nonsense, his love of fine names, his passion for cocked-hats and plumes of feathers, his ceremonial observances, especially at balls and treats; and, immediately on his getting property, his peculiar neatness, his pride, and his contempt for slaves. More than this, we think there is a great deal in Mr. O'Connell's apparent paradox,—he proves his fitness for freedom by the grace with which he has submitted to slavery. What is slavery, but an undue share of the hardships of life? We are all slaves, more or less; the so-called slave has his hardships in the grossest form, but by no means always in the greatest amount. Well, then, here are men who have made the best of all the bitters of life, unmitigated in their astringency by such joys as we deem sweets. If unrepiningly—nay, respectably—they have made up their spirits to bear this burden, surely they are the very men who will bear themselves discreetly under the ordinary restrictions imposed by society. They have bowed to fate—they have acknowledged superior power—they have taken misfortune in good part,—are not these the men rightly chastened for a subordinate state of citizenship? Good wages in hand, and many tempting merchandises all around, and the Mahometan paradise of "white wives," and "gigs and horses" in view, much may be expected from the transplanted African. Wherever we hear of him in free service he is a worthy man. Ask the captains of our navy if they would desire better or more trustworthy hands than the ordinary sailor-negro? while some of the tribes, even of savages, are proverbial for their sense of honour, their fidelity, and their enthusiastic industry.

Sea-burking.—This is a name given to a crime of extreme civilization: just as land-burking springs out of science and humanity, so sea-burking takes its origin in mutual association to prevent individual distress. Advantage of this is taken to insure unseaworthy vessels for a sum greater than the value, when the owners and the captains enter into an agreement to wreck them on some dangerous shore, the bad reputation of which may serve as an excuse for the loss, and yet, by its proximity to succour, may afford a refuge for the boat of the prepared conspirators. The wretched crew shift for themselves: the majority are probably drowned,—that is to say, murdered by this new description of pirate. The reward, or blood-money, is received at Lloyd's,—it is the difference between the value of an unsaleable vessel and the insurance-money. How many lives are to be thrown into the debtor and creditor account of the book of conscience, as a balance against this blood-money, depends upon chance. The horrid thirst for gold is too greedy to calculate lives: it is in thought guilty of compassing the death of all, and if any are saved it comes of no mercy of the blood-traffickers. This is worse than the slave-trade, bad enough though it be, and assumes a more atrocious dye, concocted and prepared as it is by "respectable" individuals in the very centre and mart of knowledge and benevolence. A little publication on this subject filled us with incredulous horror; but such doubt as remained is pretty well cleared up. Captain Owen's surveying ships were directed to some points of the coast of Africa infamous for wrecks: it appeared, on examination, that nothing but the grossest ignorance, or the most wicked purpose, could account for the majority of these wrecks;

and it seems to be well understood in our navy which of the interpretations to adopt. The fact is, these murderous wreckers have their pet spots, their nooks and corners of the ocean, to which they retire for the perpetration of their unnatural offence. "Of the numerous wrecks which occurred in Table Bay and its vicinity, during the term of our voyage, there was not one, at least where we had the means of inquiring, which could not be traced either to extreme ignorance, negligence, or design." —("Captain Owen's Voyages.")—A case of gross sea-burking is recorded in the same valuable book: it is that of the Matilda, which, after having made a barefaced attempt to be wrecked within the port of Mozambique, from which she was saved, in spite of her officers, by unexpected assistance, was afterwards run upon the bank of St. Antonio, in open day, "to answer the ends of her owners, by whom she had been over-insured." The bank on which she was lost is a patch of coral, crowned with dry-sand, just covered at the highest spring tides. She was comfortably laid on the inside of this bank, where the least danger was likely to attend the crew (charitable souls!) They began to unload the cargo and place it on the sand; but after three days, they all set off, in two boats, for Mozambique, a distance of about seventy miles to the northward. But the scoundrels were out in their reckoning: they had forgotten the currents, which always set with great rapidity to the northward near the shores and edges of coral banks. They were obliged to land on the coast for water, where some were killed, and the rest with difficulty escaped. The son of the owner (said to be an agent for Lloyd's) was on board, but the fatigues and privations to which they had been unexpectedly exposed in this adventure, cost him and all the officers their lives upon their arrival at Mozambique. The information was gained from a few nearly starved Lascars, picked up at St. Mary's; half of them died before Captain Owen arrived with them at the Cape.

Idea of a New Court for Domestic Grievances.—One of the most fruitful sources of applications for magisterial interference is the unhappiness arising out of matrimonial misunderstandings. It is a pity that there should not be some better mode of reconciling these differences. The great want seems to be some court of morals, some branch off the main trunk of Doctors Commons, which might interfere in all domestic disputes on being appealed to, and whose deliberations should take place with closed doors. Men of respectability, education, and knowledge of the world, formed into a Domestic Court in every large town, might interpose with great effect. Public opinion unhappily does not operate with any force below a certain rank; broils, fights, abusive set-tos, ending in the disturbance of a neighbourhood, are visited with no loss of reputation, reputation being in fact pitched too low for such discord to make a difference. The restraint imposed by the fear of ridicule and the dread of censure acts with very favourable results in the higher and middle walks of life. Many is the broil of bad temper stopped at the point where the bubble and squeak is likely to be heard by the neighbours or the passenger. But there is no such wholesome fear in low life. Neither is there any care to be considered in a happy and respectable *ménage*. Wonderful efforts are made, and great sacrifices are yielded in a multitude of families for the sake of this consideration alone; and though the hypocrisy it engenders is sometimes laughable and easily

seen through, yet the mere effort often turns the tide of wrath; the lull is taken advantage of, and the coming storm prepared for; nay, the elements of anger themselves often seize the opportunity and dissolve into innocuous showers. In the lower ranks, most commonly the wife is both spouse and servant; if she performs her duties ill in her latter capacity, the punishment is visited upon her in her other relation. A bad servant, when not a wife, is immediately discharged; but if bound also by the sacred bond of marriage, the only discharge she receives is a discharge of blows. To use the language of a gentleman whose domestic quarrels were lately the subject of a police case, she is well *quilted*.

"Thomas Lay, a horse-dealer, was brought before Mr. Murray at Union Hall, charged with committing a violent assault on his wife, whose features were scarcely visible, owing to the beating she had received.

"The complainant stated that her husband was a man of violent temper, which was increased when he got drunk, and this was often the case. On the preceding night, he came home, and as she did not expect him so early she went to bed at nine o'clock, and the moment he entered the room he dragged her out of bed, and commenced beating her with a stick. She screamed with pain, but instead of her tears and entreaties having any effect upon him, he continued to beat her, and did not desist until she fell to the ground in a state of insensibility, one mass of bruises from head to foot.

"The magistrate asked the defendant what he had to say in answer to the charge, and he replied with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, 'I admit that I gave her a *quilting* with an ash sapling, and she provoked me *by not having supper prepared.*'"

Another husband, in the same rank of life, brings up "a buxom young damsel," his wife, and charges her with a multitude of offences, one of the chief of which seemed to be the neglect of not having washed up the breakfast things before the middle of the day—a complaint at any rate exhibiting a passionate love of order. On the part of the husband—

"the complainant gave a long account of matrimonial enormities perpetrated by his wife, the principal of which appeared to be that she permitted his shirts to go unbuttoned and his hose undarned, in order that she might indulge her *penchant* for a dish of gossip with her neighbours. Having occasion, a few days ago, to call at her father's house, he encountered his wife, who opposed his progress up stairs tooth and nail, and inflicted a scratch down the dexter side of his nose. 'It is from no vindictive feeling (added Mr. Joyce) that I bring forward these serious charges against that woman, but it is because I go in fear of my life. Oh! your worship, I haven't told you half, nor a quarter of her baseness—I've come home at twelve o'clock in the day, and I've actually found the breakfast things not washed up!'"

It is creditable to this complainant that he proceeded to no violence like the horse-dealer; but then he is connected with the arts, being a lithographic printer, and the arts, all save those of the horse-dealer, "soften manners, and will not permit a man to be brutal," at least so says the Latin syntax in illustration, not of a police, but a genitive case. And then it appears Mr. Joyce is a person of some refinement of taste; he occupies his leisure hours with music—that music is the guitar. This fact, to be sure, comes out in an awkward manner:—

"Mr. Conant intimated that his opinion did not quite coincide with complainant's as to the grievances he appeared to think so unpardonable. 'Well, but what will your worship think,' said Mr. Joyce, 'when I inform

you, that though she well knew that music was my only rational recreation after the shop was shut up, she positively pawned my guitar!'"

But the lady, in some measure, explained this circumstance, which draws out still further charges—

"Mrs. Joyce.—'That was when you left me several days without a farthing to support myself.'

"Mr. Joyce.—'And I have just discovered another piece of monstrous baseness on her part. Last year she pretended she had got the influenza, and I sent her to the doctor's for advice. She came back and told me that Dr. White had ordered her to go to Margate for a month, or the consequences would be serious. I met the doctor the other day, and asked him about it. He then told me that he had never given such a recommendation, therefore it is plain this woman had a design of putting me to an expense of eight or ten pounds.

"Mr. Conant.—Perhaps your wife might have wished for a little rational recreation, and took this mode of obtaining her fancy. I cannot, however, see anything as yet very censurable in her conduct.

Mr. Joyce.—"Then I'll charge her with a most serious offence on this very spot. I charge her with having refused to suckle the poor baby, and with having very nearly put me to the expense of six shillings a week to suckle it myself, only very fortunately the little innocent died."

The magistrate advised the parties to go out and see if they could not make the matter up; he could do no more. But see the result of this lame and clumsy method of procedure:—

"Mr. Conant advised the parties to go out and try if they could not settle their differences without his interference, hinting that he had an impression there were faults on both sides.

"'Do you choose to hold this woman to bail or not, that is the point?' asked Mr. Joyce, in a rage.

"'No, I do not,' replied Mr. Conant.

"'Then I know what to do,' said Mr. Joyce, bouncing out of the office.

"What the intentions of the complainant were did not transpire; the warrant was, however, dismissed."

The intention of the complainant, in all probability, is to proceed to America by the first ship. His art will always support him in that country, where he may play the guitar after work, while his wife becomes dependant either on the town or the parish.

Now, were our idea extensively and judiciously carried into effect, of establishing a court of domestic grievance, with a jurisdiction over all moral offences between relative and relative, we think all this mischief might have been prevented. The warrant was evidently far too rude an instrument for this dispute; and, we believe, never does good in any. This case was one of a misunderstanding of the relative duties of man and wife. Mr. Joyce, as he strummed his guitar at his window among his bean-pots in some suburban street, fancied himself an emperor: he expected to be servilely administered to, and, thinking only of his own gratifications, entirely forgot that his wife, too, had her tastes and her inclinations. But Mr. Joyce, in the choice of his spouse, had consulted his eye; he had chosen a "buxom young damsel" for the pleasure of possessing an object of that agreeable kind, and yet fancied, probably after a warm courtship, that the ceremony of marriage was instantly to deprive her of her individuality, and attach her to him as a sort of parasitic plant. With a little training, backed by custom and the usages of the world, a man may do a great deal in this way.

But we doubt not Mr. Joyce revealed his selfishness too abruptly;—too plainly showed his want of consideration for her pleasures, and probably did not even take the pains to attempt to educate her tastes into a coincidence with his own, and certainly yielded nothing to her natural love of talk and fresh air. Of whom did he sing with his guitar? Was it not of "gentle Zitella," or the "fair Gabrielle?" Had he but taken the pains to turn his regards to his buxom wife as he played, and given her to understand that Zitella stood for Betty or Bettina Joyce, and that the Gabrielle of others was his own fair Elizabeth, the result might have been very different. We do not believe she would then have pawned his guitar. Other and very valuable hints might have been given him; and she herself sadly wanted some instruction in the art of happiness. Women, however, wonderfully accommodate themselves even to the most difficult and painful circumstances; but we are not at all surprised at Mrs. Joyce, in her early days of buxoming, suddenly turning round and setting up for herself upon discovering that Joyce the husband was a very different man from Joyce the lover. The metamorphosis is great, and often very frightful to young ladies, both high and low. By the way, it would be as well to observe that much advantage might arise by connecting a jury of matrons with our new court.

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—*Horat.*

SOUL FOR IDENTICALS.—Gentlemen,—The papers inform us that the furniture used by the Duchess de Berri, at Blaze, is about to be sold by auction; and if this be true, the proprietor will find his account in transferring the property to this country, for the especial patronage of the English, whose gullibility attaches an extravagant value to whatever is curious. If an unparalleled monster happens to be hanged at the Old Bailey, the rope used on the occasion will fetch a guinea per foot, while the clothes in which the wretch may have suffered death become the object of competition among the *connoisseurs* in curiosities. I happen to be acquainted with a person of this remarkable taste, who boasts that the bell-ropes in his apartment have each hanged a murderer, and the principal ornament of his chimney-piece is a bone of one of the identical pork chops eaten for supper on the night of the murder of Weare by Hunt and Thurtell. That which is intrinsically quite worthless becomes invested with peculiar value, directly it has been used in any deed of horror—which, instead of making it an object of disgust, renders it, in the eyes of many persons, a thing to be sought after. A few seasons ago, everybody ran to Covent-Garden, to witness a spectacle called the Life of Napoleon, the principal feature of which was the *identical hat* worn by the emperor. The hat, though (to use a vulgar phrase) a *shocking bad* one, used nightly to excite the applause of an enthusiastic audience, and was hailed with three rounds of applause every evening of its appearance. Surely it would be worth the while of some theatrical manager to get up the Prisoner of Blaye, introducing the whole of the *identical* furniture. The table would certainly be received with *three cheers* (*chairs*); and, in fact, in the present state of dramatic taste, there could not be so safe an experiment.—I am Gentlemen, &c. P. L.

A NEW *Walk* OF LITERATURE.—Gentlemen,—"The prisoners in Lancaster Castle have been some time in the habit of receiving newspapers; they introduce them into the chapel, and *read them while on the tread-wheel.* This novel plan of combining mental instruction with mill labour is to be brought under the notice of the magistrates at the annual Session, 'with a view to consider the propriety of *continuing* the custom.'"

The above paragraph shows us the laudable zeal for mental improvement which is manifested by the Lancaster prisoners, and certainly presents a remarkable instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; indeed, there could scarcely be a better device to keep the men to their labour; for should they relax for a moment in their pace, they will soon be attracted to a renewal of their exertions by a desire to get to the end of some interesting paragraph. The newspaper in front will be a more powerful incentive to them to keep moving than the overseer's cane behind; and with a ministerial journal before them, it is impossible they should for a moment forget, that, as the wheel turns, they must accommodate their movements. —I am, Gentlemen, &c. &c. PETER PRY.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.—Gentlemen,—"Mr. W. Stacey, of Barton Farm, near Abingdon, commenced reaping on Tuesday with considerable strength."—*Berkshire Chronicle.*

This is one of those important facts that the public is now and then put in possession of by the provincial press. Every one will peruse the paragraph with interest and satisfaction. "Mr. Stacey has commenced reaping" is sufficiently exhilarating news; but the announcement that he is achieving this healthy and useful exercise "with considerable strength" seems to demand some public manifestation of ecstacy. Happily, the London press has almost universally given currency to the paragraph; so that nobody can remain long in ignorance of the cheering intelligence.—I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c. GEOFFREY GOSSIP.

Communications at the Publisher's (Marlborough Street) for the authors of "The Coal Carrier," "The Philosophy of Hunger," "Commerce," "The Creole," "Miss Martineau and her Radical Reviewer," "Essay on preserving the Health of Manufacturers."

Many thanks for the spirited paraphrase from the KORAN, for which we regret that we could not find room.

We have handed over to the Publisher of the Magazine the two articles from our esteemed and able correspondent at Norwich; also "The Remains of a poor Sizer of Trinity," "The Remaining Leaves of a Poet," "Mr. Martin's Plan for Draining the Metropolis," "Paganini's Fiddle," "Autumnal Marriages," two or three papers by W. T. H., "Review of Martin's Illustrations of the Bible," &c.

We are sorry we cannot insert the "Translation from Pindemonte."

All applications relative to any other articles not here alluded to, to be made at the Publisher's, Marlborough Street.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K.G.

The Duke of Sutherland died on the 19th July at his seat, Dunrobin Castle, in the county of Sutherland. His Grace had laboured under an infirm state of health for several years, but up to his departure for the North, on the 2d July, he was better than he had been for many months. George Granville Leveson Gower, Duke of Sutherland, Marquis of Stafford, Earl Gower, Viscount Trentham, Baron Gower of Sittenham, and a Baronet, K.B., Recorder of Stafford, and (jure uxoris) High Sheriff of the county of Sutherland, succeeded his father Granville, the late Marquis, K.G., Oct. 26, 1803. The Marquis was called up to the House of Lords during the lifetime of his father, and placed in his barony of Gower of Sittenham; he married, September 4, 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnaver (in her own right); and has issue, first, George Granville, Earl Gower, born Aug. 6, 1786; married, May 28, 1823, Harriet, third daughter of the present Earl of Carlisle; second, Charlotte, born June 8, 1788; married, Dec. 27, 1814, Henry, Earl of Surrey, only son of Bernard Edward, Duke of Norfolk; third, William, born June 4, 1792, and died in 1793; fourth, William Leveson, died June 17, 1804; fifth, Lord Francis, born 1799; married Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Greville, by whom he has a family of six children; sixth, Elizabeth, married. Sept. 16, 1819, Richard, Viscount Belgrave, now Earl Grosvenor.—The family of Gower has some pretensions to be considered of Anglo-Saxon origin. The object of the creation, in Queen Anne's time, is thus stated by Burnet:—"Finch, Gower, Granville, and young Seymour, were made Peers in 1702, to create a majority in the Upper House, while Harvey was advanced at the same time through private favour."—On the death of the Duke's uncle, Francis, the last Duke of Bridgewater, in 1803, he became the heir general of that nobleman, and acquired the whole income of the Bridgewater Canal and the Worseley estate, which latter is entailed on his youngest son, Lord Francis Leveson Gower. Thus, for life, by the Stafford, the Sutherland, and the Bridgewater possessions united, his Grace was regarded as enjoying one of the largest incomes in Europe—report affirmed that it exceeded 300,000*l.* per annum. The Duke expended that income nobly and munificently. From the late Duke of Bridgewater, and by his own extensive purchases, his Grace possessed a superb collection of paintings, ancient and modern, which, during a certain portion of the year, he was accustomed to open to the public, at his late residence in Cleveland-row. Subsequently to his occupation of Stafford-house many pictures have been removed thither; but the Bridgewater part of the collection remains in Cleveland-row.—When, after the decease of the late Duke of York, it had been deemed advisable to dispose of the palatial residence erected for his Royal Highness in the Green-Park, we believe there was not an individual capable of forming an opinion on the subject who did not rejoice at its falling into the possession of its late noble owner. The purchase-money of the mansion was 75,000 guineas; but it must be borne in mind that its interior was then, and yet remains, incomplete. The Duke of Sutherland did not survive his elevation to a ducal coronet more than six months. He supported the present Administration, and his proxy was given in favour of the Lord Chancellor's Local Courts Bill.

EARL OF PLYMOUTH.

This noble earl died on the 10th of July, of a sudden apoplectic fit. Other-Archer Windsor, Earl of Plymouth and Baron Windsor, was born in July, 1789, and was consequently just 44 years of age. He succeeded to the title on the demise of his father, the fifth earl, before he was ten. He married, in August, 1811, Lady Mary Sackville, eldest daughter of the third Duke of Dorset, who survives his lordship. They have no children. The noble deceased's two sisters, by the late earl and his wife, the present Countess of Amherst, are married—Lady Maria to the Marquis of Downshire, and the other to the Hon. Robert Henry Clive. By the death of the noble lord, the title, we believe, becomes extinct. The barony by writ was created in 1529, and the earldom by creation in 1682. An ancestor of the family, however, William de Windsore, descended from William, son of Walter Fitz-other, Castellain of Windsor, (who was ancestor also of the Duke of Leinster and the Marquis of Lansdowne,) was summoned to Parliament so early as 1331. The

barony has been before in abeyance, which was terminated by the crown, in 1660, in favour of Thomas Hickman, who assumed the name of Windsor, and was the first earl. Another title in the family, Viscount Windsor, in Ireland, and Baron Mountjoy, of the Isle of Wight, became extinct in 1758, on failure of issue male.

LORD DOVER.

George James Welbore Agar Ellis, Baron Dover, of Dover, county of Kent, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died at his house in Whitehall, on the 10th of July. He was a Trustee of the British Museum and of the National Gallery, F.R.S. and F.S.A.; was born January 14, 1797, and married, March 7, 1822, Lady Georgiana Howard, second daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and niece to the Duke of Devonshire and the Countess Granville. His lordship was the only son of the present Viscount Clifden, by Lady Caroline Spencer, sister to the Duke of Marlborough. At the general election in 1818, he was returned for the borough of Heytesbury; and, at the age of twenty-one, took his seat in the Imperial Parliament, of which he was an efficient member—seldom, indeed, taking a very conspicuous part in debates upon the great political questions which have been discussed; but while he maintained his principles upon these in a way not to be misunderstood, applying himself with more congenial and prominent zeal to every subject which involved the cause of learning, the fine or useful arts, charities, and the improvement of the people. Thus, in 1824, when the sum of 57,000*l.* was appropriated to the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection of pictures for the public, as the foundation of a National Gallery, it must be recorded, to the lasting fame of Mr. Ellis, that he was the first person who suggested this illustrious design, and one of the most earnest and enlightened of its advocates whose energy led to the adoption of the measure. His lordship was a steady political adherent of the present Administration; and, on the change of government in November, 1830, he was selected by Earl Grey to succeed Viscount Lowther as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. This office he, however, resigned a few weeks afterwards, on account of his delicate health, and he did not subsequently accept any other appointment under the crown. In the spring of 1831 his lordship was created a British Peer.

His lordship was a liberal patron of British art. The judgment exhibited in the collection which adorned the walls of his mansion in Spring Gardens proclaimed the connoisseur as well as the amateur; and almost every picture is a gem, which one would be tempted to choose as the best specimen of the artist extant, always to be referred to as a pleasing example of his style and execution. Among these, the celebrated composition of the "Queen's Trial," by Hayter, is memorable as an historical document, and a gallery of distinguished portraits such as has rarely been produced; while the works of Lawrence, Collins, Jackson, Newton, Landseer, Callcott, and other eminent contemporaries, add to the treasures of this selection, no less distinguished by its uniform taste and feeling than by the grace, beauty, and interest of its component parts. In literary pursuits, similar discrimination and refinement have marked the career of Mr. Ellis. As an author, he has published within a short time, "The True History of the State Prisoner, commonly called the Iron Mask, extracted from documents in the French archives;" "Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England;" "The Ellis Correspondence," in two octavo volumes, illustrating a remarkable period of the annals of England, from the letters of the editor's family. He also wrote the "Life of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia." His last work was, "Correspondence of Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann," published from the originals in the possession of Earl Waldegrave. Mr. Ellis also, in 1822, produced a Catalogue Raisonné of the principal pictures in Flanders and Holland, which was printed, but not published; and he was the writer of some able reviews, both in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, as well as of articles in Magazines, Annuals, and other periodicals, which reflect great credit upon his fancy and talents.

Lord Dover has left an infant family of six children, the eldest, the Hon. Henry Agar Ellis, (the present peer,) being in his ninth year only. His lordship was a personal friend of the late King, and of the King of the Belgians, who stood sponsor for one of his children in 1829. A writer in the "Times" thus speaks of the noble lord:—"If length of days were to be commensurate with personal merit, his life would have been one of no ordinary duration. Amiable and exemplary in all his private relations, an upright, zealous, and intrepid supporter of his political opinions, he will long be regretted by his family and his party; add to this his ele-

gant accomplishments as a man of society, and his various and extensive attainments as a man of letters, and it would be difficult to find, in the whole range of English gentry and nobility, a personage who will be so severely missed. He possessed, in his family, and fortune, and character, every motive which can make life desirable; but he had discharged his various duties, both domestic and social, so conscientiously and honourably, that, short as his life has been, it has been long enough to establish a reputation which there are few men, past or present, who, having lived to the greatest age, would not be proud to enjoy."

DR. ANDREW.

At Edinburgh, on the 13th of June, the Rev. James Andrew, LL.D. and F.R.S., late Principal of the Hon. East India Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe, in the 60th year of his age. When the Hon. Company resolved to educate the youth intended for their engineer and artillery service separately from the King's cadets, they made choice of Dr. Andrew and his private institution for this purpose; soon afterwards they purchased Addiscombe House, to which Dr. Andrew removed, and continued to preside over the increasing establishment as Head Master and Professor of Mathematics for about fifteen years with great success, maintaining throughout a system of discipline and subordination that had never been equalled in England. He retired from his arduous duties about ten years ago; and is the author, we believe, of a Hebrew Grammar and Dictionary, a System of Scriptural Chronology, Nautical Tables, and Original Grammar of the English Language, &c. Educated at Aberdeen, he was one of those many persevering and fortunate North Britons of whose merit and success their country may well be proud.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Dramatic Scenes from Real Life. By Lady Morgan. 2 vols.

We have heard of a Turk who declared that "the Turkish government was the only government in the universe that was not despotic." Equally startling, in the way of self-blindness, is the declaration of Lady Morgan, that if she had anything more light and trifling than the trifle "I have the honour to lay at its feet, (the public,) I should, of preference, have selected it." We would ask her Ladyship, (with all due respect for talents which, however, in our estimation, occasionally misapplied, are of very first-rate order,) *could* there be *anything* more light and trifling than the two volumes she has now given forth? Although the first drama has, in our estimation, many moral faults, and Lady Julia is an off-set of the "Glorvina" which turned our youthful heads and hearts, yet there are in it characters and scenes of beauty and vigour which show that time *has* brought knowledge with it, if Lady Morgan would be satisfied to give that knowledge forth, stripped of the tinsel by which she, with so mistaken a taste, often seeks to ornament the gem. Her present production lacks *new* invention; but in "Malnor Sackville" it displays much experience, and Brian and Honor are sketches that every one who knows anything of Ireland and its brave and noble peasantry must acknowledge as drawn from the life. Mrs. Quigly and her cat, Mr. Galbraith, and the Rev. Mr. Callaghan, are all admirable, and make us wish that, if it were possible, her Ladyship would sink politics, and give us some purely national dramas.

The Dream, and other Poems. By Mrs. Conyngham.

We have the pleasing task of soliciting peculiar attention to a small collection of poems, which afford a new instance of that female talent for which this country has been distinguished of later years. To the names of Edgeworth, Hemans, Morgan, Norton, Landon, Ratcliffe, and Sheridan, we have to add that of Mrs. Conyngham, who has just published the poetical volume we allude to, under the title of "The Dream, and other Poems." The Dream is the principal poem, and contains some passages remarkable for their easy grace, and others for their force of expression.

We will take the first passage that we open (page 12) as a specimen:—

"It was not that her radiant eyes
Were like the stars of Eastern skies;

It was not that her brow was fair,
That Nature's softest touch was there;
It was not that the hand of Love
The texture of her cheek had wove;
It was the spirit's harmony,
The mind's unbroken melody,
Breathing its sweetness through the whole;
It was the glance that spoke a soul
All fearless in its purity;
It was the sunny smile that drew,
Where'er it fell on this world's tears,
Bright colours out—whose rainbow hue
Gave promise of less troubled years."

The whole of this passage, continuing it farther than we have space or time here to do, is full of nature and grace. The 28th and 29th stanzas possess beauty of a more nervous and striking kind; and, indeed, the whole poem is such as may fairly claim the attention of the public, while it needs but little indulgence from the critic.

Some of the smaller poems, however, are more perfect of their kind than "The Dream." Mrs. Conyngham is niece, we believe, to Emmett, famous for his mistaken but honest patriotism; and her muse seems to have taken many of its tones which breathe a high and pure spirit of liberty from her ancestral recollections.

Hints to Anglers and Chess-Players.

There is always more or less of a family likeness between an author and his writings. His good-humour and good-heartedness are instantly transfused into his book; and, in ten cases out of twelve, we might swear to the literary affiliation without any further evidence.

With regard to the pleasing *jeu d'esprit* upon our table, the resemblance is easily perceived. Its inoffensive, quiet satire, its unassuming tone, its right-headedness, and certain unerring indications of an amiable man, would have pointed our conjectures to Richard Penn, whom we have long known as an angler and chess-player, had we not much better authority for the fact.

Beresford's "Miseries of Life" seem to have suggested to our friend the humorous idea of the miseries of an angler. These, indeed, are what the French would call incommodities only, though, in a late criminal trial at Paris, we were not a little surprised that a person who had taken poison was described by the physician as having undergone *beaucoup d'incommodité*. What we mean is, that they are those miseries only which are legitimate subjects of ridicule; and these minor miseries are sure to beset the inexperienced tyro of the rod, and he must bear a laugh raised at his expense if he is ambitious of becoming a skilful angler. In truth, this little book abounds with wholesome cautions against the improvidence and inattention to trifles which have marred many a day's sport, and led to mischances which he might easily have avoided had he relied on his own understanding, rather than followed the advice and directions of others.

And here is a good opportunity to remark that your genuine angler is the most independent being in the world. His ways and means are the resources of his own understanding, sorely exercised by the petty vexations of his craft, till at length

Old experience do attain
Something of prophetic strain,

and he goes forth in the morning quite proof against the accidents "by flood or field," which would drive an undisciplined pupil of the line and hook stark mad. The sun, the clouds, the breeze, are his books; they are the oracles that announce the coming events of the day. In short, he may well exclaim with Edgar, "Thou, Nature, art my goddess!" For it is by an assiduous worship in her temples only that he can arrive at any proficiency.

And, pray, is not this enough to brush away the feeble insect objections for ever buzzing in your ear to the sublime mystery of the angler? For there are many well-dressed, well-behaved persons, with manners bearing the polish of good company, and shoes that of Day and Martin, who, in the foolishness of their hearts, have called it an idle amusement. Idle! to wander by river, wood, and fell, amidst all the harmonies of the universe, the noontide hum, that, like an air of Handel, lulls the soul into devout contemplations, the murmurs of brooks and rivulets, their little waves, playful as children, chasing each other over a clear pebbly bottom,—idle! to

watch in the early season of the year (for then begins the angler's occupation) the first tender buddings of the hawthorn, for the future destinations of his being are unfolded to him as clearly in the renewal of the leaf and the return of the verdure as in a page of Bishop Butler's Analogy,—idle! to see the fitful shadows flung by every passing cloud upon the stream he loves, giving him as ecstatic a delight as the change of scenes in a pantomime to a child on his first visit to a theatre; and, above all, the deep and still deeper shade cast on its surface by the stunted elm on which he leans his back—the shade where the speckled lord of the brook waits half asleep and half awake for the May-fly as it skims over his head. No; this is not idleness. It is good for man to be amid such scenes. They are those bright pages of creation from which folly would retire wise, or, at least, less foolish, and avarice and worldly wealth derive a hint by seeing how bountifully Nature has done her part to second, as far as they can, her holy ministrations.

But we will not trust ourselves any further with the subject. Yet we must remark, in justice to the author, that many new hints are thrown out which an angler would do well to mark and inwardly digest. One we think extremely useful respecting the absurdity of playing too long with your trout to hook him the more effectually; for you frequently enable him, by this dexterous manœuvre, to disengage his jaws from the hook, and return quietly, perhaps with little more inconvenience than a tooth-ache, to his old quarters. And the lesson may be well applied to the schemes of life. Let the Miss who is inclined to be coquettish be cautious, when the hook has been fairly swallowed, of playing with her fish.

The illustrative designs have considerable humour. It is said, indeed, that they are from the pencil of the great sculptor, Chantrey.

Chatsworth, the Patrician.

We will venture to say that such a novel as Chatsworth is not to be found even amongst the most monstrous superfœtations of the press.

"None but itself can be its parallel."

It is, however, a curiosity which deserves inspection, inasmuch as it is a most perfect specimen of a Cockney fiction, and an exact image of a Cockney mind. Without fear of contradiction, we assert, that the author, if he ever travelled out of the sound of Bow-bell, got no farther than Edmonton. The dialogue is something in the manner of Dean Swift's Polite Conversations, the wit and humour of the model, however, having evaporated in the process. But as a conservatory of the sentimental talk of middling life in London, though the scene is laid in high life, and in what the late Lord Kenyon used to call "the great squares," it will be hereafter invaluable. In the awful vicissitudes of human things, it may happen that this dialect may become extinct. But "Chatsworth" may transmit its remains for the gratification of future antiquaries, in the same way as the Punic scenes in Plautus preserved for the delight of General Vallancey the charming and intelligible diction of Hannibal and Hamilcar.

Cockney Specimens.

"The duke gazed on her with delight. 'I ordered the curricle to be here in an hour—will you *go a drive* this morning?'

"'Your ladyship seems to forget how much you are concerned.'—'No, no; *depend I shall* lose no opportunity of retaliating on the duke.'

"On the fourth morning, Mrs. Grey and Irene reached the metropolis in safety, and proceeded straight to Caroline's residence *at the west end.*

"Mrs. Wise would frequently say, *her house was not like home* if some of the Misses Garlands were not with her.

"'I was married at Colnbrook by a friend of the duke's, the *Reverend George Bates.*'

"'I shall *come for you to go* to the theatre to-morrow.'

"'Having given my promise, *I must not go from my word.* Besides, he is so *tenacious,* he would never forgive me.'

"'Now, Irene, here is the end of our *drive.* Fasten your tippet, my love, or *the draught may give you cold.*'

"'By the bye, I saw the Silvertons the other day, and find I shall soon have to congratulate you on *your prospects in the matrimonial line.*'

"'I think you said your sister *was engaged out* to-morrow.'

"'Yes, yes, I promise. So don't tease me any more, *that's a good soul.*'

"'Shall I ring for her,' demanded Sir Edgar, 'or *is she gone a walk?*'"

When such things are printed, might we not be allowed to sigh for another caliph Omar, who set fire to the books at Alexandria?

Poems by Hartley Coleridge.

"Father and bard revered! to whom I owe,
Whate'er it be, my little art of numbers,
Thou, in thy nightwatch o'er my cradled slumbers,
Didst meditate the verse which lives to show
(And long shall live when we alike are low)
Thy prayer how ardent, and thy hope how strong,
That I should learn of Nature's self the song,
The lore which none but Nature's pupils know!

"The prayer was heard: I 'wandered like a breeze'
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
And gathered there the shapes and phantasies,
Which, mixed with passions of my sadder years,
Compose this book. If good therein there be,
That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee!"

We quote this beautiful introductory sonnet, addressed by the author to his father, to ensure at once the good feeling of our readers before proceeding any farther in our brief notice of a work which contains as much of the essence of poetry as any of which this poetical age can boast. It is a book full of gentle fancies and peaceful expressions, of "dreams which float before the half-closed eye," and thoughts which, springing from Wisdom's "best muse, Contemplation," aided by a somewhat metaphysical intellect, present themselves under those engaging forms supplied by the external world, in unlimited number, to express feelings which, without the aid of such accompanying imagery, would be unintelligible. The delineation of the softer emotions, and of love more especially, appears to be Mr. Coleridge's forte. He seldom breaks out into the wild expression of passion; and "glad of it with all our hearts" we are, for we are beginning to be tired of the melodramatic rant and glitter of the characters of the Byron school; and that common expression that a hero, to be interesting, must carry about with him in his countenance and gestures credentials to ensure a ready admittance into St. Luke's; while he scorns to express even the most peaceful feelings of the hearts of other men, under a less terrific image than

"The lava flood
Which oils in Ætna's breast of flame."

Such, however, is not the spirit in which Mr. Coleridge has written; nor, indeed, the spirit which is now beginning to shed a more peaceful character over the general style of our current literature. He is an interpreter of Nature in her most winning dress, looking upon her in her true character of a faultless reflex of immaterial wisdom and goodness holding intercourse, through the medium of palpable symbols, with the immortal and invisible part of man. In pieces of quiet pathos, too, he is possessed of no ordinary power, as the following stanzas, which we cannot refrain from quoting, will sufficiently prove:—

TO SOMEBODY.

"I blame her not—because my soul
Is not like hers,—a treasure
Of self-sufficing good,—a whole
Complete in every measure.

"I charge her not with cruel pride,
With self-admired disdain;
Too happy she, or to deride,
Or to perceive my pain.

"I blame her not;—she cannot know
What she did never prove.
Her streams of sweetness purely flow
Unblended yet with love.

"No fault hath she that I desire,
What she can not conceive;
For she is made of bliss entire,
And I was born to grieve.

"And though she hath a thousand wills,
And in a moment's space,
As fast as light, a thousand smiles
Come showering from her face;

"Those winsome smiles, those sunny looks,
Her heart securely deems
Cold as the flashing of the brooks
In the cold moonlight beams.

"Her sweet affections, free as wind,
Nor fear nor craving feel;
No secret hollow hath her mind,
Nor passion to reveal.

"Her being's law is gentle bliss,
Her purpose and her duty,
And quiet joy her loveliness,
And gay delight her beauty.

"Then let her walk in mirthful pride,
Dispensing joy and sadness,
By her light spirit fortified
In panoply of gladness.

"The joy she gives shall still be hers,
The sorrow shall be mine;
Such debt the earthly heart incurs
That pants for the divine.

"But better 'tis to love, I ween,
And die of slow despair,
Than die, and never to have seen
A maid so lovely fair."

We have now to mention the few faults which have struck us in this elegant volume. These are, principally, a tinge of affectation in manner, and the want of a fixed and determinate object, in several of the poems. Mr. Coleridge has all the imagination which raises a poet from the smoke and stir of this dull spot into a purer and more exhilarating atmosphere; but he is still in want of the nerves and sinews requisite to sustain him in a prolonged flight. This may be attributable to a want of confidence in his own strength, which a second essay will probably produce. At all events, we are pleased to find, in his first volume of verse, sufficient merit to afford the old adage of "fortes creantur fortibus" additional confirmation. Besides, there are occasional glimpses of feeling, which we regard with pleasure as likely to furnish a greater fund of satisfaction to their possessor than even the meed of literary fame which he has in prospect, or perhaps in possession. We allude to that conviction of which all ought to be sensible, and which he has so happily expressed in the conclusion of his lines "to an Unknown Sister-in-law." We can not help transcribing the whole passage as a fitting specimen of the author's best style, wherewith to conclude our review.

"Dearest sister, I
Am one of whom thou doubtless hast heard much,
Not always well. My name too oft pronounced
With sighs, desponding sorrow, and reproach,
By lips which fain would praise and ever bless me.
Yet deem not hardly of me: who best know
Most gently censure me; and who believes
The dark inherent mystery of sin,
Doubts not the will and potency of God
To change, invigorate, and purify
The self-condemning heart.
Good night: e'en now,
Perhaps, thou art sleeping by my brother's side,
Or listening gladly to the soft, sweet breath
Of thy dear babe, while I must seek a couch,
Lonely, and haunted much by visions strange,
And sore perplexity of roving dreams,
The spectres manifold of murdered hours.
But yet, good night; good be the night to thee,
And bright the morrow. Once, again, good night!"

Lives of Celebrated Spaniards. Translated from the Spanish of Quintana, by T. R. Preston.

Every one knows and acknowledges the value of biography as a department of literature; every one can attest from experience its absorbing interest and lasting influence on the mind: the only point, therefore, upon which it is necessary for us

to touch, in reference to these Lives, is the manner in which they are executed; and here we willingly and freely use the language of praise, not only because the work possesses positive merit, but because, also, we are anxious to promote the importation and naturalization of all that is good of foreign growth. Sincere thanks are due, and will be readily given, to Mr. Preston for presenting us with so pleasing an addition to our literature. These Lives are portrayed with a fidelity and skill by no means common. The author exhibits an intimate acquaintance with the springs of human actions; he traces every manifestation of character to its true origin; paints every feature in its natural colour; prevents the misappreciation of facts, assigning to deeds their strict moral value; and invests a narrative of events with the alluring charms of romance. We cannot better give an idea of the heroes whose lives are here described than in Quintana's own words; they are—

"Those whose celebrity is attested alike by the voice of history and of tradition; and he (Quintana) believes that not one of the lives which he now offers to the public can be impugned as being in contravention with the title of the book itself. El Cid Campeador, for instance—a name which, among us, is synonymous to the indomitable strength of heroism, as well as to success. Guzman the Good—equal to the most distinguished personages of antiquity, by his patriotism and magnanimity. Roger de Lauria—the greatest mariner possessed by Europe from the days of Carthage to Columbus. The Prince of Viana—so interesting from his character, from his learning, and his talents; so worthy of compassion by his misfortunes; and who unites in his destiny, to the dignity and expectations of a royal birth, the example and misfortune of a private individual, unjustly persecuted and barbarously sacrificed. And, lastly, Gonzalo de Cordova, the most illustrious general of the fifteenth century;—he who, by his deeds and discipline, gave to our soldiery the superiority they maintained in Europe for nearly two consecutive ages; and who, both in his character and conduct, presents a dazzling mirror, wherein to behold themselves, to all such warriors as blend not ferocity with heroism."

If this bill of fare attract not numbers to the feast, we should address the public in language analogous to that of a musical friend of ours. When Lady —— approached the piano, on which a gentleman was playing with tasteful skill, for the enjoyment of her ladyship's guests, and had just reached the middle of an imposing concerto,—and said, "Thank ye, sir—very delightful—that will do—much obliged t' ye," our friend, who had been turning over the leaves, exclaimed, in a deep-toned growl of contempt, "I pity your taste, my lady!"

Pensieri e Poesie di Guido Sorelli.

This small volume, consisting only of eighty-six pages, contains as much true poetry as most modern writers would contrive to spread over three hundred. Signor Sorelli's last work was a masterly translation of our divine Milton's "Paradise Lost;" and it is a bold affirmation that the original beauties of that splendid production were little, if at all, dimmed by their foreign garb. Sorelli is not one to paraphrase words: he does not *write* only, he *feels*; every fine idea, every brilliant conception, finds an echo in his peculiar and powerfully-organized mind; and he transcribes at once the expression and the inspiration of his author. The might and mysticism of poetry are both upon him; his world is evidently one of imagination and feeling, with which the every-day clamour of life has nothing to do. The "Paradiso Perduto" was dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty, and is, if we mistake not, the only instance of such an honour having been ceded to a foreigner since she became queen. It is gratifying to know that such distinguished favour was not shown to an author unworthy of the boon. The Florentine Sorelli is essentially a poet; in the little volume which is now beside us he has inscribed "Thoughts and Poems" to which no common mind could have given birth. We could extract twenty passages which would justify our opinion; but we forbear to mutilate, and we cannot afford space to give one of the poems entire. We can only advise such of our readers as love *la lingua Toscana* (and who does not?) to obtain this little book, and to turn to "La Donna," the "Sonnet to Jessica," "L'Addio," and the "Ode to Hope." Neither the author nor ourselves need dread the result.

Tropical Agriculture.

Considering the immense influx of our colonial produce into the mother country,—considering, also, the avidity with which every department in science and literature has been ransacked in these latter days, for the purpose of furnishing a new topic,—it is astonishing that the agriculture of tropical climates has, till the present moment, received comparatively little notice. True it is that a residence in those regions is almost an indispensable qualification, or at least an intimate ac-

quaintance with those who have been instructed by actual experience in such matters. True it is, also, that the subject requires something more than the sketching and witticising talent which characterizes so many of our modern travellers. Notwithstanding all this, it is certainly surprising that a branch of knowledge so intimately connected with the daily comforts of the community at large should be suffered to remain unimproved in a time of general observation and universal authorship. The public attention has been latterly much directed to our colonial interests, and with reason. Colonies are at all times of vital importance to a commercial country; but the misfortune is, that their true use is little understood; and when mismanaged, according to a general law of nature, they are as injurious to home interests as they are beneficial when governed by salutary regulations. That mismanagement has existed on the part of the British Government on this very essential head must be universally acknowledged; but we have, at the same time, reason to hope that the day of short-sighted policy is past, and for ever: indeed, the relations between ourselves and our foreign possessions, which are daily assuming a more important character, no longer suffer ignorance or indifference on either side to be a matter of unimportance, or even of possibility. While the agricultural interest at home wanes, and seems likely to continue waning, before its hundred-handed rival, the genius of manufactures; while the increase of population is manifested by the growth of houses, and streets shooting forth in every direction with the rapidity of crystals formed under the microscope of the philosopher,—it does not seem either absurd or inconsistent with the evidence of facts to anticipate a day when the farmer will be fairly pushed out of the country, and the shepherd become as scarce an object in England as in Egypt of old. At such a time our means of support will perhaps be chiefly supplied by our farms beyond the Atlantic and Indian Seas, which may stand in the same relation to our children as Sicily and Africa to the swarming population of Rome at the height of her power. It is unnecessary to add a word more to prove the utility of such a work as Mr. Porter's, which will no doubt be appreciated by every one connected by commerce or interest with the countries of whose cultivation it treats; while to the man of science it will open a field of the most exciting inquiry. Even in our own land, agriculture, as a science, always repays the interest it engages; but in those climates where the perils and profits of the pursuit are incalculably increased, where Nature, acting ever on the same gigantic scale, either bestows with the munificence of a gratified monarch, or desolates with the fury of an avenging conqueror,—the consideration of an agency which may best improve her gifts, or moderate the effects of her anger, rises into proportionate importance: besides, the productions of a tropical region are so infinitely diversified by the exuberant fertility of the soil, and so entirely different, both in character and culture, from our own, that little to be envied would be either the heart or head which could contemplate so many mighty and novel adaptations of wisdom to circumstances without gratitude and admiration.

Mr. Porter's work contains accounts drawn from the best authorities, and supplied by persons of experience in the management and use of almost every tropical plant considered of importance in a commercial sense; amongst several others, of cotton, tea, cocoa, millet, maize, tobacco, the several spices, opium, and indigo. Each of these well deserves a separate review; and we regret that the little space we can devote to the present notice prevents us from dwelling as we could wish upon each. The chapter upon Cotton is rendered particularly interesting by the increased demand for that article upon America; and we have a very clear statement of the means by which the United States have been able to drive our own planters from the market. That upon Tea, also, may be very advantageously consulted towards forming a clearer conception of that great political mystery—the China trade, which it seems decreed that nobody should understand and everybody talk of. Mr. Porter thinks, with Cobbett, that maize might be introduced with great success into our own country, and quotes from Dr. Franklin a list of its uses, the bare enumeration of which any one would suppose might secure it a place on every estate, if he were not at the same time aware that, of all prejudiced animals under the sun, there exists no one so essentially and entirely bigoted to a previously conceived opinion as an English farmer. Maize, as a foreign and strange-looking grain, was at once voted to be fit only for the sustenance of hogs, and to their sole use and benefit it has accordingly been assigned. The account of the cocoa-tree is elegantly written, and that of tobacco contains many interesting particulars. On the subject of indigo, a comprehensive exposition of the different methods used for preparing the dye in the East and West Indies is given, with the relative advan-

tages of each. In the chapter on Opium we are made acquainted with the astonishing fact, that the revenue obtained from the growth of this pernicious plant, in our East Indian possessions, amounted, in 1830, to the sum of two millions sterling.

With these remarks, made "currente calamo," we must now close our notice of Mr. Porter's excellent book. It will need no recommendation on our part to become generally popular, as every means of obtaining accessible information appears to have been followed, and both utility and entertainment have been equally and successfully consulted in its compilation.

National Portrait Gallery. Nos, 49, 50, and 51.

Few works, issuing periodically from the press, have a stronger claim than the above upon the public attention, from the object professed—few have earned a better right to the public patronage, from the spirited and successful manner in which that object is endeavoured to be attained; and, to these recommendations is added that of a price so moderate, that we are astonished how so large a quantity of matter, and such superior embellishments, can be issued without injuring the proprietors by the necessary outlay. As our attention will be rather directed in the present notice to the literary portion of the work than its engravings, we merely state of the latter that they are executed in the first style of the art, and that they are taken from the best original portraits which can be procured. The lives contained in the three parts last published are as usual nine in number. Among these, first in interest as in importance, stands the name of Edmund Burke, among the numerous memoirs extant of whom, we do not remember to have seen one written with more elegance and truth than the concise biography before us. It contains a just analysis of the mind of that eminent statesman, in whom the spirit of eloquence shows itself to a degree which has certainly never since been equalled within the walls of a British Parliament, and of that great philosopher than whom none ever made further advances in the intricate paths of mental science. The next memoir which appears to us deserving of high commendation is that of Robert Hall, a name which few can hear without a feeling of regret for the still recent removal from the scene of their trial of as brilliant, intellectual, and moral qualities, as ever distinguished the internal constitution of man. The life of Mr. Hall, it is well known, was one long scene of personal suffering, and even if uninteresting, in any other view, it would be deserving of earnest attention, as affording a most singular instance of the triumph of mental power over the most formidable physical impediments. The writer of the present memoir has given us a striking, and, it is to be hoped, not uninstructing picture of what may be performed under every discouraging circumstance, by a principle only equalled by the genius which formed at once its ornament and support; and if the portrait is at times distinguished by a warmth of colouring perhaps not strictly justified by the facts adduced, this will be acknowledged as a defect which certainly "leans to virtue's side." It is, moreover, one which we regret the less, as it affords us a favourable specimen of the author's ability in eulogy, a quality of rather uncommon occurrence in these censorious days. The remaining memoirs are devoted to Sir William Jones, the present Earl of Shrewsbury, Dr. Adam Clarke, Professor Leslie, and the Marquis of Lansdowne. With respect to these, we have only space to observe that they are written, to the best of our knowledge, with fidelity as well as with discrimination and judgment. The life of Sir William Jones is, perhaps, the best, on whom a suitable panegyric has been pronounced, though, at the same time, we fully agree with the writer that the importance of his testimony to the truth of Revelation has been egregiously overrated. No man in his senses could possibly have spoken otherwise. Thus much for the latest numbers of the "National Portrait Gallery," which, as we have perused them with interest, we now lay aside with regret. We have no doubt that the work will be properly appreciated by a discerning public, and meet with that encouragement which the zeal and ability of all engaged in its production deserve.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Internal Structure of Fossil Vegetables found in the Carboniferous and Oolitic Deposits of Great Britain described and illustrated, by H. Witham, 4to., 21*s.*

Facts, not Fables, by C. Williams, 18mo. 4*s.*

The Colonies: treating of their value generally; of the Ionian Islands in particular, and the Administration of Sir F. Adam; by Col. C. J. Napier, 8vo., 18*s.* cloth.

The Provost of Paris, a Tale of the Court of Charles VI. by W. S. Browning, 3 vols., 12mo., 15*s.* boards.

Montagu; or, Is this Religion? by Charles B. Taylor, new edition, 12mo., 6*s.* cloth.

Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar, by Captain Owen, R.N., 2 vols., 8vo., 1*l.* 12*s.* bds.

Life of Gouverneur Morris, by Jared Sparks, 3 vols., 8vo., 27*s.*

Taxation of the British Empire, by R. M. Martin, 12mo., 5*s.* cloth.

Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public, post 8vo., 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Dramatic Scenes from Real Life, by Lady Morgan, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21*s.* bds.

Character, or Jew and Gentile, a Tale, by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, 2 vols., post 8vo., 16*s.* bds.

The Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science, No. IX., 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ritson's Ancient Popular Poetry, crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia, by Capt. C. Strutt, 2 vols., 8vo., 28*s.*

Sir Guy de Lusignan, by Miss Knight, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21*s.*

Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830, 10 vols., 8vo., 5*l.* 10*s.*

Main's Illustrations of Vegetable Physiology, 12mo., 6*s.*

The Village Belles, a Novel, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l.* 7*s.*

England and the English, by E. L. Bulwer, 2 vols., 8vo., 1*l.* 1*s.*

Great Britain in 1833, by Baron D'Haussez, 2 vols., 8vo., 1*l.* 1*s.*

M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy, 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY REPORT.

"Illustrations of the Botany and other Branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and of the Flora of Cashmere," by J. F. Royle, Esq., F.L.S. &c.

"Sketches of the Domestic Manners and Social Condition of the White, Coloured, and Negro Population of the West Indies," by Mrs. Carmichael.

Messrs. Ackermann and Co. announce "Two Series of Coloured Views of Niagara and Quebec," from Drawings taken on the spot, by Lieut.-Colonel Cockburn.

"Theory of Pneumatology," in reply to the question, "What ought to be believed or disbelieved concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions?" by Dr. Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling, late Professor of the Universities of Heidelburgh and Marburgh, and Privy Councillor to the Grand Duke of Baden. From the German, by Samuel Jackson.

"A Memoir of Baron Cuvier," by Mrs. Lee, with Portrait.

"Lectures on Painting," delivered at the Royal Academy, by Thomas Phillips, Esq. R.A.

"The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland" from the Accession of James I., by J. S. Reid, D.D.

"Retzsch's Outlines to Macbeth" will appear in the course of the summer.

A new and splendid Annual to be called the "Oriental Annual," from original Drawings by W. Daniell, Esq., R.A., is announced; the Literary Department by the Rev. H. Chaunter, B.D.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Taglioni is gone;—the lady light of foot, the creator of poetic visions of fairy beauty, has left the Opera to the dreariness of her inferiors. Pasta still remains to support Norma, and give intensity of interest to a piece that could not be supported without her. "Cenerentola" and "Somnambule" have been attractive as hitherto, for Malibran does not cease to be fascinating. There have been no novelties.

DRURY LANE.

Paganini has given four concerts at this theatre, and they have been attended by a brilliant and overflowing audience. At the rising of the curtain, sounds of unequivocal disapprobation greeted the unpopular musician, but, like another Orpheus, he wielded all wills to his purpose by the sound of his fiddle. After the first notes of discontent had subsided, the musician commenced his wonders; and if rapturous

and universal applause could atone for his first reception, Paganini had no reason to complain. He is said to have remarked, that such a greeting was worth five hundred pounds; and we leave our readers to judge what sort of a greeting it must have been that the not over-liberal Italian valued so highly. A musical prodigy, a Miss Elizabeth Jones, whose brilliancy on the piano, in a *bravura variatione* from the opera of "Joseph," excited considerable applause, is one of those instances of premature talent, that, however much our wonder may be excited, our pity is more strongly roused: juvenile prodigies being generally hastened to ruin with an accelerated speed by this early exhibition before a crowded audience.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

The late Cobourg Theatre has opened under the above name, and under the auspices of the Duchess of Kent, who has kindly promised to patronize the establishment. Abbott and Egerton, the managers, are in high spirits as to their success. The theatre, as a building, possesses all the advantages of construction for the performance of the regular drama. The "Forest of Ardennes" was the piece first chosen for representation, and though performed in a style superior to what the visitors of the Cobourg have generally been in the habit of witnessing, was not altogether worthy of the high station the managers have assumed. Warde, never doing badly, did moderately here. "Black-Eyed Susan," that best of melodramas, though old, never tiring, followed; and the tact of the managers was shown by the superior style in which Miss Jarman played the affectionate Susan. Nature-loving, fond, and trusting woman, never appeared to win auditors more thoroughly to admiration than did Miss Jarman in this character. Abbott delivered an address on the occasion of some considerable merit; his concluding lines, in allusion to the Princess Victoria, will be re-echoed by the whole of England;—

> "Oh! may that daughter fated be to raise
> Remembrance of those bright and palmy days
> When Sidney fell, and Shakspeare wore the bays."

The "Spare Bed, or the Shower Bath," has also been produced with considerable success.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. C. Mathews has brought out a play at this theatre, adapted from "La Belle Mère et le Gendre" of Samson, the French comedian. It is a piece of no great merit, and but for the acting of Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover, it would have met with none of the warmth of reception that hailed its representation. Mr. W. Farren's personation of the old imbecile Mr. Foozy, who loves eating and ease, was most inimitable.

"The Housekeeper, or the White Rose," has been performed with no ordinary effect. Mr. Jerrold, the author of this piece, and of the most popular pieces of the day, has here done his best. Caustic wit, punning, and all kinds of satire have been the distinguishing peculiarities of all his efforts. In his former plays he has been distinguished by an attempt at stage display, that has always been kept within the bounds of propriety, but still has been the distinguishing characteristic of his attempts. He would sacrifice many things that lead to the perfection of a dramatic composition, for the sake of a good hit or a novel position. In the present instance he has avoided his *excellent faults*, and improved the excellence of his composition. It is too lengthy a matter to enter into the detail of the plot, and we must content ourselves by saying, that Mr. Buckstone as Simon Box, Mrs. Humby as Sophia Hayes, Miss Taylor as Lady Felicia, and Mr. Vining as Sidney Maguard, all performed their duties in a manner that made it appear they were interested in the success of the piece, and they consequently performed their parts even better than usual.

Madame Vestris has been added to the corps.

ADELPHI.

"The Yeoman's Daughter," a drama, by Mr. Serle, has been produced here with very considerable success. The piece is of the "Rent-Day" school, and is throughout well sustained by author and actors. The Mary Gray of Mrs. Waylett was intense and beautiful, and different as possible to her general style of performance. The Jemmy Muggleby of Mr. Reeve was like the generality of that gentleman's performances, rather coarse, very full of humour, and particularly vulgar and amusing.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Palmer, the civil engineer, delivered a lecture upon the formation of beaches along the coast, and bars at the mouths of harbours. On observing attentively the action of the waves on the beach, he noticed that the largest stones were deposited at the greatest height and distance from the water, and gradually lessening in size downwards to the smallest sand, which was at the water's edge. This order of deposition, the reverse of the effect of forming a heap of stones under common circumstances, where all the large stones roll to the bottom, and the small remain at the top, though ten thousand times observed by others, does not appear to have led any person before him to consider how this operation of nature might be turned to account. He watched the waves and their actions upon particular stones, and found that whenever a wave struck a stone which it had force enough to move, it carried forward the stone in the line of its direction; and when the wave retired, the stone rolled back upon the beach, not in the same line, except when the wave struck it at right angles with the water-line of the beach; thus the stones and sand moved to leeward on the beach in zig-zag lines. The difference of the progressive motion of the stones depended upon their sizes, and the proportionate quantity of surface of the small stones and sand made them more buoyant; and they were by each succeeding wave deposited farther up or down the shore, as the wave struck it more or less obliquely, the difference of progress varying as one to many hundreds. By pointing to a map of the Sussex and Kent coasts, which lie in a direction from W.S.W. to E.N.E., Mr. Palmer showed how, with the general prevalence of south-westerly winds on the coast, beaches were formed in all bays and recesses west of the headlands, or wherever obstructions had been raised by piers or artificial projections from the land: in such places stones and sand are heaped, which, disturbed by the violent action of the waves in storms, were displaced, carried forward, and deposited, perhaps, at the mouth of the very harbour, forming a bar there, which the pier was intended to prevent. Mr. Palmer showed that this was the case at Dover, and that the chief object in forming a harbour should be to prevent such accumulation near it. By an experiment he showed that the "fact in which he had caught Nature" might be employed as a principle of prevention, by building sloping dikes at right angles with the beach. These would facilitate the return of the stones and sand to the water's edge, prevent a high accumulation, replace within reach of the waves the materials of the beach, and aid the water in carrying them on to a spot where they might be deposited without injury to navigation.

Scientific Meeting at Cambridge.—The British Association for the Promotion of Science have held their third annual meeting at Cambridge, Professor Sedgwick in the chair. The meeting consisted of near 800 persons, comprising the most distinguished men of science from every part of the empire. The general meetings were held in the Senate-house; and the sectional meetings, under their respective Vice-Presidents, were held in the extensive range of apartments behind the Senate-house. The first day was occupied in various arrangements and preliminary discourses, describing the objects of the meeting; and the subsequent days in reading papers on various philosophical subjects. The proceedings each day commenced at 10 o'clock in the morning in the various sections under their respective Vice-Presidents, and the whole assembled together in the Senate-house at 1 o'clock, under the direction of the President: when the proceedings of the respective sections were reported, and followed by reading papers upon general subjects. The *coup d'œil* of the Senate-house during these re-unions was particularly imposing, comprehending above 1,000 persons, of both sexes, distinguished for their rank, talent, and accomplishments. On the third day the Master and Fellows of Trinity College gave a splendid entertainment to 400 members of the Association, in their great hall, the Vice-Master, Dr. Brown, in the chair, supported by Dr. Buckland, Professor Sedgwick, the Marquess of Northampton, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Morpeth, and Sir J. V. B. Johnstone. The evening passed off in the greatest harmony and enthusiasm. It was truly a most splendid sight to behold 400 of the most learned and enlightened men in the empire, together with some of the most distinguished men of science from different parts of Europe and America, all united together for the advancement of knowledge in that hall where Newton, Bacon, Barrow, and other immortal philosophers, had so frequently met before for a similar purpose. On the

fifth day doctors' degrees were conferred on Lords Fitzwilliam and Morpeth, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Sir Thos. Brisbane, &c. In the afternoon the Master and Fellows of St. John's College gave a grand dinner to some members of the Association. On the sixth day the whole concluded with a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music. The next meeting will take place at Edinburgh.—Among the distinguished men assembled on this highly interesting occasion, were.—Sir David Brewster, Professor Forbes, and Mr. Alba, from Edinburgh; Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; Dr. Buckland, Dr. Daubeney, and Professor Baden Powell, from Oxford; Professors Lindley and Turner, of the London University; Sir John Herschel, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Lubbock, Dr. Roget, the principal of the East India College; Rev. James Yates; Mr. Wyon, of the Royal Mint; the Rev. William Turner, of Newcastle; the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved; the Rev. John Kenrick, and Mr. John Phillips, from York; Dr. Phillips, Mr. Blackwall, Dr. Dalton, Dr. Holme, Mr. R. Potter, Jun., Mr. Eaton Hodgkinson, from Manchester; the Marquess of Northampton, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lords Braybrooke, Morpeth, and Cavendish, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir George Cayley, M.P., Sir Thomas Acland, Sir Henry Verney, M.P., Sir J. V. B. Johnstone, M.P., Rev. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Rev. Mr. Malthus, &c. &c.

VARIETIES.

A return of all persons imprisoned for debt for the last three years, with the amount of their debts, has been laid before the House of Commons. It furnishes the following details for the city of Dublin:—

	1831.		1832.		1833.	
	Persons.	Debt. £	Persons.	Debt. £	Persons.	Debt. £
City Marshalsea	942	2,189	900	2,208	718	1,564
Newgate	23	5,574	94	1,097	35	2,659
Sheriff's Prison	600	48,022	761	42,043	535	44,213
Total	1,565	55,785	1,685	45,350	1,288	48,437

General abstract for all Ireland:—

		Debts. £
Number of Debtors confined in 1831	6,898	192,618
1832	7,231	169,048
1833	5,688	192,529
Total	19,817	554,197

Averaging an amount of debt to each prisoner of 2*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*

The number of persons having deposits in the savings' banks and friendly societies, the funds of which were in the hands of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt on the 20th of November, 1832, appear to be as follows:—

Depositors in Savings' Banks.	England and Wales.	In Ireland.	Total.
Persons	390,120	43,903	434,023
Charitable Societies	2,490	431	2,921
Friendly Societies	3,943	197	4,140
			441,084
Number of Members belonging to Friendly Societies			36,919
			478,003

By a return on the wine trade, printed by order of the House of Commons, it appears that during the last five years the importation of wine has diminished, though, as might be expected from the variety of the vintages, not in a uniform proportion; and that, on the whole, the consumption of wine in this country has fallen off. In 1828, the number of gallons of all kinds imported was 9,637,951; in 1829, it was 7,618,196; in 1830, it was 6,879,588; in 1831, it was 7,116,870; and in 1832, it was 6,018,480. The quantity entered for *home consumption* during these years does not exhibit the same variety, but shows a slight general decrease. In 1829, the quantity of all sorts of wine *permitted* out of stock, was 4,790,076 gallons; in 1831, it had fallen below 4,500,000 gallons; and in 1832, it was reduced to 4,423,325 gallons. By this table the consumption of French wines had fallen off, though not to a great extent. The number of gallons permitted out of stock in

1829 was 219,563 gallons, and in last year 198,289 gallons, making a difference of more than 20,000 gallons. The additional duty imposed on the wine consumed in the greatest quantity has not brought any great accession to the revenue. The duties in 1831 were 1,535,484*l.*, and in 1832, 1,566,758*l.*

Number of vagrants who were passed through the following counties during the year 1832, with their cost:—Middlesex, 9,576, 2,950*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*; Bedford, 4,836, 1,096*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*; Bucks, 7,162, 762*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*; Berks, 4,559, 1,139*l.* 15*s.*; Wilts, 3,429, 1,400*l.* 19*s.*

A return of the number and value of country bankers' notes stamped in England, for the under-mentioned years, has just been laid before the House of Commons:—Value year ended 5th Jan. 1827, 1,289,775*l.*; 5th Jan. 1828, 1,970,595*l.*; 5th Jan. 1829, 2,842,130*l.*; 5th Jan. 1830, 2,403,700*l.*; 5th Jan. 1831, 1,955,430*l.*; 5th Jan. 1832, 2,217,915*l.*; 5th Jan. 1833, 1,751,685*l.* Total in 7 years, 14,381,230*l.*

The number of persons who have obtained diplomas from the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and those who were examined and rejected by the College during the last five years, are as follow:—1828, diplomas, 384; rejected, 32—1829, diplomas, 470; rejected, 29—1830, diplomas, 481; rejected, 20—1831, diplomas, 406; rejected, 35—1832, diplomas, 402; rejected, 25.

The expense of the under-mentioned establishments, for 1832, appears to be as follows:—Treasury, 64,752*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*; Home Department, 26,746*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*; Foreign ditto, 61,686*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*; Colonial ditto, 28,314*l.* 13*s.* 7½*d.*; Privy Council Office, 12,228*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*; Board of Trade, 12,551*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

The number of publicans in England and Wales convicted for permitting disorderly conduct in their houses, or for keeping them open at unlawful times, from 1st April, 1832, to the 1st of April, 1833, was 1,775. The number of beer-house-keepers convicted for like offences during the same period, was 3,559.

The total amount of public money expended under the Charity Commission is 14,163*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*, of which sum 9,685*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.* has been paid for salaries, and 4,297*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.* in the other expenses of the commission. The average number of days the commissioners have been employed on the business of the commission since their appointment under the act 1 and 2 William IV., is about 190 for each commissioner.

The total number of bricks made in England and Scotland between the 5th of January, 1832, and the 5th of January, 1833, was 998,346,380: the duty received was 294,322*l.* 9*s.* 1¾*d.* The number of tiles made during the same period was 76,601,051: the duty, 38,010*l.* 17*s.* 0¼*d.*

The total official value of the imports into the United Kingdom for the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, was 44,586,241*l.* 15*s.* The total official value of exports from the United Kingdom for the same period, viz.—British and Irish produce and manufactures, 65,026,702*l.* 11*s.*; Foreign and Colonial merchandise, 11,044,869*l.* 17*s.*; total, 76,071,572*l.* 8*s.*

The number of persons committed from the police-offices, in the year 1832, is as follows:—Bow-street, 2,904; Hatton-Garden, 3,541; Lambeth-street, 2,207; Great Marlborough-street, 4,877; Marylebone, 2,818; Queen-square, 2,044; Thames-police, 1,248; Union-hall, 1,382; Worship-street, 1,567; Bridewell-prison, 748; Giltspur-street, 311; City House of Correction, 111; Newgate, 394; Borough, 529; Brixton, 47. Total, 25,628.

King's Bench.—The number of writs sealed from the 30th day of April, 1832, to the 10th of June, 1832, was 754: of this number 23 are at the suit of clergymen. The number of writs sealed from the 30th day of April, 1833, to the 10th of June, 1833, 733: of this number 200 are clergymen.

Common Pleas.—The number of writs issued out of the Common Pleas in Ireland from the last day of April, 1832, to the 10th day of June in the same year, was 321: of this number 7 are at the suit of clergymen. The number of writs issued out of the same court in the like period in 1833, was 572: of this number 265 are at the suit of clergymen.

Law Exchequer.—The number of writs issued and sealed from the 30th day of April, 1832, to the 10th day of June in the same year, was 1,844. The number of writs issued and sealed from the 30th day of April, 1833, to the 10th day of June in the same year, was 3,036; the number of clergymen not distinguishable in this last court.

Duty on Tiles.—The duty on tiles ceased on the 20th ult. In order that the public may be apprized of the benefit which ought to be derived from such cessation, we annex the following rate of the duties so repealed:—Plain tiles, per thousand, 5*s.* 8*d.*; pan or ridge tiles, 12*s.* 10*d.*; one hundred paving tiles, exceeding ten inches square, 4*s.* 10*d.*; one hundred ditto, not exceeding ditto, 2*s.* 5*d.*; and other tiles not described, per thousand, 4*s.* 10*d.*

Exportation of Coals.—By a return to Parliament, it appears that during the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, 10,161 tons were exported to Gibraltar, 605 tons to Spain and the Balearic Islands, 4,039 tons to Italy and the Italian Islands, 3,422 tons to Malta, 1,180 tons to the Ionian Islands, 2,435 tons to the Russian ports in the Black Sea, 323 tons to Turkey and Continental Greece, 647 tons to the Morea and Greek Islands, 7,260 tons to Egypt. Total, 30,072.

Fees.—The amount of fees received in the Treasury for the year ending 1832 was 14,048*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.*, the whole of which was applied in the payment of the established salaries of the department. In the Home-office the amount of fees for the same period was 15,193*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*; the allowance from the Post-office, as a compensation formerly enjoyed by the clerks of this office for franking newspapers to Ireland, 1,250*l.* and half the profits of the "London Gazette" in 1831, 3,638*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* The whole amount was expended between the fee-funds of the Foreign and Colonial offices, and the payment of the salaries of the Home Department. The fees in the Foreign-office were 10,645*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* expended in a similar manner. The fees in the Colonial Department were 10,376*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; expended of which, in salaries in the establishment, 10,071*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* The fees received in the Privy Council office were 14,814*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*, almost entirely on account of fees received on the release of vessels from quarantine during the cholera.

Taxation.—An account has been printed, by order of the House of Commons, "of the gross and net amount of all taxes repealed, expired, or reduced in each year since the termination of the war; and also of all taxes imposed in the same period, showing the several articles on which the alterations of duty were made, together with an estimate of the amount of the reduction or increase of duty upon each article." The return does not include the reductions in the present year. It appears that the gross estimated amount of taxes repealed since the close of the war is 42,345,529*l.* The estimated gross produce of the taxes imposed in the same time is 5,836,110*l.*, leaving a balance of taxes reduced above those imposed of about 36,500,000*l.* Of the taxes so reduced about 9,000,000*l.* have been custom duties, 14,000,000*l.* excise duties, and above 18,500,000*l.* the property and assessed taxes.

The quantity of sheep and lamb's wool imported into the United Kingdom during the year 1832 was 28,142,419lbs. Of this quantity 19,832,225lbs. came from Germany, 2,626,624lbs. from Spain, and 1,425,657lbs. from New South Wales. The quantity returned for home consumption was 27,666,350lbs., that re-exported 555,014lbs., and there remained warehoused under bond on the 5th of January, 1833, 3,165,651lbs. During the year 1832, the exportation of British sheep and lamb's wool was 4,199,825lbs.; of this quantity 3,416,963lbs. were sent to the Netherlands. The woollen yarn exported during the same year was 2,204,464lbs. of which 1,128,196lbs. went to Germany. The declared value of the British woollen manufactures exported from the United Kingdom for the year 1832, was 5,244,478*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, of which Germany took the amount of 816,718*l.* 12*s.*; the Netherlands, 389,910*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; East Indies and China, 696,073*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*; British North American Colonies, 362,436*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.*; United States of America, 1,420,642*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*; France, 43,186*l.* 12*s.*

The Sheriffs of London have made a return of the number of convicts who have suffered corporal punishment during the last three years, by order of the courts held at the Old Bailey. In 1830, 10 were publicly and 75 privately whipped. In 1831, 1 was publicly and 80 privately whipped. In 1832, 1 was publicly and 77 privately whipped.

The amount of fees received by the Registrars of Deeds in the county of Middlesex for the year 1832 was 2,755*l.* 3*s.* Their official expenditure for the same period was 837*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* The fees for the Registrar in the East Riding of York for the year 1832 amounted to 525*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.* Those of the West Riding for the same period to 1,580*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*

Taxation on Paper.—The tax on paper in 1805 was only levied to the extent of

74,304*l.*; in 1822 it was rated to the amount of 528,178*l.* The quantity of paper excised in 1829 was—

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1st class	lb. 38,619,721	6,075,995	1,501,462
2nd do	11,555,311	1,079,800	577,734
Millboards ...	cwt. 25,395	4,185	254

The quantity of first and second class paper excised in England in 1822 was about 50,000,000lbs. of which nearly 34,000,000lbs. was first-class paper; in 1823 the first-class paper made was 38,927,738lbs.—The tax on mill, scale, and pasteboard in 1792 was but 6*s.* 10*d.* per cwt.; in 1822 it was 27*s.*! The tax on vellum in 1792 was 3*s.* 5*d.* per dozen, and the quantity made 5380 dozen; in 1822 it was 7*s.* per dozen, and the quantity made not more than 2480 dozen. The tax on parchment in 1792 was 1*s.* 8*d.* per dozen, and the quantity made 31,564 dozen; in 1822 it was 3*s.* 5*d.* per dozen, and the quantity but 39,452 dozen. The licence on paper-makers, &c. was raised from 2*l.* in 1792, to 4*l.* in 1822.—*From Martin's "Taxation of the British Empire."*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The following is a list of the Catholic Clergy in France:—Archbishops, 14; Bishops, 66; Vicars-General, 174; Canons, 660; Rectors of the first class, 767; ditto of the second class, 2,534; Curates, 26,776; Vicars, 6,184; Chapter of St. Denis, 21; Choristers of ditto, 16; Seminarists, 3,500;—total, 40,712. The Clergy cost the country 33,918,000 fr., exclusive of fees, gifts, and other allowances from parishioners, communes, and departments.

State of Religion in the United States.—The relative strength of religious denominations in America is as follows:—In the Baptist Connexion there are 6,059 churches, and 434,534 communicants. The increase of communicants during the last year has been upwards of 41,000. The total number of churches of the Orthodox Congregationalists is 1,059; of communicants, 140,000. The increase during the past year has been 27,252. The Presbyterians have 21 Synods, comprising 110 presbyteries, 2,381 congregations, 1,935 preachers, 1,730 ordained Ministers, and 217,348 communicants. The additions made to the number of communicants during the past year have been 41,046. The Protestant Episcopalians have twelve Bishops, and the population over whom they preside is 6,000. The Methodist Episcopalians, or, as they are commonly styled, the Episcopal Methodists, number 548,593 members. The United Brethren number 4,000 communicants; the Reformed Dutch Church, 79,560; the Associate Presbyterians, 12,033; the German Reformed Church, 17,888; the Evangelical Lutheran Church, 44,356; the Cumberland Presbyterians, 10,000; and the Universalists, 4,000. The Roman Catholic population may be stated to be 500,000; the Associated and other Methodists, 170,000; the Friends, or Quakers, 30,000; the Unitarians, 16,000; and the New Jerusalem Church, 5000.

The French Colonies.—The "Annales Maritimes," a work published under the sanction of Government, contains the following statement of the population and commerce of the French Colonies for the year 1831:—1. Martinique: free population, 23,417, of which 11,628 are males, and 11,789 females. Population of slaves, 86,299, of which 41,825 are males, and 44,474 females; total population, 109,716. Imports of merchandise, 13,554,477 francs; exports of ditto, 12,421,365 francs; balance in favour of importation, 1,133,112 francs. 2. Guadaloupe and dependencies: free population 22,324, of which 10,555 are males, and 11,769 females. Population of slaves, 97,339, of which 47,259 are males, and 50,080 females; total population, 119,663. Imports of merchandise, 11,053,997 francs; exports of ditto, 16,544,171 francs; difference in favour of exportation, 5,490,174 francs. 3. Guiana: free population, 3786; population of slaves, 19,261. In this colony there were 266 births to 417 deaths. This disproportion, which is particularly remarked among the slaves, is owing to the disproportion of the sexes. To 7,483 males, of from 14 to 60 years, there were only 5,835 females, so that the population diminishes annually. The total population in 1831, was 23,047. Imports of merchandise, 1,715,100 francs; exports of ditto, 1,633,294 francs; balance in favour of importation, 81,800 francs. 4. Isle of Bourbon: free population, 27,645, of which 14,059 are males, and 13,586 females. Population of slaves, 70,285, of which 46,803 are males, and 23,482 females; the total population is 100,558, including 2,628 free

Indians. Imports of merchandise, 7,335,755 francs; exports of ditto, 9,910,980 francs; difference in favour of exportation, 2,575,225 francs.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Newspapers published in Spain.—At Madrid—1. Madrid Gazette, the official journal, from which disputations in political matters are excluded. 2. Spanish Review, a paper entirely devoted to the Queen; and a late writer in which, Don Puno Eurostro, has been banished, for having published in it his opinion on the convocation of the Cortes. 3. Literary and Mercantile Courier, local commerce and literature. 4. Advertising Journal. 5. Commercial Bulletin. At Cadiz—The Cadiz Mercantile Journal, which publishes only maritime news, and the decrees of government. At Seville—Diario de Seville, which contains only royal ordinances. At Badajoz—the Journal of the town, localities, and a few *innocent* anecdotes. At Saragossa—an advertising paper. At Valencia—a Journal, containing local intelligence and foreign news copied strictly from the Madrid Gazette. At Barcelona—a Local and Provincial Journal, with occasionally articles on Literature; and a newly-established paper, entitled the Mercantile Journal and Political Economist, treating of the Spanish funds and the resources of the kingdom. Gallicia—the Gallician Courier, which copies the legislative and judicial acts from the Madrid Journals. Murcia—the Provincial Mercantile Journal, exclusively devoted to advertisements. Seville—Semanario de Agricultura y Actes, published in London, continued at Seville.

The half-yearly census, made up to June 30, states the number of individuals occupying furnished apartments in Paris at 44,843, of whom 39,610 are French, and 5,233 foreigners. In the return up to January last, the number was 38,492, of whom 33,765 were French, and 4,727 foreigners.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Employment of Gelatine from Bones, at the Hospital of St. Louis, by M. D'Arcet.—The apparatus employed at the Hospital of St. Louis for extracting the gelatine from bones has been in full activity since the 9th of October, 1829. Since that time, that is, for three years and three months, it has wrought night and day without interruption, and has supplied in that space of time 1,059,701 rations of gelatinous solution, and 2,192 kilogrammes (4,384lbs.) of grease.

All this gelatinous solution has been used in the hospital, either in the preparation of broth, or mixed with vegetable nourishment: all the grease has served instead of butter, in preparing the vegetables or ragouts that have been distributed among the sick and labourers; and thus they have received better broth and ragouts than indifferent "*bouilli*," (the meat from which broth or soup is made.)

Since the Hospital of St. Louis has adopted the use of aliment from gelatine, 21,430 sick and work people have, in that time, been supported by it; and for the last two years, the governors have besides ordered the distribution, every Sunday, of 75 rations of soup and gelatine to the poor of the district. More than 29,000 persons, therefore, in the course of three years and three months, have been supplied at the Hospital of St. Louis with more than a million of rations of gelatine.

Cultivation of Walnuts in Cashmere.—There are four varieties of walnuts in Cashmere, called khanuk-doonoo, which is wild; wantoo, doonoo, and kaghzee, which are cultivated. The khanuk-doonoo, or forest walnut, is diminutive, with a very thick hard shell, and small proportion of kernel, so firmly engaged in narrow compartments with strong partitions, as not to be worth the trouble of extricating. The nut of wantoo is a little larger; but the shell cannot be broken except by a sharp blow from a stone or hammer; nor can the kernel be got out except with difficulty. The nut of the doonoo is somewhat larger still, its shell thick, but in a less degree; the kernel large and good, and is readily extracted. The kaghzee is so called from its shell being almost as thin as paper. It admits of being broken by the pressure of the hand, is the largest of the whole; and its kernel is also large, and easily removable.

It is reported that the kaghzee owes its superiority to having been engrafted. The nuts, steeped in water for eight days, are planted in the beginning of March, and the shoot makes its appearance on the surface of the soil, generally about forty days afterwards. If the proprietor think proper to engraft the trees, the process is performed when the plant is five years old, by the method, if I mistake not, of stock-grafting. The head being cut off horizontally, to a convenient height, is partially slit or opened in its circumference, and three or four scions are introduced

into distinct slits, and retained firmly without the aid of any binding; but clay-mortar, worked up with rice-husks, is put round it, and kept from being washed away, by being enveloped in broad strips of birch-bark.

At the age of ten years the walnut tree in Cashmere is in full-bearing; and upon a single tree at that period, the average annual number of walnuts brought to maturity amounts to about 25,000. After a few years of full bearing, the produce falls off, and the plant runs into great luxuriance of leaf and branch. To remedy this effect, the cultivator reduces the tree, topping its branches so as to bring it to the state of a pollard. During the year following, shoots and leaves alone are produced; in the following season, however, the crop becomes so abundant as to compensate for the absence of nuts in the preceding year. Again, in a few years, when the yield becomes inconsiderable, the process is repeated, and always with similar success.

The walnuts which fall green furnish the material for a colour of the same tint; this, however, is not permanent; but the husks of the ripe fruit are sold to the dyers for the basis of a fixed black.

When ripe, the fruit of the wantoo walnut is retailed in the city for eating, at the rate of a hundred for two pice, or about one penny; the nuts of the doonoo in the same number for three pice, and of the kaghzee for four pice, or two-pence. The country people break the walnuts at home, and carry the kernel alone to market, where it is sold to oil-pressers, at the average rate of seven rupees per khurwar, or ass-load. About 12,000 ass-loads of walnut kernels are annually appropriated to the oil-press in Cashmere, producing in the gross return of oil and oil-cakes 1,013,000 rupees, independently of the nuts eaten by man. Walnut-oil is preferred to linseed-oil, for all the uses to which the latter is applied; and in Cashmere, as on the continent of Europe, is used in cookery and for burning in lamps, neither clogging the wick nor giving too much smoke. Walnut-oil is exported to Tibut, and brings a considerable profit. It is somewhat extraordinary that a tree which furnishes timber durable and handsome, and a nut which yields valuable oil, should not be more cultivated in Britain.

USEFUL ARTS.

New Washing Machine.—This consists of a shaft placed horizontally, which shaft is to be turned by a crank, and has on it a fluted roller, which, by its revolution, causes a circular tub or trough to revolve upon its vertical axis: the bottom of the said tub or trough being also fluted and elevated towards the centre, so as to adapt it to the conical roller. A spiral spring, or weight, is also used, acting upon the outer end of the horizontal shaft, to press it and its roller down, and at the same time to admit of its rising, according to the varying thickness of the clothes between the two surfaces.

Machine for Pressing Flour, &c.—In this press, the lever which forces down the follower upon the flour, is raised by means of an endless screw, working against the end of its longer arm. The concave nut in which the screw works does not embrace it, but is a segment of a female screw, so fixed that it can be thrown out of gear when the lever is raised to the required height.

Cane Rifle; being an improvement on Rifles and Guns.—Our readers are aware that guns or rifles in canes are not new, but of course ingenuity may devise many novel modes of arranging the parts of such an instrument; that before us exhibits much skill, but still we think the instrument itself, however made, will never supersede the sportsman's gun or rifle; and that for defence and offence but few need it, and but few, therefore, ought to carry it. As in many other cases, however, we cannot readily describe the peculiar arrangements of this cane rifle, although one point may be noticed which will be easily comprehended. The head of the cane draws back, so as to expose the lock, and then bends down upon a joint, assuming a form something like the butt of a gunstock.

Newly-discovered Substance.—Mr. J. M. Corbet, of Salop, in a letter to the Editor of the "Mechanics' Magazine," gives the following particulars of a newly-discovered substance, to which he proposes to give the name of Thiogen:—"I inclosed some sulphur in a glass tube of two feet long by one inch in diameter. I passed a very fine spiral wire through the sulphur, and then fixed the whole in a metallic lightning conductor, which was insulated above the sulphur apparatus. The glass tube was so contrived that any air coming from it would pass into a receiver placed for

its reception. I now waited for the lightning to pass down the rod, and had in only two months to witness the effects of it on the sulphur, as a violent shock of lightning passed down my conductor. On visiting the spot, I found the spiral wire fused, and the lower part of the sulphur changed into a powder as white as snow, and my receiver full of hydrogen. I have named this substance Thiogen; its specific gravity is 1.707. It has a great affinity for hydrogen, and converts muriatic acid into chlorine. It converts oil and fat into carbon in quite a new state, the carbon being white, soft, and nearly transparent, after having lost its hydrogen. Thiogen decomposes phosphorus by depriving it of hydrogen; the remaining part is a new and very inflammable gas, the colour of chlorine."

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JUNE 28, 1833, TO JULY 25, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

June 28.—H. ALLENBY, George-street, Adelphi, boarding-house-keeper. F. TAYLOR, Webber-street, Blackfriars-road, victualler. W. FOWLER, Cirencester, printer. B. HILL, Oxford, hatter. P. DAVIES, Fishguard, shopkeeper. G. HORTON, Birmingham, builder.

July 2.—J. STRANGMAN, Jun., Queen-st., Cheapside, flour-factor. T. ROVEDINO, Manchester-street, Manchester-square, music-publisher. H. HOLT, Somerset-street, Portman-square, bookseller. J. A. TAYLOR, George-street, Hanover-square, boarding-house-keeper. W. DELAMAIN, Wells-street, Marylebone, wine-merchant. R. STEPHENS, Newgate-street, victualler. T. CHRISTMAS, New Church-street, Lisson-grove, flour-dealer. J. MOOR, Manchester, glass-merchant. S. PEEL, Leeds, plaid-manufacturer. J. ROBERTS, Llandillo, Carmarthenshire, linen-draper.

July 5.—G. GRAY, Great Portland-street, Marylebone, corn-dealer. E. and M. WILSON, Shipton-upon-Stour, Worcestershire, butchers. J. TURNER, Lynn, jeweller. J. GREENWOOD, Liverpool, stone-merchant. E. GARNETT, Lancaster, coal-dealer. J. and W. TUCKER, Exwick, Devon, millers. R. H. TRICKEY, Bristol, builder. E. GRAY, Harborne, Staffordshire, nail-factor. B. COOK, Birmingham, brass-founder. J. LOWN, Lowdham, miller. W. SHIRLEY, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucester, builder. R. HINXMAN, Bishop's Waltham, Hants, dealer.

July 9.—J. BEVIL, Hanbyford-place, Kennington-common, auctioneer. J. BOLTON, Preston, coal-merchant. J. BOLTON and R. BARNES, Preston, corn-merchants. J. WRIGHT, Chancery-lane, law-bookseller. J. BRIDGWOOD, Folley lane End, Staffordshire, clay-merchant. F. MARRIOTT, the younger, Mapperley, Basford, Nottingham, brewers. T. BROADHURST, Stockport, Cheshire, builder.

July 12.—S. RADCLIFFE, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. J. R. CASE, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, grocer. R. WATSON, Bury, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. J. PAUL, Houndsditch, baker. J. and H. B. WILSON, St. Osyth, Essex, grocers. T. FORD, Canal-road Wharf, Kingsland-road, coal-merchant. E. LEDWARD, Liverpool, hat-manufacturer. J. M. WRIGLEY, Pontefract, Yorkshire, merchant. J. R. KENWORTHY, Liverpool, druggist. T. S. FLUDE, Mincing-lane, wine-broker. M. TYLER, Lyncombe, Somerset, broker. W. KENDRICK, Birmingham, jeweller. J. LANGRIDGE, Salisbury, stay-maker. R. HONE, Brighton, grocer. W. POTTER, Broad-street, Golden-square, grocer. J. ARKELL, Warwick, appraiser. J. GIFFORD, Somerset, limeburner.

July 16.—C. POWELL, Birmingham, linen-draper. U. WRIGHT, Bury-street, St. James, Westminster, carpenter. J. HUSTABLE, Bristol, freestone-merchant. T. PAYNE, Folkestone, Kent, innkeeper. J. SOLLOWAY, Powick, Worcestershire, horse-dealer. E. CROCKITT, Grane-yard, Sedgley, Staffordshire, pig-iron-maker. J. AMOS, Birmingham, corn-factor. M. TONGUE, Theatre Tavern, Lower Temple-street, Birmingham, retail brewer. J. C. and W. C. JENNINGS, Bristol, corn and provision-merchants. W. BELLAMY, Sheffield, corn-factor. T. STOKES, Cradley, Worcestershire, druggist. W. JONES, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, mason.

July 19.—S. STOCKTON, Long-yard, Lamb's Conduit-street, wine-cooper. F. POUT, Surry-street, Strand, attorney-at-law. S. STREET, Ashton-under-Lyne, grocer. J. HUXTABLE, Bristol, freestone-merchant. M. MARTIN, Newbury, Berkshire, currier. R. HILLIER, Newport, Monmouthshire, provision-merchant. R. N. WILLIAMS, Bristol, coal-merchant.

July 23.—G. E. CLARK, Bath, linen-draper. W. BROWN, Wilmington, Kent, cattle-dealer. J. T. HUNT, Prince's-street, Lambeth, bone-merchant. J. HART, Liverpool, tailor. H. LEGH, Shrewsbury, butcher. J. BRECKNELL, Blackrook-park, Monmouthshire, miller. H. HALL, Doncaster, grocer. J. and G. JONES, Tywyn, Carnarvonshire, cattle-dealers.

July 26.—H. LEE, Little Windmill-street, victualler. J. C. STEWART, Torrington-square, merchant. C. FRIEND, Munster-street, Regent's-park, milkman. J. S. TROUTBECK and W. T. CLOUGH, Darry Lever, Lancashire, manufacturing chymists.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Revenue.—The official tables of the revenue were issued as usual on the 6th of July. Upon the receipts of the quarter itself, as compared with the corresponding period last year, there is a falling off to the amount of 5,251*l.*; though, upon the whole financial year, there appears an increase of 569,703*l.* The item in which the deficiency is most remarkable is that of the "Excise," which, as well upon the year as the quarter, shows a falling off to the amount, in the first of 218,880*l.*, and in the second of 183,740*l.* The assessed taxes, too, are less by 12,845*l.* than were returned in the quarter ending the 5th of July, 1832, though upon the whole year better by 85,069*l.* The Revenue derived from the sale of stamps has increased within the quarter 42,567*l.* but fallen off upon the year to the amount of 119,237*l.* Among the prosperous sources of public income, the "Customs" is uniform upon the year and quarter, the first to the amount of 818,776*l.*, and the second 147,433*l.* —and the Post-office, which shows an increase upon the receipts of last year of 16,000*l.*, and upon the corresponding quarter of that year of no less than 41,000*l.* Those taxes called "Miscellaneous" are better upon the year by 17,505*l.*, and the quarter by 634*l.* Amongst the other items under the general head of "Decrease" in these tables we find that the repayments of money advanced for public works, have produced within the quarter just ending less by 40,300*l.* and upon the whole year, by 29,530*l.* than in the preceding year and quarter. No doubt this defalcation, arising, perhaps, from accidental causes, has had its effect upon the general effect of the returns for the present quarter. The amount required to be raised by Exchequer bills for the service of the current quarter is calculated at the large sum of 7,322,423*l.*

Stamp Duties.—The New Stamp Act, 3d and 4th William IV., chap. 23. passed on the 28th ultimo, came into operation on the 6th instant, Saturday week. It reduces the duty on Advertisements to one shilling in Ireland, and one and sixpence in Great Britain. The following are also some of the provisions of the Bill:—It exempts from Stamp Duty in Great Britain and Ireland receipts for payments of money, not amounting to 5*l.* It also exempts from Stamp duty, in the United Kingdom, all insurances of "agricultural produce, farming stock, and implements of husbandry," against loss by fire. It enacts that a copy of every pamphlet, or literary work, or periodical paper, containing advertisements, or having them annexed, shall be exhibited at the Stamp Office, (in Dublin, within six days after publication, and in the country within ten days,) for the purpose of enabling the revenue-officers to collect the duty on the advertisements. It repeals the present duty on marine insurances in respect to foreign voyages, and imposes new duties, according to the following scale:—If the premium shall not exceed 15*s.* per cent., a duty of 1*s.* 3*d.* per cent. If the premium exceed 15*s.* but not 30*s.* per cent., a duty of 2*s.* 6*d.* per cent. If the premium exceed 30*s.* per cent., a duty of 5*s.* per cent. In every case where the sum insured is under 100*l.*, duty is chargeable as at that sum.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

June 17.—A conversation arose on the subject of the Political Unions, in consequence of an inquiry made by the Earl of Winchilsea, whether the Ministers contemplated any measure for their suppression.—Earl Grey replied that he did not at present consider it necessary to propose any such measure, the existing laws being sufficient for the suppression of all illegal assemblies.—Lord Eldon complained that the Government had, during the last two years, passed over thousands upon thousands of seditious publications; and declared it was their duty, for the preservation of the monarchy, to put an end to the libellous productions which daily assailed even their Lordships' house.—Lord Melbourne admitted the pernicious tendency of many publications that had appeared; but asserted that the most efficient means had been adopted to check or punish those that were deemed seditious and illegal. It was the determination of Ministers to maintain the laws and the dignity of Parliament by every means in their power.—The Marquis of Londonderry expressed his belief that the Ministers were viewed with anything but satisfaction by the Political Unions.—Lord Segrave expressed his deliberate conviction that the Political Unions would have died a natural death before this time but for the creation of conservative clubs.

June 20.—The Quakers' and Moravians' Affirmation Bill was read a second time. In the course of the discussion which took place on the motion, the Bishop of London declared himself favourable to the Bill, inasmuch as it would go to reduce the number of unnecessary oaths which the law in this and other respects called upon parties to take.

June 21.—The Earl of Aberdeen adverted to the papers recently laid before Parliament on the subject of the occupation of Algiers by the French, and said he should, without hesitation, leave the construction that ought to be put upon them to men of sense and honour. He submitted, however, that it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the occupation of Algiers by any Foreign Power, and especially by the French, and therefore trusted that Earl Grey would be prepared, when the proper time for so doing arrived, to show that he had exerted his utmost to secure the honour and interests of England.—Earl Grey replied, that at the proper time he should be prepared to vindicate the conduct that had been pursued by the English Government, and to show that every precaution had been taken to secure the honour and interests of this country.

June 24.—On the Lord Chancellor moving the order of the day for the House going into a committee on the Local Courts' Bill, Lord Eldon opposed the measure, inasmuch as it would fail in practice, and was an experiment of danger calculated to disarrange our whole system of existing laws. He moved as an amendment, that the Bill be committed this day six months. The Lord Chancellor defended the Bill, and their Lordships divided. The numbers were, in favour of the Bill 52, against it 38, majority 14.

June 25.—The Earl of Ripon brought forward the resolutions of the Commons respecting the abolition of negro slavery, the grant of 20,000,000*l.*, &c. His Lordship strongly and feelingly dwelt on the importance of the question, and the anxiety with which he approached it. The fate of the colonies, he contended, was dependent on this question, which he had ever viewed as one of time; and he maintained that the period for the abolition of slavery had at length arrived. Its abolition was demanded because slavery was at variance with every principle of justice and humanity. If it were argued that the time had not arrived when the slave was fit for freedom, he would reply that the time had arrived when he was unfit to continue a slave. To avert the consequences of sudden abolition was the object of a part of the plan embraced by the resolutions; hence the regulation for the term during which the masters should have a certain demand on the labour of the negroes. He decidedly approved of the proposed grant to the colonies. Though he had viewed abolition as inevitable, he had ever contemplated that, as far as the Legislature was concerned, some compensation was inevitable also. The adoption of the resolutions he strongly urged on their Lordships. They were, however, debated at considerable length, but in a somewhat desultory manner. The resolutions were adopted.

July 3.—The agricultural "labour rate" bill, as amended by a select committee, called forth some discussion.—Lord Wynford, on the second clause, which defines who are to pay, and how the rate is to be levied, moved an amendment to the effect that the owners of tithes, shopkeepers, and, in fact, all persons who did not employ agricultural labourers, should be exempted from the operation of this bill, but it was negatived on a division of 25 against 12.

July 5.—The Marquis of Lansdowne brought forward the resolutions on the East India Charter, which had previously been sanctioned by the House of Commons, and in moving their adoption spoke at considerable length. He pointed out the advantages that would accrue to this empire from the relaxed system, and particularly dwelt on the necessity of opening the trade and the country to the enterprise and skill of all his Majesty's subjects.—The resolutions of the Commons were ultimately agreed to, and a message sent down to acquaint them thereof.

July 9.—The Irish Church Temporalities Bill was read a first time.—The House then proceeded with the Local Courts' Jurisdiction Bill, the opposition to the third reading of which was led on by Lord Wharncliffe and supported by Lords Lyndhurst and Wynford. The bill, after a long debate, was eventually thrown out by a majority of *five*.

July 12.—The Court of Chancery Regulations Bill went through a Committee—the Lord Chancellor making some observations on the savings effected by its provisions as respected the Six Clerks, and the abolition of the gratuities in the offices

of the Masters in Chancery.—The Lord Chancellor afterwards brought forward a bill founded on the report respecting the ecclesiastical courts. That report recommended the abolition of about 300 ecclesiastical jurisdictions—their powers would be transferred to the diocesan officers. The bill would also correct the abuse as regarded the prosecutions for "brawling;" it proposed that henceforth such offences should be tried as misdemeanours in the Common Law Courts. Another provision related to probates of wills; it proposed, as far as they were concerned, the extension of the Statute of Frauds.—The Lord Chancellor then introduced a Bill for the purpose of establishing a concurrent jurisdiction, as regarded the Insolvent Debtors' Judges in Wales;—to prevent the retention in prison, in certain places, and under particular circumstances, of unfortunate debtors beyond the period contemplated by the benevolent principles of the Acts on the subject.—The Lord Chancellor also adverted to another bill, the object of which would be to establish a Court of Appeal from the Law Judges, in which three or more Judges should preside, and that would leave the Lord Chancellor the time to transact the business of his own court, and to preside in their Lordships' House. He also proposed an equalization of the salaries of the Chief Justice, and Chief Baron, to be 7000*l.* a-year; also for the reduction of the salaries of the Vice-Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls. His Lordship said he should also recommend that the Lord Chancellor's salary be 8000*l.*—The several bills having been brought in were read a first time.

July 15.—The Duke of Richmond, in reply to an inquiry, said that the ratification of the treaty for the Regulation of the Post between England and France, had not yet been received. When the proper time arrived, he should be prepared to show that in these arrangements the commercial interests of England had not been neglected.

July 17.—Earl Grey moved the second reading of the Irish Church Bill. His lordship, in a speech of considerable length, remarkable for its eloquence and sound reasoning, contended for the policy and justice of the government measure. The following is a brief abstract of his lordship's statement:—The objects in view were these: in the first place to abolish church cess, in the next place to make provision for the augmentation of small livings, and thirdly, to provide for the building of churches, and such other matters as had hitherto been provided for out of the church cess. These objects were to be effected by the sale of leases in perpetuity—by the consolidation of the revenues of the bishoprics, and by a tax on future incumbencies. One of the most prominent parts of the noble earl's speech was that in which he defended the contemplated reduction in the number of bishops. The number, he showed, had varied at different times; and 22 bishops for Ireland was, he submitted, out of all proportion, when it was considered that there were only 26 for England, with a greater number of parishes, and a greater number of Protestants. The proportion was 22 bishops in Ireland to 1,000,000 of people, and 26 bishops in England to 8,000,000 of people. His lordship concluded by admitting the measure to be a necessary consequence of the Reform Bill; and expressing his conviction that sooner or later justice would be done to the motives and conduct of the government.—The Earl of Roden contended against the bill on three grounds. First, because it imposed a tax on the clergy for the benefit of the people; secondly, because it destroyed ten Protestant bishoprics; and, thirdly, because it appointed laymen to regulate the spiritual concerns of the church. He moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months.—The Earl of Wicklow said he should support the second reading, a degree of excitement and expectation having been created, which rendered it necessary that they should adopt some change.

After a discussion, which excited considerable interest, the debate was adjourned by the Bishop of Exeter to the following day.

July 18.—The adjourned debate on the second reading of the Church Temporalities' (Ireland) Bill was resumed. The Bishop of Exeter had possession of the House, he having moved the adjournment; but he gave way to Lord Carbery, who, in a low tone of voice, opposed the Bill. The Bishop of Exeter then rose, and resisted the motion at considerable length. He dwelt strongly on the importance of the measure, and complained that the Bill proposed to tax parties who were only partially represented. Those who were to pay the tax, in reality had not been consulted. He reviewed the several provisions of the Bill, and contended that many financial errors had been committed in the calculations adduced in its support. As to the church cess, he admitted the propriety of abolishing it. No man could be bold enough to support its continuance. Lord Plunket replied at considerable length,

supporting the Bill, and maintaining that it was calculated to sustain the institutions and to promote the best interests of the country. Lord Mansfield opposed the Bill. The Marquis of Lansdowne rose late, and, amidst loud calls of "Adjourn," spoke in favour of the Bill as calculated to avert dangerous conflict with the people.

The debate was again adjourned.

July 19. The order of the day for resuming the debate on the second reading of the Church Temporalities' (Ireland) Bill having been read. Lord Eldon opened the debate, and strenuously opposed the whole measure.—The Bishop of London followed, and stated his reasons for *agreeing* to the second reading of the Bill.—The Archbishop of Dublin supported the Bill. He did so, as he knew of no better means to avoid the evils which could no longer be endured. He had himself consented to the reduction of the revenues of his see, upon the principle that they were granted, not for his sake, but for the sake and the advancement of Protestantism in Ireland.—The Duke of Wellington entered into a review of the policy adopted by the present Government towards Ireland, and censured in strong terms the mistakes which had been committed—such as the appointment of the Marquis of Anglesey after he had recommended agitation; the neglect to concilitate the Protestants after the Catholics had been emancipated, and the omission to enforce the payment of tithes before the combination against their payment had been fully organised. After tracing the subsequent events in the order in which they occurred, down to the introduction of the bill, he asked whether his Majesty's Ministers had a right to charge upon their predecessors the conduct which had led to the present state of Ireland? The great object of Government ought to be the preservation of the Church establishment, but whatever their inclination might be, that object was not very clearly deducible from their conduct.—The Lord Chancellor defended the Bill at considerable length. The following is the conclusion of his speech:—That their lordships should ever think of passing the second reading of this bill, and going into committee upon it with the intention of introducing changes that would impair its efficiency or materially change its nature, was a supposition that he would reject with indignation if ever he heard it mentioned—with an indignation proportionate to the respect he entertained for their lordships. Consistently with that feeling of respect, it was utterly impossible for him to believe that the House would come to a vote of a colourable and collusive nature, in mockery of the people of this kingdom, and fraught with a thousand times worse consequences than the manly and straightforward, though he thought deluded, course, of throwing out the bill altogether on the question of its second reading.—The Duke of Cumberland opposed the Bill, on the argument of the coronation oath.—The Duke of Sussex spoke in support of the Bill.—Lord Wynford opposed the Bill.—Earl Grey, in reply, alluded to an observation by a noble lord as to the possibility of a collision and convulsion. Upon that point all he could say was, that if their Lordships went on opposing all reforms, in defiance of public opinion—if from a false notion of the authority of this House to govern independently of the House of Commons and the country, they should estrange the public mind, and exasperate public feeling—if they should persist in so disastrous a course, then he thought that a collision would ensue, of which he could not foresee the consequences. But he trusted that they would act differently, and by giving their sanction to this Bill prove to the country that they were ready to consult the best and dearest interests of the people.—Their lordships then divided—Contents—Present, 104; Proxies, 53; total 157.—Non-Contents—Present, 68; Proxies, 30; total 98, Majority in favour of Ministers, 59. The Bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday next.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

June 17.—The House went into committee on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, and proceeded as far as the 39th clause.

June 18.—Colonel Evans brought forward his motion for leave to bring in a bill to amend the English Reform Act. He said his object was to bring in a bill, and get it passed with as little delay as possible, to repeal those clauses of the English Reform Bill which disfranchise a voter who shall not, to a certain time, have paid his poor-rate and King's taxes. The House, he thought, would be surprised to hear that this provision had operated to disfranchise not less than 300,000 householders. The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, declaring that the required change would affect a characteristic part of the Act, as those rates and

taxes were taken as the criterion of the value of the houses and the right to vote. Mr. Hume supported the motion, and expressed his regret at the opposition of Lord Althorp. The House divided; for the motion, 24—against it, 84—majority, 60.——Mr. Fryer moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the corn-laws, urging that repeal was essential to the best interests of trade and of the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed it, stating that the subject had already been discussed this session, and that no advantage could result from again agitating it at the present period. The House divided; for the motion, 47—against it, 72.—Sir A. Agnew moved for leave to bring in a bill to provide for the better observance of the Sabbath in Scotland, and upon a division the motion was carried, there appearing against it, 60; for it, 73.

June 19.—The House proceeded with the Irish Church Temporalities Bill to Clause 117.

June 20.—Colonel Evans having presented a petition from Westminster praying for repeal of the assessed taxes, Lord Althorp said his object had been to repeal taxes so long as there was a surplus revenue, but he could not consent to repeal taxes to such an extent as would endanger public credit or be incompatible with the due support of the dignity and honour of the country.

June 21.—The House resolved into Committee on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill. The bill proceeded to the 147th clause. Mr. Stanley then announced that the Government proposed to withdraw this clause—the clause enacting that the surplus from the arrangement respecting Bishops' leases and Church lands, if any, should be appropriated according to the direction of Parliament. It was withdrawn, because the fact of any surplus was doubtful; and, viewed as alienation of Church property, it did not give satisfaction to the country. This declaration led to much stormy debate. Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hume, and Mr. D. W. Harvey declared that the only value of the bill was lost—that the Ministers, when carrying the Coercion Bill, pledged themselves to stand or fall by this bill; and that if this clause were not carried, they hoped the whole bill would be kicked out. Mr. Stanley, Mr. Macaulay, Dr. Lushington, Sir R. Peel, Lord Sandon, &c. defended the alteration, and denied that the Government had pledged itself to an alienation of Church property. Sir R. Peel denied that he had been any party to compromise on the subject of change in the bill. After extended discussions, the negativing of the clause was proposed. The numbers were, for the clause, 148—against it, 280—being a majority of 132 in favour of Ministers.

June 24.—The House resolved itself into a Committee on the Irish Church Temporalities' Bill.—Mr. Hume contended that the Bill, as amended by the late vote of the House, added 3,000,000*l.* to the already overgrown revenues of the church, and moved as an amendment that the chairman do leave the chair. This led to a long conversation, and Mr. Hume ultimately withdrew his motion. Mr. Stanley moved several amendments to the 54th clause, which called forth a good deal of discussion. Mr. Hume, Mr. O'Connell, and others, again affirmed, that in their opinion the abandonment of the 147th clause was the virtual defeat of the Bill, while Mr. Stanley, Dr. Lushington, and others contended that if the surplus contemplated by the 147th clause, to be placed at the disposal of Parliament arose, the principle of parliamentary appropriation was left untouched by this Bill. The 54th clause, as amended, was eventually adopted. Upon the 56th clause being put, Mr. O'Connell said, that until the Act of the 7th of George IV., which went to prevent Catholics voting in vestry upon ecclesiastical matters, was repealed, this Act would be a nullity; he therefore proposed, as an amendment, the repeal of that Act. This proposition produced a long conversation, but was lost on a division, the numbers being—for the amendment, 48; for the original clause, 189.

June 25.—The Church Temporalities' Ireland Bill was again considered in Committee. On schedule A, Sir R. Peel suggested that the scale of income from which the per centage should begin should be at 300*l.*, instead of 200*l.*; and he justified his suggestion by stating, that if the present amount were continued, the 2½ per centage would not produce much above 700*l.* Mr. Stanley said he should not resist the alteration, if such change were the wish of the House. The schedule was eventually amended by substituting 300*l.* for 200*l.* as the *minimum* for the per centage. The Bill having gone through the Committee the report was received.

June 26.—The Roman Catholic Marriages' Bill, a measure to mitigate the penalties imposed on priests for marrying Protestants with Roman Catholics, called

forth a good deal of observation. Mr. Shaw, Colonel Perceval, &c., contended that all restrictions ought not to be removed. Mr. Stanley submitted that it was expedient to repeal those severe penalties, which were a disgrace to the Statute Book. If it were thought advisable still to impose restrictions on marriages performed by Roman Catholic priests, the Committee would be the place to propose them.—The Bill was read a second time.

June 27.—Mr. Finch brought forward his resolution against political unions.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he felt it to be his duty to meet the motion with a direct negative.—The House divided on the motion; the numbers were—for the motion, 8; against it, 78.

June 28.—The House again resolved itself into Committee on the Bank Charter Acts. Colonel Torrens moved, as an amendment, that the consideration of the question be postponed till next session. He made this motion on the ground of the avowed completeness of the inquiries of the last session, and of the ignorant and mischievous principles upon which the Bank of England, according to the evidence, conducted its affairs. He contended, and he was supported in these sentiments by Mr. Scrope, Mr. Barnard, and Mr. Gisborne, who followed him, that the money affairs of this country ought not to be left in the irresponsible and unskilful hands of the Bank of England. The Chancellor of the Exchequer maintained that it was unnecessary to wait for further evidence; that the evidence obtained by the Committee of last session was quite sufficient to enable the House to judge of the propriety of renewing or altering the Bank Charter. The Committee divided. The numbers were—for the amendment, 83; against it, 316.—Majority against postponing the question, 233.

July 1.—The House proceeded to the further consideration in committee of the Bank Charter, and Lord Althorp proposed an alteration in the second resolution, to the effect that persons presenting notes above five pounds would not be entitled to demand gold. Sir R. Peel asked whether a person presenting two five pound notes would be entitled to demand gold. Lord Althorp said that the case was not contemplated in his resolution. Mr. A. Baring approved the measure: by making Bank of England notes a legal tender, panic would be prevented, as people would not then be running to the Bank on every idle rumour. A long discussion followed, in which Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Grote, Colonel Torrens, Sir J. Wrottesley, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Herries, and others spoke, and ultimately a division took place, when Lord Althorp's motion was agreed to, the numbers being 214 in its favour, and 156 against it. The third resolution was, after some conversation, agreed to without amendment, and the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Wednesday.

July 2.—Mr. Buckingham brought forward his motion for a select committee to consider the practicability of progressively reducing the national debt, by its conversion into terminable annuities, at gradually diminishing rates of interest, so as to lessen its burden every year; and to determine the best mode of assessing the property and income of the nation to meet the expense of such conversion; and to form at the same time a surplus revenue fund, which should enable Parliament progressively to repeal those imposts which bear most heavily on the agricultural, manufacturing, and shipping interests of the country. He urged the necessity of such an inquiry, and contended that no relief could be afforded to the country, without the adoption of some such plan as that he now proposed. Lord Althorp agreed with much that had been advanced by the honourable member, but objected to his project, for various reasons. He maintained that a graduated property-tax would be a measure of confiscation; and said that as even indirect taxation was so loudly complained of, he thought it would be imprudent to attempt direct taxation. After some discussion the motion was negatived on a division.

July 3.—The imprisonment for debt abolition bill was read a second time, after some conversation on its importance, and on the credit due to the government for having brought it forward. The House resolved into committee on the Bank Charter acts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stating that he postponed the resolution regarding joint-stock banks, but that he should press the legal-tender part of the plan. Mr. Clay complained of the amount of remuneration proposed to be awarded to the Bank; and maintained that the items of charge, on the assumed truth of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had acquiesced in the bargain, were altogether delusive. He wished the matter to be referred to a select committee. This course was supported by Mr. M. Attwood and several members, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord J. Russell resisted it as unprecedented. It was

eventually moved, as an amendment, that the Chairman do quit the chair, and that the House resume, in order to move that the subject be referred to a select committee. The House divided on this question. The numbers were—For a committee, 88; against it, 176; majority, 88.

July 4.—Mr. Tooke moved an address to his Majesty to grant a charter to the London University. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, that the subject had been and was under the consideration of the Government; and that the great difficulty was the terms on which the charter should be granted; but, as the subject was under consideration, he suggested the propriety of withdrawing the motion.

July 5.—Lord Ashley brought forward his motion, "that the House resolve itself into Committee on the Factories' Regulation Bill." This motion was met by an amendment on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who proposed that the bill should be referred to a committee above stairs—another committee, after the report of the Commissioners, and the reports of previous committees! The proposition was resisted, as an attempt to defeat the bill for another session. It was strongly maintained, that any further inquiry was useless after what had already taken place, and that if the House was not sufficiently informed to determine whether children ought to work in heated factories for more than ten hours a day, they never would be qualified to legislate on the subject. The House eventually divided, when the numbers were—For Lord Ashley's motion, 164; for the Committee above stairs, 141; being a majority of 23 against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposition.

July 8.—The Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed; the numbers on a division being—Ayes, 274; noes, 94; majority, 180.

July 9.—Mr. Cutlar Fergusson brought forward his motion on the subject of Poland, in a very able and eloquent speech, and concluded by moving the following address to his Majesty, "that he will be graciously pleased not to recognise, or in any way give the sanction of his government to the present political state and condition of Poland, the same having been brought about in violation of the treaty of Vienna, of which Great Britain was a party." After a lengthened discussion the motion was negatived, the previous question having been put, by a majority of 82, the number for it being 95, against it, 177.

July 10.—Mr. C. Grant moved the second reading of the East India Company's Charter Bill, and Mr. Buckingham moved an amendment, to the effect that it was expedient that a short bill should be passed in the present session for opening the trade with China in April, 1834, and that all the other arrangements connected with the subject should be deferred till next session. The bill was, after some discussion, read a second time.

July 11.—Mr. H. L. Bulwer brought forward his promised motion, for papers respecting the measures pursued by Russia in her late interference with the state of Turkey. Lord Palmerston, in reply, said that compliance with the motion would be productive of great inconvenience; that there was proceeding a correspondence on the subject; that he believed Russia would keep faith on this subject; and that he believed, at the time he was speaking, the Russians were withdrawing. Mr. C. Fergusson could have no faith in Russia, after the manner in which it had trampled on the nationality of Poland, in violation of a treaty. There was, in reality, a conspiracy of crowned heads against the free institutions of Europe; and at the head of that conspiracy was the Emperor of Russia, who was aided by the Emperor of Austria. But so long as there was a good understanding between England and France, he was not without hope that the conspiracy would fail in its objects. Mr. Bulwer, in consequence of Lord Palmerston's statement, consented to withdraw his motion. Dr. Baldwin brought forward his promised motion for a Select Committee, to inquire into the effect of absenteeism on the prosperity of Ireland, and to devise a remedy for the evil, which was eventually negatived without a division.

July 12.—The House went into Committee on the East India Bill, for the purpose of filling up blanks, and making verbal amendments. On the proposition to fill up the blank for the term of the charter, Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, that for "twenty" years be substituted "ten" years; afterwards proposing an addition to the first clause, namely, that the charter should terminate at the expiration of ten years, and two years' notice, or power to amend the charter, as to the Parliament should seem meet, if circumstances required. This amendment was negatived on a division. The Committee proceeded to clause 40.

July 15.—Sir John Wrottesley pressed his motion for a *call of the House* in order that the House might be prepared for events, should the Lords throw out the Church Temporalities' (Ireland) Bill. Mr. R. Denison, Sir R. Peel, and other Members resisted the motion, contending that it would lower the dignity of the House to act on mere report. The Chancellor of the Exchequer repeated that the Government stood pledged to the Bill; he thought, however, that something of menace was conveyed in the present motion; he felt certain that the friends of Government did not wish to increase its difficulties. He, therefore, hoped that the motion would be *withdrawn*.—Sir J. Wrottesley expressed his disinclination to embarrass Ministers. After some observations from Major Beauclerk, the Chancellor of the Exchequer added that it was not from impending events that he wished the motion to be withdrawn.—Mr. Stanley and Lord J. Russell also urged the Hon. Bart. to withdraw his motion; but Sir J. Wrottesley replied that he felt it to be his duty to press it. The House then divided. The numbers were—for the call, 125; against it, 160—majority against the call, 35.—The House then again resolved into Committee on the East India Charter Bill, and resumed the consideration of clause 40, which with other clauses were agreed to.

July 16.—Mr. F. O'Connor withdrew his notice of motion respecting the "Repeal of the Legislative Union between England and Ireland," that stood first on the list of notices, without assigning any reason whatever for doing so.—Mr. Ruthven brought forward his resolution, declaring "That the reduction of taxation, and the diminution of the public burdens, by every attention to economy, are objects of paramount importance; and that, in justice to the people who pay taxes, all sinecure places should be abolished throughout the British Empire."—Mr. Rice contended that more extensive reductions had taken place than the Government had credit for; that they had exceeded what even Mr. Hume asked for in 1821; that the reductions were 3,000,000*l.*; and that the reductions in expenditure had been applied to the diminution of taxation, instead of keeping up a fanciful system of finance, and sustaining a large sinking fund, and further reductions were contemplated.—Mr. Hume said he was not amongst those who maintained that the present ministers had done no good beyond that of being instrumental in the carrying of the Reform Bill; on the contrary, they had effected many reductions, and had conferred incalculable advantages on the country, by bringing all the civil list charges, with the exception of about half a million, under the inspection of Parliament, and by affording means of giving publicity to all accounts.—Sir R. Peel said that the resolution embodied a mere truism.—The house finally divided on it, when the numbers were—for the resolution, 88; against it, 79; majority in its favour, 9.

July 17.—The whole of the evening was occupied with discussions on the East India Charter Bill. Several clauses, down to No. 89, occupied the attention of the committee.

July 18.—Lord Ashley moved that the House resolve into committee on the Factories' Regulation Bill.—It gave rise to an animated discussion.—Mr. R. Fergusson contended that the evidence did not warrant this Bill.—The House then resolved into committee.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested that they should postpone the first and proceed with the second clause (that respecting age and the hours of labour); that clause involving so much of the principle of the bill.—Lord Ashley complied, observing that if this clause were not carried he should abandon the bill.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved an amendment to substitute "thirteen" years for "eighteen" years, at the same time intimating that the fate of this amendment would decide the limitation that he should propose as to the hours of labour; but in both propositions, as to age and hours, he should follow the recommendations of the commissioners.—Lord Ashley opposed the alteration, and quoted many parts of the evidence to show that the restrictions proposed in the original clause were essentially necessary for the security of the health and due protection of those children who could not protect themselves. The debate occupied the whole of the morning; and it was continued in the evening, after several notices had been postponed to afford the opportunity. At one o'clock the house divided on the amendment. The numbers were—for, 238; against, 93; majority, 145.—Lord Ashley then stated, as such was the result, that he should leave the bill in the hands of the government.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that in such case it would be better to "report progress," which was done.

July 19.—The East India Bill was discussed both in the morning and evening

sittings, and considerable progress was made.—Mr. Littleton gave a satisfactory explanation of the intentions of the Irish Government in the case of the recent outrage at Coote-hill.—Mr. Spring Rice corrected a misstatement made by Mr. Hume on a former evening. The important matters of the Deccan prize question, and of the conduct of certain agents of the Post-Office, were just glanced at; and the only other noticeable topic of these intermediate conversations was Mr. Lamb's intended motion to amend the Beer Act. If the Beer Act has been the cause of any new or increased irregularities on the part of the poorer classes, for whose benefit it was intended, let some effort be made to control or prevent those improprieties; but we would caution Mr. Lamb against lending too ready an ear to the interested testimony of licensing magistrates, who, finding their all but irresponsible power abridged by this bill, see in this sad result more than a counterbalance to the advantage of an augmented consumption of barley.—The Small Debts Bill for Scotland was read a third time and passed.

FOREIGN STATES.

PORTUGAL.

The fleet of Don Pedro, under the command of Admiral (Captain) Napier has obtained a decisive victory over the fleet of Don Miguel. On the morning of the 2d instant, the squadron under the command of Admiral Napier, consisting of the Rainha da Portugal (his flag ship), the frigates Don Pedro and Donna Maria, the Portuense corvette, and the brig Villa Flor, sailed from Lagos Bay. On the 3d the Miguelite fleet hove in sight, and Admiral Napier being at the time to windward of the Miguelite fleet, made a heavy press of sail, and at three o'clock bore down on them, closely followed by the other ships of the squadron.

The devoted fleet of Don Miguel was drawn up in line of battle, presenting a very imposing appearance. The Don John (Admiral's ship), of 74 guns, and 750 men, was the headmost ship; then followed the Nao Rainha, 74, also with a crew of 750 men; the next was a large store ship of 52 guns, and 640 men; then the Princesa Real, a noble frigate of 48 guns, the corvette Princesa Real, and three brigs brought up the rear. At a quarter past 3 P.M. Admiral Napier first hoisted his flag, and at half-past three the enemy first showed his colours, the Rainha de Portugal frigate bore down under full sail, making for the second ship in the enemy's line, (the Nao Rainha, 74). At five minutes before 4 the action was commenced by a broadside from the Princesa Real frigate, immediately followed by broadsides from the store ship and the Nao Rainha, which, had their guns been otherwise than badly pointed, must have totally disabled the Rainha de Portugal, but the only injury sustained was in her rigging, and that only trivial. The Rainha de Portugal never fired till close alongside the Nao Rainha, when Admiral Napier, attired as a common seaman, boarded that ship sword in hand, immediately followed by his officers and such part of the crew as had been selected for that duty. The Don Pedro, commanded by Captain Napier, son of the Commander-in-Chief, followed closely the Rainha de Portugal, ran up on the lee quarter of the Nao Rainha, and also boarded her. The conflict was dreadful, but in ten minutes the Constitutional flag floated proudly over that of the despot Miguel. The Don John (the Admiral's ship), which had hitherto only fired her stern guns, now set all sail, and attempted to make off, but was pursued by Captain Napier, and surrendered without resistance, after receiving one broadside. The Donna Maria frigate, in the meantime, had engaged the large store-ship, which vessel was defended with much bravery, and did not surrender till she had become totally unmanageable. The Princesa Real frigate also struck, and the corvette, in endeavouring to make off, having fallen athwart the Birmingham steamer, hove to and struck her flag, although the Birmingham offered no obstruction to her escape.

The loss on board the ships of Admiral Napier was considerable; among them were—Captain George, of the Rainha de Portugal, killed while boarding the Nao Rainha, 74; Captain Goble, of the Don Pedro, killed; Lieut. Woolridge, Flag Lieutenant to Captain Napier, wounded severely, since dead; Lieut. Millet, marines, killed; Captain Napier, the Admiral's son, was severely wounded; Captain Reeves, severely; Lieut. Edmonds, severely; and Captain Vancello, of the marines, severely.

This important action in favour of the Constitutionalists enhances the chance of

a speedy and decisive result to the Portuguese question, coupled with the account of the land forces in Algarves gaining a constant accession of numbers. The number of the inhabitants of the Algarves, including troops, which have declared for Donna Maria, is estimated at from 4000 to 5000; which makes the force under the command of the Duke of Terceira to be about 8000 men. The greatest degree of enthusiasm for the cause continues to manifest itself throughout the southern part of Portugal, and indicates the rapid termination of the protracted struggle; leading us to anticipate at last with some degree of certainty, that a few weeks will announce the fall of Lisbon, with the entire close of the usurper's reign, and the commencement of the liberal government of Donna Maria II.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Cortes assembled at Madrid on the 18th ult. for the purpose of swearing fidelity to their future Queen, the young Princess of Asturias. The Members were required to take an oath that they had only been empowered to assemble, and were met exclusively for that purpose.

ITALY.

The duchess of Berry arrived at Palermo on the 5th inst. The declared husband of the Duchess, Count Lucchesi Palli, had arrived three days before, and received her Royal Highness on her disembarkation. The father of the Count, the Prince of Campo Franco, is Governor of Sicily, and in that capacity gave General Bugeaud, who accompanied the Duchess, a kind of receipt for the delivery of his charge. Such is the end of the expedition to La Vendée, and of the romantic patriotism of the Royalist heroine.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Albert Conyngham, second son of the late Marquis Conyngham, to the Hon. Henrietta Maria, fourth daughter of the late Lord Forester.

At Florence, A. Bower, Esq., of Kincaldrum, Scotland, to the Countess Plagie Kossakowska.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, H. Kingsbote, Esq., to Harriet, daughter of C. T. Tower, Esq., M.P.

At St. Ibralas's, in Wexford, Capt. Gardener, 1st West India Regiment, to Constantia, daughter of the late Major-General Trevor Hull.

At St. James's Church, Captain C. Crespigny Vivian, eldest son of Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., to Miss Scott, niece of the Earl of Meath.

At Carnock, William, eldest son of Sir W. Maxwell, Bart., to Helenora, daughter of the late Sir M. S. Stewart, Bart.

At Elvedon, Suffolk, Sir Mark Wood, Bart., to Elizabeth, daughter of W. Newton, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir T. B. Lennard, Bart., M.P., to Georgiana, relict of H. D. Milligan, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. T. Mott, Esq., of Norfolk, to Caroline, daughter of Mr. and Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley.

At Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone, the Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, eldest son of Lord Kenyon, to Georgina, youngest daughter of Lord Walsingham.

At Mary-le-bone, John W., only son of Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart., of St. James's-place, to Harriet, daughter of the late Colonel Hotham, of York.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles, eldest son of Admiral Stirling, of Woburn Farm, Chertsey, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Harrison, Esq., of Heath Bank, in Cheshire.

At Winchelsea, Archibald, son of the late Colonel Bulkeley, of Huntley, Stafford, to Helen, daughter of the late W. Randall, Esq., of Blackheath.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, Esq., to Sophia, daughter of Sir G. Pococke, Bart.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Bellby Porteus Hodgson, eldest son of the Dean of Carlisle, to Frances, daughter of the late G. J. Legh, Esq., of High Legh, Chester.

At Christ Church, Marylebone, Stirling Freeman Glover, Esq., of his Majesty's 12th Regiment, to Georgiana, second daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Charles Henry Somerset, and niece to the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, Frederick Lewis Nicoley, nephew of the late Sir W. Burrdight, Bart., Cavan, Ireland, to Elore, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Briggs, resident of Maypore, East Indies.

At Dover, R. W. Hawkes, Esq., Royal Marines, to Ellen, daughter of Major Petley, R.A.

Died.]—Lieut.-Colonel Edward O'Hara, C.B., formerly of the 63d Regiment.

At Marble Hill, Galway, aged 76, Dowager Lady Burke, mother of Sir John Burke, Bart., and grandmother of the Marquis of Clanricarde, Marchioness of Sligo, and Countess of Howth.

At Wimbledon, Sir W. Beaumaurice Rush, in his 83d year.

Suddenly, J. Reed, Esq., Secretary to the

Captain-Superintendent at Sheerness Dock-yard.

At Merrion, near Dublin, the Right Hon. and Rev. Viscount Harburton, aged 75.

At Great Marlow, Lady Mortlock, wife of Sir J. Mortlock.

At an advanced age, Mrs. Young, mother of the tragedian.

In Dublin, Dr. Laffan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, and brother of Sir Courcy de Laffan, Bart.

At Tunbridge Wells, the eldest son of the late Sir T. Hill Noel, late commandant of the Maidstone Cavalry Depot, and grandson of Lord Teignmouth.

At Taplow, Bucks, Colonel M. Williamson Browne, H. E. I. C. Artillery.

In Rochester, Augusta, daughter of the late Sir J. Gregory Shaw, Bart., of Kenward, Kent.

At Kensington, Charlotte, daughter of the Dean of Chester.

Lady Jane Houstoun, sister to Lord Lauderdale, and wife of Sir William Houstoun, Lieut.-Governor at Gibraltar.

Suddenly, in his 43d year, the Hon. Captain Roper Curzon, R.N., second son of Lord Teynham.

At the Vicarage, Cripplegate, the Rev. W. Holmes, Vicar of that parish, Sub-Dean of his Majesty's Chapels Royal, and one of the Minor Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In Weymouth-street, Lieut.-General Sir T. Bowser, K.C.B., aged 84.

At Barnstaple, Devon, John Wickey, Esq., Admiral of the Red, aged 83.

At 21, Conduit-street, Maria, Lady Anstruther, widow of Sir J. Anstruther, Chief Justice of Bengal.

Mr. Stephen Lavender, formerly of Bow-street office, but latterly head of the police at Manchester.

At Brompton, Madelina, wife of Signor Spagnoletti, of the King's Theatre.

In Portland-place, G. P. Heneage, Esq., of Hainton Hall, Lincoln.

At Richmond, the Hon. George Murray, brother of Lord Elibank.

At Carhead, Yorkshire, Lady Amcotts.

On his passage to Gottenburgh, Baron Ralamb, many years Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires from Sweden to this country.

At 24, Sussex-place, Regent's-park, Anne, daughter of the late Sir Walter Scott. Miss Scott was carried off by brain fever after an illness of ten days: but she had never, it is understood, entirely rallied after her father's death.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

St. Katharine Docks.—A half-yearly general meeting of proprietors has been held at the Dock-house, Thomas Tooke, Esq., in the chair. The Chairman, after some introductory observations, adverted briefly to the increase which had taken place in the trade generally of the port during the last three months, as compared with the preceding quarter, in the advantage of which the St. Katharine Docks had fairly participated. The Board of Directors, it was stated, were of opinion that it would be advantageous to the interests of the Company if the number of Directors, which then consisted only of nineteen, was extended to twenty-one, being the maximum fixed by the Dock Act, as such an increase would be productive of an accession of business. The recommendation of the Board was adopted; and after thanks had been voted to the Chair and the rest of the Directors, and a dividend of 1½ per cent. for the half-year ended the 30th of June last declared, the meeting broke up.

DEVON.

A fine colossal figure of his Majesty King William the Fourth, standing 14 feet 5 inches in height, of Portland stone, has been erected on the entrance gate of the new Victualling Office, at Stonehouse.—*Plymouth Chronicle.*

HAMPSHIRE.

Opening of Southampton Pier.—On the 8th of July the grand ceremony of opening the new landing pier took place at Southampton, amidst an immense assemblage of spectators. The entire number, it is supposed, would be at least 25,000; and it is stated, from authority, that there were as many as 10,000 persons upon the pier at one time. The spectacle was rendered doubly attractive by the attendance of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, who are at present residing at Norris Castle, East Cowes.

LANCASHIRE.

The intended railway between Manchester and Bolton, by the line of the canal, has been commenced.

At an adjourned meeting of the proprietors of the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, held at Manchester, it was unanimously agreed to dissolve the company and abandon the undertaking, and to return the balance in the hands of the treasurer to the subscribers.

NORFOLK.

In the city of Norwich there were, a few weeks ago, no less than 12,000 persons receiving parochial relief out of a population of 70,000.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The iron trade is at present very brisk, at the prices fixed on April quarter-day; so much so, indeed, that some parties confidently look for an advance. This state of the business has had its effect on the workmen, and we have received from one of the first iron works in Staffordshire, information of their having turned out for an increase of wages; which, as the masters are expected to accede to their demands, will probably operate a rise in the prices of goods as early as the ensuing week. The wire-drawers, indeed, and others connected with the trade, have, we are informed, been served with notices to this effect. There are, at present, a good many orders in the market from America, but they do not seem large; and the dealers, as might be expected of them, at a period of anticipated change, are just now extremely cautious. The prices of manufactured goods of nearly all kinds are very low, but not lower than they have been for the last nine months.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The London and Birmingham Railway.—This railway is proposed to be 112½ miles long, and rise 256 feet. The different levels require one rise of 315 feet in 15 miles, or 11 minutes only. There will be ten tunnels, and two lines, six feet distant, with places for turning out. It will pass under Primrose Hill, by Watford, Northampton, and Kilsby, entering Warwickshire near Farnborough. For 15 miles, it will pass through clay; for 19, chalk; 20, marl and clay; 16, lias marl; and 24½, red marl and sandstone; the travelling rate will be 20 miles an hour, and the distance be performed in 5½ hours, or between breakfast and dinner. A similar railway is in progress from Birmingham to Manchester, of 4¼ hours' distance.

SCOTLAND.

The four Scotch Universities receive 5696*l.* annually from Government, which is thus divided:—St. Andrews, 1010*l.*; Aberdeen, 1397*l.*; Glasgow, 1360*l.*; Edinburgh, 1929*l.* This was formerly defrayed from hereditary revenues of the Crown, but now comes into the miscellaneous estimates.

The state of the crops in the Highlands is described in the Scotch papers as most promising, the late rains having done great service everywhere—they were general. The grass crops are of a superior growth and quality. The wheats are, generally speaking, strong, and full in ear. Oats and barley promise equally well; and the potatoe crop is healthy and advanced.

IRELAND.

The Irish Post Office has given notice, that in future unstamped supplements to newspapers published in Ireland will be charged the full rates of postage.

County Clare.—In consequence of the peaceable condition of the county Clare, it is intended to withdraw the peace preservation force from that district, and draft them to other counties where their services may be required. The constabulary force, of course, remains.

Coast-Guard Service.—It is confidently stated that an extensive change of the coast-guard service between England and Ireland will shortly take place.

The amount advanced by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland out of the Consolidated Fund to ecclesiastical persons for tithe due, and which, from the disturbed state of the country, they were unable to collect up to the 14th of June, is 49,707*l.* A repayment of 12,174*l.* 6*s.* 4½*d.* has been made into the Exchequer on account of the above advances for tithe recovered on the prosecution of petitions before the Lord Chancellor at the instance of the Crown.

The number of persons in Ireland licensed to sell spirits by retail, not to be consumed on the premises, are as follows:—In the city of Dublin, 80; other parts of Ireland, 66; total, 146. The numbers licensed to sell spirits to be consumed on the premises stand thus:—In the city of Dublin, 1,078; other parts of Ireland, 16,753; total, 17831.

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